THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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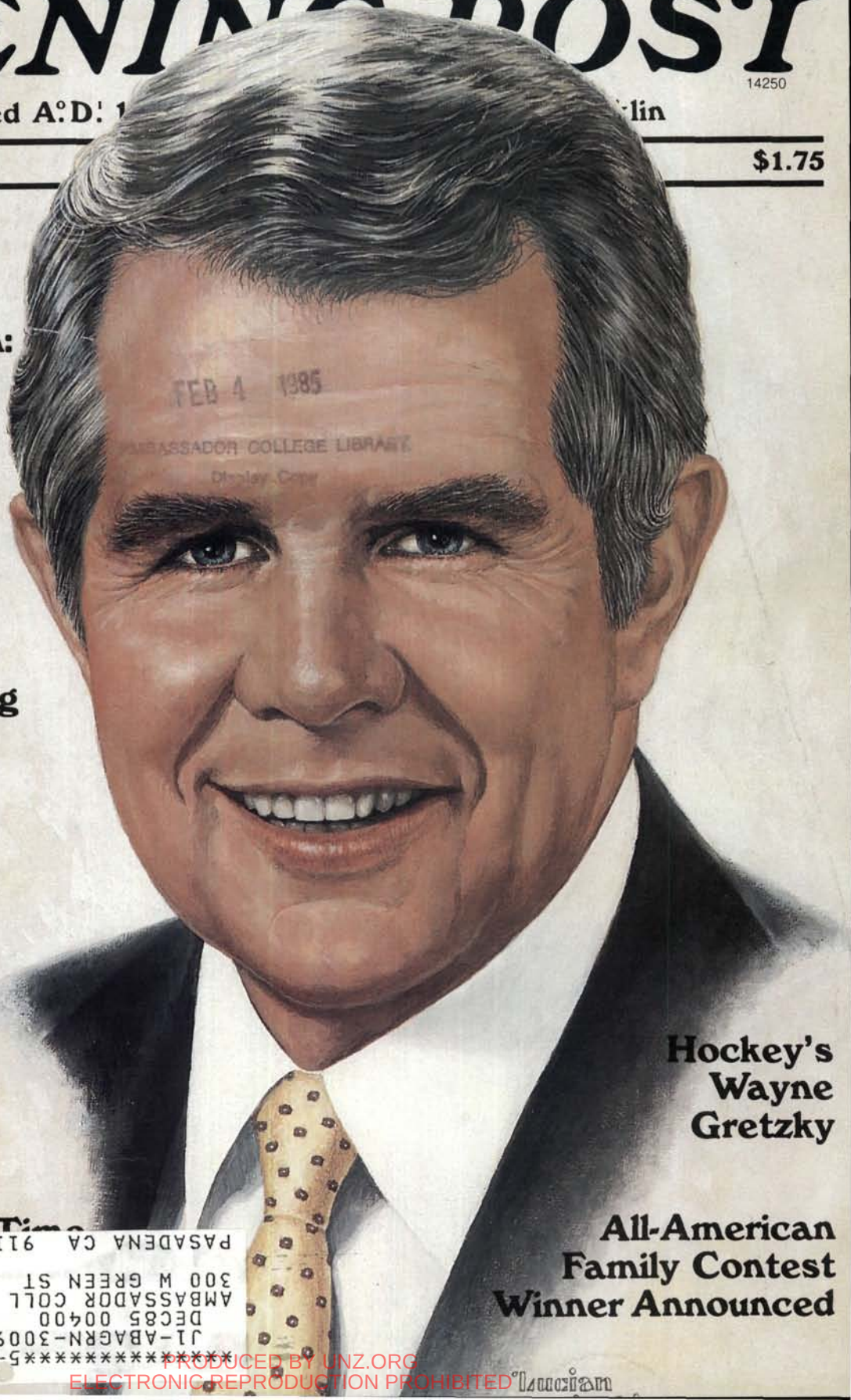

CBN's Pat Robertson: White House Next?

The Post Reports from Ethiopia

Award-Winning Fiber Article

Willard Scott Forecasting

Will Your Next Job Be on a Space Station?

Orange Lake: Giant Florida Time... S...

Hockey's Wayne Gretzky

All-American Family Contest Winner Announced

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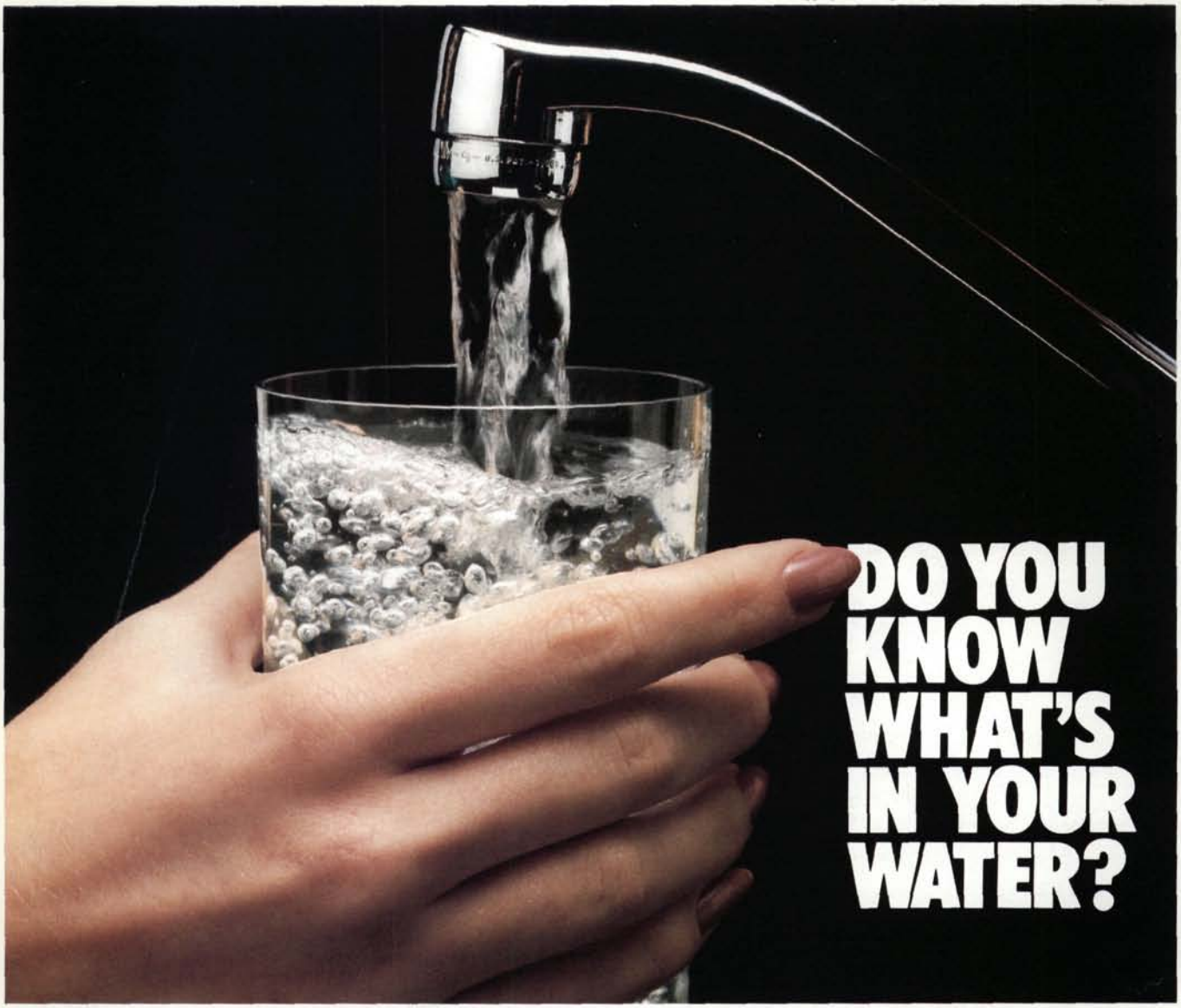

DO YOU KNOW WHAT'S IN YOUR WATER?

How can the average person know? Millions of private wells never have been tested for all the contaminants that may exist. But here's a fact that should give you pause:

A 1975 EPA report identified 253 different organic chemicals in U.S. drinking water. Some of these chemicals have been classified as carcinogens or suspected carcinogens.

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The most effective water treatment technology is the answer.

The Amway Water Treatment System utilizes state-of-the-art technology to remove many water contaminants. Its pressed carbon block removes toxic chemicals without removing minerals and fluoride. Because the carbon block is solid, every drop of water passes through the carbon and is treated.

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The Amway Water Treatment System is easy to install and convenient to maintain. It can be installed on your existing faucet or under-the-counter even with a separate water faucet if you wish. The easily replaceable filter cartridge will treat drinking and cooking water for the average family for an entire year.

Money back guarantee, if you're not satisfied.

Of course, the Amway Water Treatment System carries Amway's satisfaction guarantee. If you're not satisfied with your Amway Water Treatment System, your Amway distributor will give you your money back.

Contact your Amway distributor today. If you need help finding a distributor, dial toll-free 1-800-253-4463. In Michigan, dial 1-800-632-8723 (in Hawaii and Alaska, please write). Amway Corporation, Ada, MI 49355. In Canada write, Amway of Canada, Ltd., London, Ontario N6A 4S5.

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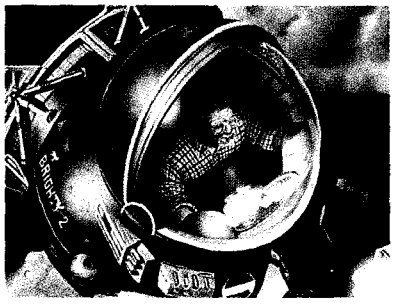

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Whirlpool microwave ovens. Quick meals never tasted so good.

After a long hard day, you want a good, hot meal. But you don't want to spend a long time cooking it. That's why Whirlpool® microwave ovens are designed to cook both quickly and deliciously.

Let us tell you how.

Quick Defrost gets meals ready faster than before.

The first microwave ovens cut defrosting time from hours to minutes. Today Whirlpool makes it even faster. Our Quick Defrost works 40% faster than any other defrost cycle we've ever offered. So a meal that took ten minutes to thaw now takes only six.

Plus we offer many other features you'll like. For example, our solid-state touch controls make our microwave ovens simple to operate. And our Keep Warm setting keeps your meal ready-to-eat until you're ready to eat it.

Our Balanced-Wave system cooks food nicely and evenly.

You don't want your food overcooked in some spots and cold in others. So most Whirlpool microwave ovens have our Balanced-Wave Cooking system. It helps your meals turn out great, without having to constantly rotate the food.

Sizes and styles to fit almost anywhere.

Maybe you've always wanted a microwave oven, but didn't know where to put it. That's why we offer a full line of full-size and compact models. Plus our new sub-compact models that aren't much bigger than a bread box. And we offer many different installation options, including models to fit above your range or even under your kitchen cabinets.

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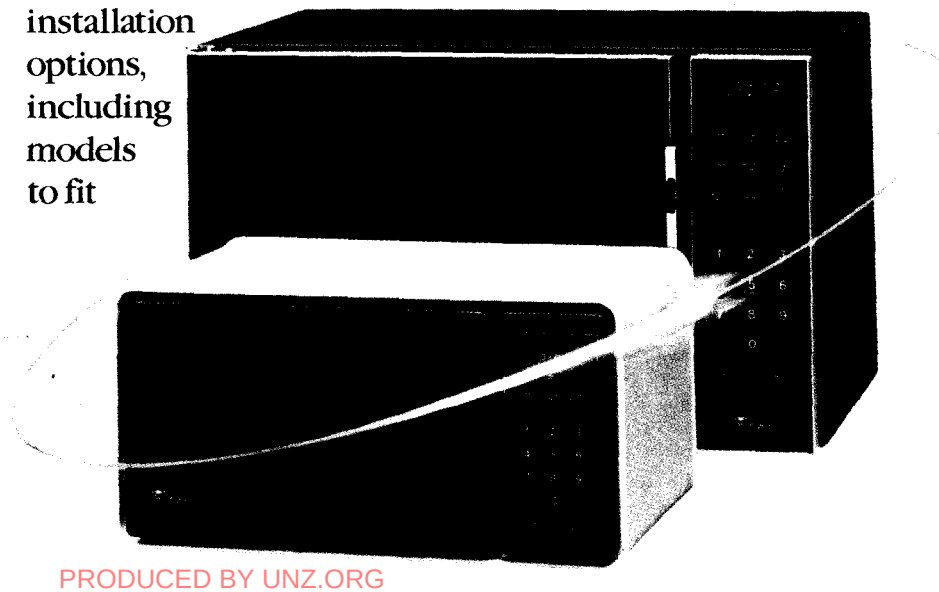

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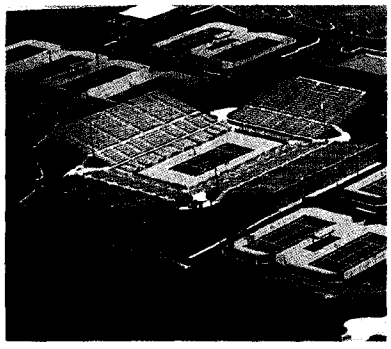
Willard Scott Forecasts—that, come spring, network management will crawl the carpets to spawn. **26**



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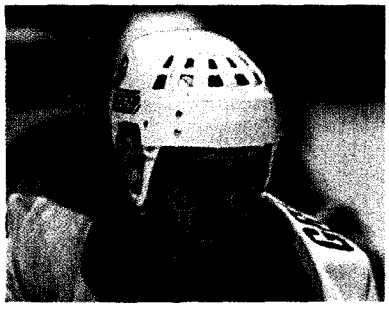

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Letters

Bad to Baddour

I enjoyed the article about the Baddour Center very much. However, your reporter left out what I think is a very salient fact: No government money has ever been used at this facility and the taxpayers are not burdened with any of the expense.

Aubrey Chandler
Memphis, Tennessee

Cystic Fibrosis

I read in your last issue that someone would like you to do an article on cystic fibrosis. My husband and I would also like to see that, as he has cystic fibrosis. He was not diagnosed until he was 32 years old. He is now 41. His doctor at the CF clinic was really amazed that he could have lived without any kind of treatment. As you probably already know, there is a great team of doctors at Saint Christopher's Hospital in Philadelphia that travels to Mercy Hospital in Wilkes-Barre to treat CF patients in our area. I never heard of CF until my husband was told he had it. Even today, if you mention CF, people do not know what it is.

Thank you for a magazine that I am not ashamed of. I buy it because it has a lot of good, clean articles in it, and when you stopped the cigarette ads, I was thrilled.

Edith Reichard
Berwick, Pennsylvania

Rice Is Nice

In all your magazines you have excellent recipes for people who can eat grains, but what does a person eat to stay healthy when he or she is allergic to wheat, corn and rye, etc? The only grain I can eat is rice, and praise God for that because I love rice, but will I get as much nutrition from rice as the others? There aren't very many recipes for breads made with rice except when you add wheat flour with it, which I'm not allowed to do.

I'm also allergic to meat, so I have a pretty restricted diet, but I love vegetables. I am also allergic to many fruits.

Please give me some ideas on how to stay healthy with all these restrictions. I would appreciate it very much. Of course, I trust the Lord to

continued on following page

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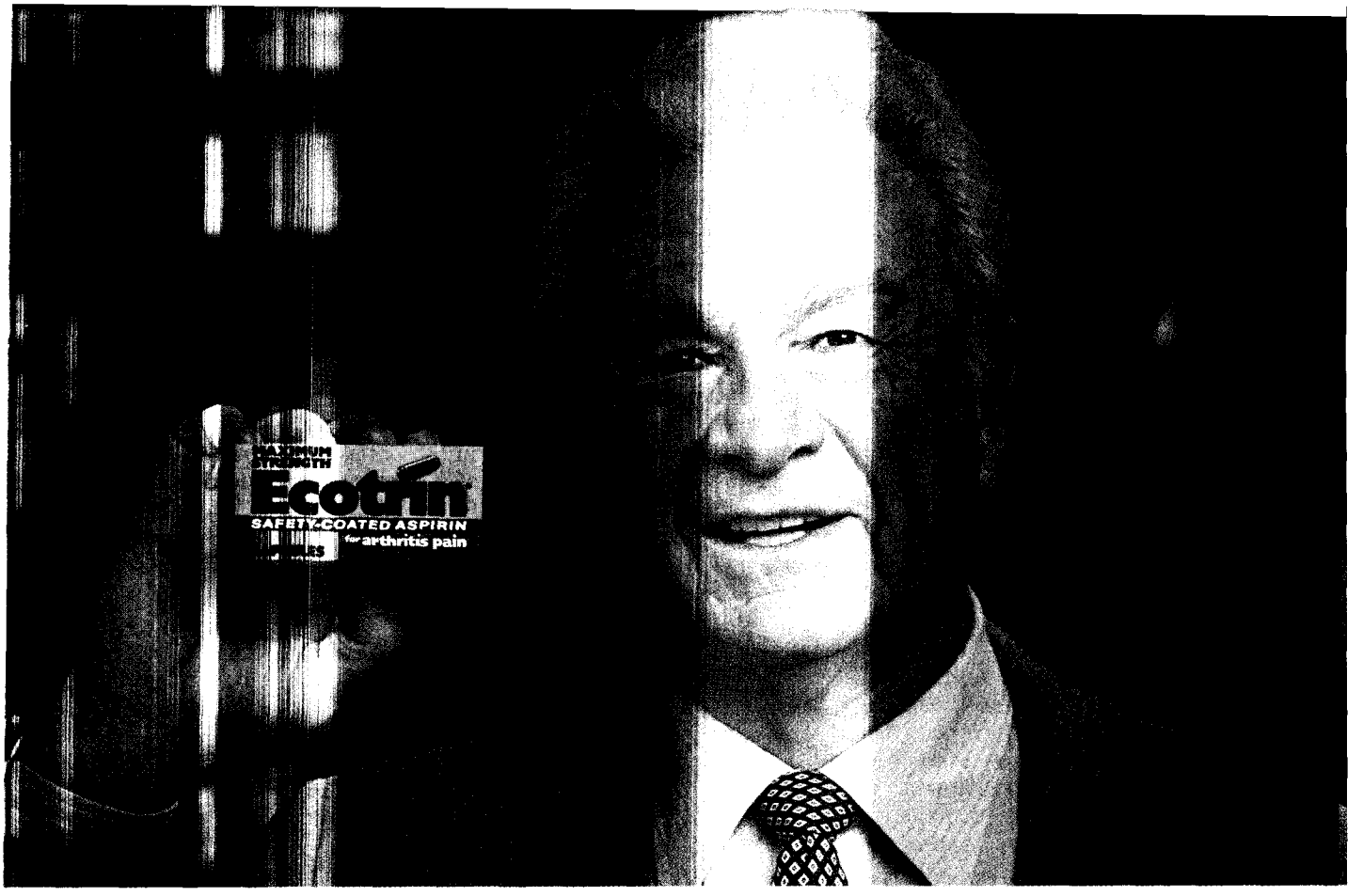


Nobody can make aspirin work harder. But Ecotrin® made it work safer.

Tests prove safety-coated Ecotrin is safer for your stomach than Bayer, Bufferin or even Ascriptin A/D.

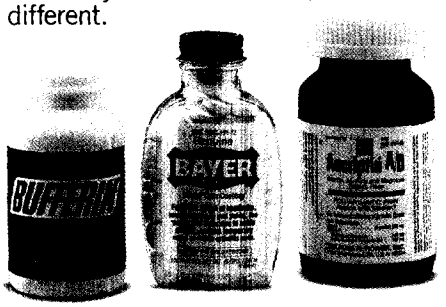
If you're taking aspirin for your arthritis pain, you probably know that plain aspirin, even buffered aspirin, can upset your stomach. But there is a way to take aspirin without all that aspirin stomach upset. With safety-coated Ecotrin.

All the relief of aspirin—the drug doctors recommend most for arthritis pain.

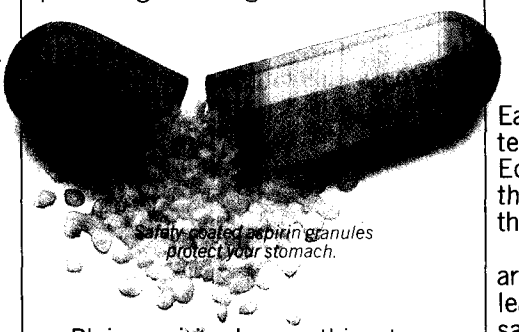
Aspirin has been called the cornerstone of arthritis pain therapy. It's what doctors and pharmacists recommend more than any other analgesic to relieve minor arthritis pain and stiffness.

Safety-coated to give you the most stomach protection.

Unlike the ordinary aspirin pain relievers you're familiar with, Ecotrin is different.



Tests prove safety-coated Ecotrin is safer for your stomach than Bayer,® Bufferin,® or even Ascriptin A/D.® The special Duentric® coating gets the aspirin into the bloodstream while protecting the lining of the stomach.



Safety-coated aspirin granules protect your stomach.

Plain aspirin does nothing to protect the sensitive stomach lining. And buffered aspirin, even extra-buffered aspirin, can still lead to aspirin stomach upset.

But Ecotrin gives you the maximum stomach protection you can get... without all that aspirin stomach upset.

Relieves both pain and arthritis inflammation.

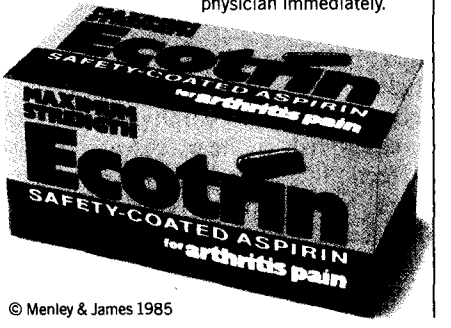
Painful swelling in joints is often caused by inflammation. Ecotrin relieves not just the arthritis pain but, used at the full label dose, it actually can relieve the inflammation and swelling. So Ecotrin can work not only on your arthritis pain, but also on the inflammation that can cause it.

Try Ecotrin capsules and Ecotrin tablets. Both in Regular and Maximum Strength.

Try safety-coated Ecotrin capsules. Each aspirin granule has a special protective safety-coating. So just like Ecotrin tablets you get pain relief that's proven safer for your stomach than plain or even buffered aspirin.

Remember, nobody can make an arthritis pain reliever work harder. But leave it to Ecotrin to make it work safer for your stomach.

Read and follow label directions. If pain persists more than 10 days, or redness is present, consult a physician immediately.



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take care of me, but don't I have to help?

Helen M. Bouchie
Hinsdale, New Hampshire

Blue Jeane Fan

For most of my life the *SEP* was a favorite reading companion.

Except for an occasional feature article such as the fine one on Jeane Kirkpatrick, about all the *Post* offers me now is a cookbook and a propaganda vehicle for nonsmokers.

Wayne P. Hughes
Harbert, Michigan

Flatly Asserted

We have been going the "beans and something for a complete protein" route for several years now—and have discovered, as have some of your other readers, the beans mean flatulence *if you don't eat them with brown rice.* In some of the earlier nutrition news printed, it was called to our attention that beans contain some indigestible stuff, but eating beans with brown rice would supply the needed nutrients to complete the protein and to digest the beans. We every so often eat beans with corn, beans with white rice, or some other combination which is supposed to complete the protein—but it doesn't digest the beans. So back we go to the brown rice and it works. If brown rice doesn't fit into the dinner menu, we eat it as rice pudding or baked with yogurt and raisins and apples—or other fruits.

H'ray, you're on to amaranth. We have been eating it in a cereal—so it is expensive—but it is worth it. We mix it with bran and raisins. It sure cuts down the transit time—for everybody we've recommended it to.

Mrs. H.W. Hannah
Texico, Illinois

Allergy Research

Thank you for continuing to publish information about the hazards of smoking, including the letters from readers in the December 1984 issue of the *Post.*

Tobacco smoke, especially if inhaled over a period of many years, not only leads to emphysema and increased risk of heart disease, it also affects the immune system. Moreover, many people become allergic to tobacco smoke and even small amounts of it in the air may provoke severe symptoms. Such symptoms include not only burning of the eyes and irritation of the nose, but also much more severe systemic and nervous system symptoms, including mental confusion, headache and the feeling of being "sick all over."

William G. Crook, M.D.
Jackson, Tennessee

Posts from the Past

I am enclosing a picture I feel will be of interest to you. Shown here are two budding entrepreneurs at work in Lebanon, Virginia, selling *The Saturday Evening Post* dated December 10, 1904.

The little boy on the left was my father, Paul Jenks, age 5, and on the right, his older brother, Charles.

This has always been a favorite picture of mine, and I thought you should have a copy.

Mrs. W. T. Decker
Bristol, Tennessee

Blowing Smoke

I have been reading *The Saturday Evening Post* for some time now, and think it is clean, beneficial reading. Your magazine is a good alternative to the trash that a lot of other magazines have become. Needless to say, it is one magazine I always read from cover to cover.

I was quite surprised by the assertions made by Robert G. Schipf of Missoula, Montana, in his letter printed in the Oct. 1984 *Post.* He says: "What has smoking to do with being or not being a Christian? Absolutely nothing at all. . .most of the world's Christians are smokers."

1 Cor. 3:17 gives an admonition t Christians: "If anyone destroy God's temple, God will destroy him for God's temple is sacred, and yo are that temple."

As to Mr. Schipf's statement tha most of the world's Christians ar smokers: pure nonsense. Havin done a lot of traveling during the las few years as an evangelist, I've beer in contact with literally thousands o Christians. None of them that I've met smoke. I don't know where Mr. Schipf gets his information.

Gary M. Haynes
Brazil, South America

The reasoning behind Mr. Schipf's surprising assertion (Oct. '84, page 8) "that most smokers in the United States are good Christians. . .and that most of the world's Christians are smokers," is clear: Who but Christians would be as eager to meet their Maker as smokers obviously are?

Thank you for your enlightened publication.

Durwyn Erickson
Rochester, New York

Lysine Believer

You asked to hear from anyone who has been helped by taking the amino acid lysine. I am one of those people. I have been a frequent sufferer of herpes outbreaks on my lips and inside my mouth. I purchased some lysine tablets and took one a day until the bottle was gone. During that time the soreness in my tongue went away, the outbreak cleared up and I had no more outbreaks until I ran out of lysine. I quickly bought more tablets and have taken them faithfully ever since with not one outbreak and no sore tongue. I take 500 mg a day.

Linda Myers
Port Orchard, Washington

I am a senior citizen. All my life I've been bothered with cold sores—in my nose and on my lips.

I started taking lysine about a year ago and haven't had a cold sore since. What a relief.

Marie Bean
Seattle, Washington

After receiving your letter about lysine I decided to try it on cold sores,

continued on page 10

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You may be startled by what you read. Like why health experts consider a typical Swedish man of 90 to be healthier than the average 60-year-old American. Why we are falling so far behind in the longevity statistics. And just what we are doing to ourselves that cuts life short.

You'll also be intrigued. By reports of how our bodies *could* give us 120 or more years of service—and how we don't let it. You'll discover why some people seem to age "faster" than others. And you'll learn the single best thing you can do, experts say, to slow down your own aging process!

Frankly, some of what you'll read will amaze you. Like the list of the 25 best foods you can eat—so totally healthful they're being called "superfoods." And the diet that scientists say can actually decrease your chances of heart disease, cancer, high blood pressure and other life-shortening ailments. And even how you can *prevent accidents*—the single greatest cause of hospitalization in America today!

But most of what you'll find in this free book will be inspiring. You'll see the results of a remarkable study that showed how men and women added at least *seven extra years to their lives* by practicing these simple life-extending techniques. You'll discover the nine easy ways you can reduce the stress in your life for more happiness. Plus you'll learn of the medically documented weight-loss technique (not a diet) that has been called *the most effective way to lose weight permanently!* And much more.

The "life extenders" book is yours as a *free gift* just for trying PREVENTION, America's most popular feel better, live longer magazine. The place where over three million readers find "life-extenders" like these every month.

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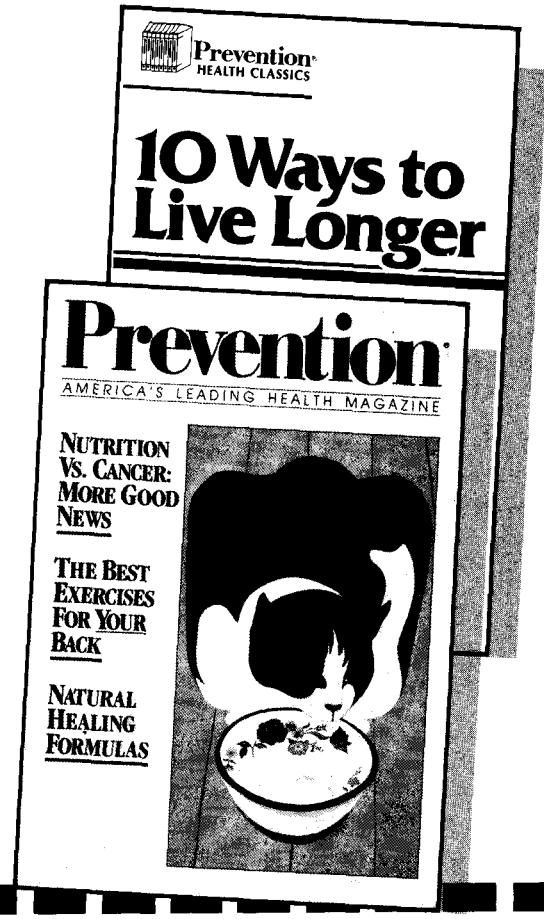

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YES! Please send me my *free* copy of "10 Ways to Live Longer," and enter my 12-month *trial* subscription to PREVENTION. Please bill me at the special rate of $12.97 for 12 monthly issues. If not satisfied, I'll mark "cancel" on the subscription bill, return it to you and owe nothing. The first issue—and the free book—are mine to keep without obligation. 81131

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Introducing...

POLAND
Sophie

SCOTLAND
Suisan

Dolls of the World

A fascinating collection
of porcelain collector dolls,
each portraying the traditional dress
of a different country of the world.

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Shown smaller than actual size of 8½" in height.

Imagine a collection of porcelain dolls, each one authentically portraying the traditional dress of a different country. Picture a collection in which each porcelain doll is unique, not only in dress but also in facial appearance. Imagine a collection you can buy today that is crafted with the same care that the great 19th century dollmakers lavished on their creations.

An impossible dream? No! The Danbury Mint proudly presents *Dolls of the World.*

Hand-painted bisque porcelain... like the legendary dolls of old

To collectors of antique dolls, doll-making reached its peak in 19th century France. Some of the great French dolls of the 1800's have sold for thousands of dollars.

Dolls of the World will be crafted with the same care as those legendary dolls of long ago. Head, arms, and legs will be made of imported bisque porcelain. Facial features will be sculptured for a delicate look and feel, and painted by hand. What's more, *each doll's head will be a different original sculpture*–the facial appearance of each will capture the special personality of its homeland.

Each doll's costume individually hand-tailored

Each young girl's costume will be individually hand-tailored. As appropriate, costumes will feature elegant embroidery, exquisite lacework, and fascinating fabrics with different weaves, textures and colors. Each doll will be distinctively dressed from head to toe – in a generous eight and one-half inch size. Each young girl will have a personality of her own, which reflects the country she represents.

There's *Brigitte,* of France, attired in traditional dress that features a ruffled bonnet, lovely pinafore and a dress with elegant lacework. *Carmen,* of Spain, will wear a bright red dress with ruffled flounces as well as a matching *serape.*

Suisan, of Scotland, will be clad in a traditional tartan kilt and Highland hat. *Abigail,* of the United States, will be dressed in the Colonial style: a bright red bonnet with matching apron, and a flowered dress which she would probably have sewn herself.

Each doll will be accompanied by a display stand

The display stand will allow you to display each lovely doll wherever you wish – on a table or a shelf, on a mantle, or in a cabinet with other prized collectibles.

Each doll will also come with a Certificate of Authenticity bearing your personal serial number – establishing each doll as part of your registered collection.

A remarkable value

These dolls can be obtained only from the Danbury Mint. When you can find dolls of comparable quality and size in stores, you can expect to pay up to $50 each. But the Danbury Mint is able to offer each doll in *Dolls of the World* for only $24.50 – with no extra charge for the stand.

To acquire your collection, simply complete the Reservation Application and return it promptly. You will receive your dolls at the rate of one every month and will be billed separately for each shipment. You may charge each doll to VISA or MasterCard.

Your satisfaction is guaranteed. If you receive a doll you are not satisfied with, you may return it within 30 days for a replacement or refund. You may cancel your subscription at any time.

Act now

Dolls of the World is an incomparable collection which combines everything you could desire: authenticity, exclusivity, meaning, beauty and craftsmanship. Do reserve your collection today!

RESERVATION APPLICATION

X14

The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue
P.O. Box 5260
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

Dolls of the World

Please return promptly.

Please accept my reservation to *Dolls of the World,* a collection of dolls portraying the native dress of different countries around the world. Each doll will have a unique hand-painted porcelain head, porcelain hands and feet, and authentic hand-tailored costume. Each doll will be accompanied by a display stand at no extra charge.

I need send no money now. The collection will be issued at the rate of one doll every month at a cost of $24.50 per doll (plus $2.00 for shipping and handling). Any doll I am not satisfied with may be returned within 30 days for a replacement or refund, and this subscription may be canceled by either party at any time.

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

☐ Check here if you want each doll charged to your:
☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

_____
Credit Card No. Expiration Date

Signature _____

Allow 8 to 12 weeks after payment for initial shipment.

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or what appears to be, anyway. Every time I shaved, just a nick on the upper lip resulted in the "bubble top" sore, and I was stuck with it for a week or more. I just finished the first bottle of 100 lysine tablets (500 mg) and have not had one sore since the first day. I take 1000 mg daily. I have cut or scraped myself no less than 20 times since starting.

Here's a $10 gift. I don't want any corn meal, but I think I'll plant some next spring.

Eugene Ham
Joaquin, Texas

Owning Up

Is your magazine owned by the Seventh-day Adventist Church?

Velma Callahan
Hebron, Indiana

No, we are not owned by the Seventh-day Adventists or any other religious organization. We are very interested in the Adventists' diet because its followers have less cancer then their counterparts who do not follow the diet.

Plea for Justice

After reading in the December issue, "A Family's Fight for Justice," my heartfelt sympathy and sincere thanks goes out to the Roper family. Earlier this year we had a similar tragedy happen in our family. The victim was stabbed to death and his murderer was sentenced to only 13 years in prison. He is eligible for parole after serving one-third of his term. Where is justice being served for this victim? Who's going to raise his family? I wish people would remember what Stephanie last wrote: "One person can make a difference and every person should try." This world would be a better place to live and raise our children. I appreciate this family in their crusading and continuing efforts in striving for tougher laws. I hope and pray that they will remain strong and supported.

Lisa Allen
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Full of Beans?

I have recently heard that a new method of removing caffeine from coffee beans, the "Swiss water" method, results in a decaffeinated coffee that is not harmful to health. Do you know if this has actually been proven to be true?

I would appreciate any light you could shed upon this matter.

Sharon Obst
Tehachapi, California

Editor's note: Perhaps one of our readers is a coffee expert and could provide some information.

Clean Billboard of Health

This notice, 28″ by 42″, stands prominent in the lobby of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, General Hospital. The wording in the center says:

"The following policy is designed for your health and safety as well as the health and safety of our patients."

I don't know the law in regard to printing this photo so I am entrusting you.

This hospital is the nicest, cleanest, best smelling, happiest, and on and on, and everyone obeys the regulation without a word. My son was a (triple-bypass) heart patient and was treated wonderfully, if that is the right word.

James E. Prowell
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Lysine a Godsend

I saw you on "The 700 Club" the other day and just want to let you know how good L-lysine was for me for the last year and a half. My sister read about it and sent the article and a bottle of L-lysine to me. It was really a godsend. I was bothered with canker sores for many years and went to many doctors. About three years ago the sores went back in my throat and I had trouble swallowing. I had to use a lot of crushed ice to help me eat. In that time I saw four differen doctors, had many tests and one too out my tonsils. I'm 60 years old now I spent about $2,000 and no help After starting to take L-lysine (50 mg), six tablets a day, in a little over a week my mouth and throat cleare up. I still use them only when I feel a sore breaking out. I have my famil and friends using them with good re sults. It's hard to believe not one o the doctors told me to try them.

I thank God that my sister in Sain Louis sent me the article and you ar doing that research on it.

Leonard Strautman
Indian Rocks Beach, Florida

Pacemaker Recycling

I was most interested in the article written by Bernie Hayes of Wellsville, New York, regarding pacemakers.

It seems that I had almost the same experience just this past October when my husband had a pacemaker used only for two weeks. The doctors in Mexico City, where my husband was operated on and stayed until his death, would not consider recycling this unit, although it was very costly.

I don't know what can be done about this, but perhaps if enough people write in giving about the same information as I am doing, then some steps can be taken to correct this situation.

Jane A. Kiefer
Guanajuato, Mexico

Where's the Wheat?

I have enjoyed your articles on whole-grain and high-fiber diets. As a registered nurse, I too have been sharing the importance of high-fiber diets with people in my area.

I have been having bread-baking classes making 100 percent whole-wheat bread. I have not found a convenient way to order the grain, however. I was wondering if you might know of a good mail-order business that sells the unmilled grain at a reasonable cost. I need a good source for my family as well as customers.

I have enjoyed milling Ezekiel flour. Would you have some good recipes for further use of it?

I will look forward to hearing from you.

Jan Martin
Marshalltown, Iowa

Editor's note: We haven't found a mail-order source for the grain, so the

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Benjamin Franklin Literary & Medical Society is bagging high-fiber and high-lysine grains until it becomes easily available for all. In the meantime, it helps support this not-for-profit organization in its research projects.

Piece of Mind

We subscribed to *The Saturday Evening Post* because we generally liked your selection of articles, approved of your family orientation, agreed with your conservative views on lifestyle and, I presume, mixed in a sprinkling of nostalgia as well.

When the December issue arrived, my wife and I were stunned by "Jeane Kirkpatrick: Portrait in Political Courage." We consider Jeane Kirkpatrick not brave but brazen, not a friend of democracy but an ally of extremism. She is a serious threat to sanity in America and peace around the world.

We have concluded that any magazine that would feature such an idealized piece on such a cold and callous woman does not belong in our home, any more than one that would praise a Castro or a Khomeini or a Begin or a Kaddafi.

Kindly cancel our subscription effective immediately and send us a check for unreceived issues. Thank you.

Ralph Lord Roy
Meriden, Connecticut

Kudos for Kirkpatrick

Some time ago I wrote to you stating we ought to run Jeane Kirkpatrick for President. That letter was sent long before the convention in Dallas became known. Although my mother was committee chairman in the Republican party in California, I have been what could be called a maverick type of voter. However, Jeane Kirkpatrick would get my vote anytime. James R. Whelan's magnificent profile on this outstanding ambassador made my whole week, not just a day! I do thank him for it.

I am sending a copy of the *Post* to both Nevada senators and also to our representatives for their perusal. I wonder what Ambassador Kirkpatrick would think of Tip O'Neill getting back into the same Congressional roost? Isn't he one of those "ostrichs" she was speaking of? Doesn't our vote mean a thing, or don't they listen to the heartbeat of the American populace? Thank you again for a very fine publication.

Jean Strickland
Reno, Nevada

A hearty congratulations goes to *The Saturday Evening Post* for an outstanding cover story on U.N. ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick (December 1984). Ambassador Kirkpatrick's presence at the United Nations has been far from being a dull state of affairs, for she has consistently challenged the pompous double standards of the liberal establishment. To put it in a nutshell, when Jeane Kirkpatrick talks, the world listens.

Steve Barnhoorn
Honeoye, New York

Gas Line

I am answering in regard to the person complaining about gas from beans.

I am surprised you didn't already know that if you put a teaspoon of

More and more people are discovering all the good reasons for using Feen-a-mint Pills for constipation: Gentleness, predictability and relief. And unlike the laxatives most people use, Feen-a-mint is made with both a softening agent and a mild stimulant, too. Feen-a-mint® Pills.

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mineral oil in a pot of beans, there will be no gas.

I have heard that a spoonful of vinegar will do the same thing.

Ronald H. Frame
Parkersburg, West Virginia

Up Under

Thank you for a wonderful *Saturday Evening Post* that we enjoy sharing with our Australian friends. We also put it in our church library.

Mrs. Glenn Richards
Australia

Calorie Recount

I subscribed to the *Post* (a new subscription) starting October 1984. I have yet to receive the free bag of corn meal or Ezekiel's flour as promised. I hope it will soon be on its way.

In the December issue, you gave the recipe for Sesame Seed Squares. They are truly "absolutely delicious," but the calorie content is certainly in error. Check it out!

½ cup honey	544 calories
½ cup peanut butter	760 calories
1 cup nonfat dry milk	240 calories
½ cup dried coconut (unsweetened)	280 calories
1 cup dried sesame seeds	873 calories
Total	2797 calories

2797 ÷ 18 = 149 calories/square

That's a far cry from the 60 calories per square as stated. Please warn your calorie-conscious readers!

Marion Mitchell
Seattle, Washington

In the Hunt

We do very much appreciate the editorial attitude of *The Saturday Evening Post*—that realistic, sensible approach. Especially do we value the human interest, dietary, living and also the Christian concept, that one can perceive so readily.

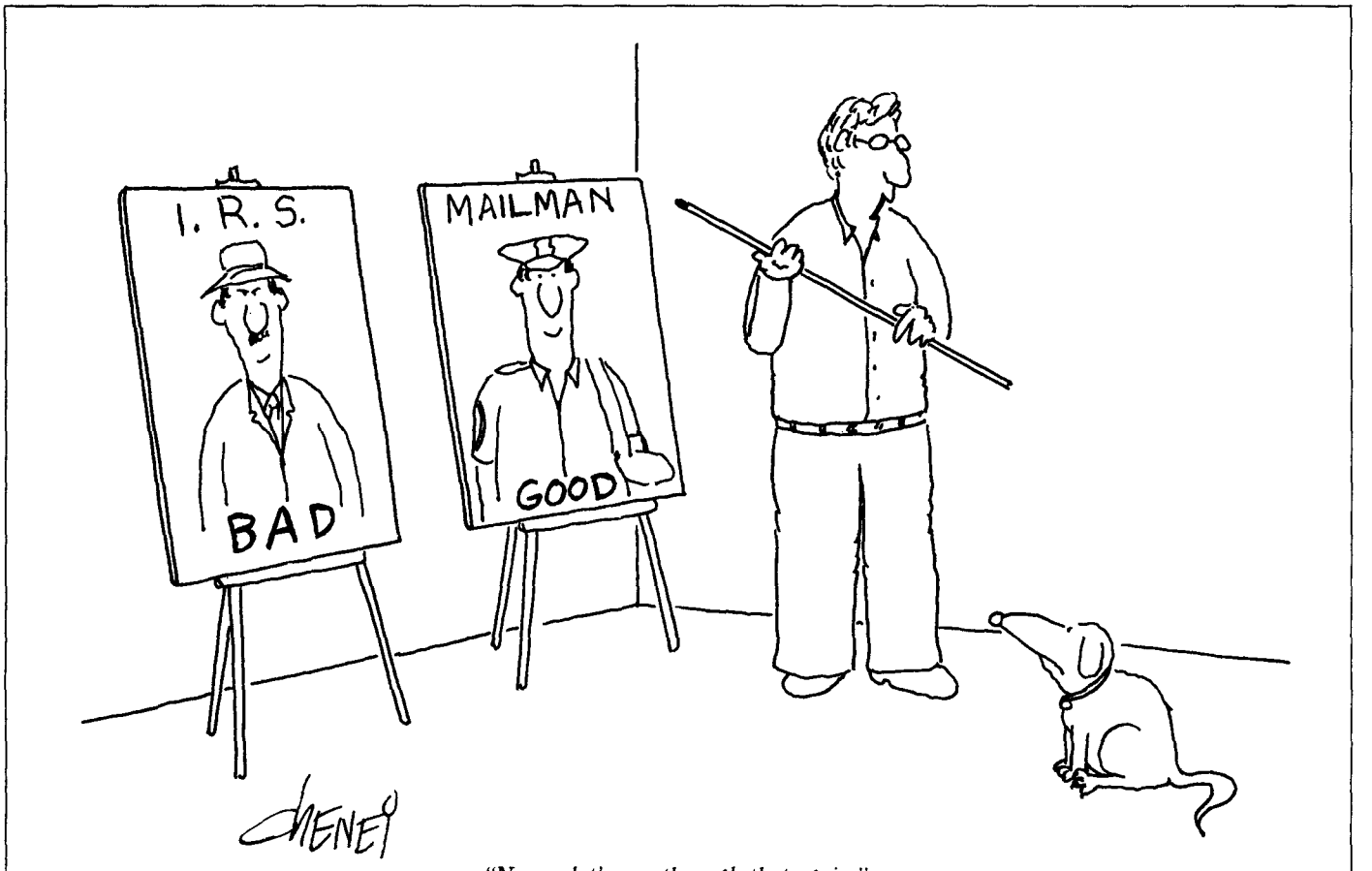
That recent article on the Bunker Hunt family was so cleverly presented I would sure suggest a gold star for that reporter. Such unemotional, no over-exaggeration and on the other hand, no indication of some criticism quibble, which is so rare these days with our news media. I would say that this was a masterly presentation. Nowhere in the report could one say that the writer took sides, not even undue praise for what the family was doing, but really truthful reporting, as it should always be done.

It was a beautiful article to read. Being a doctor and myself much involved with diet, I do read your articles regularly.

Regarding diet and certain foods, it was my privilege some years ago to sit in on a lecture by the famous Dr. C.H. Best, a noted researcher, on his work with Dr. F.G. Banting on diabetes. Best presented (this was at an international meeting) a slide show on the digestion and the absorption of sugars, and then also on the effect of alcohol. That was not only a revelation to me, but in his showing the slides of liver sections, it was visual evidence of just how sugar digests and what the consequences are on the liver, where it is stored.

It is sad to say that this positive demonstration has never been publicly accepted because of the sugar industry.

You may then understand why I am so freely commending your journal on its editorial policy. You are very actively bringing to the public that which has been withheld by



"Now. . .let's run through that again."

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much of the news media.

John H. Renner, M.D.
Fallbrook, California

Oregon Overlooked

In your January/February 1985 *Saturday Evening Post* you have an article, "America's Hottest Cold-Weather Sport," by Hank Nuwer. He wrote about winter resorts in the Northeast, Midwest and South, the West and Idaho's Sun Valley. He never mentioned the Northwest ski resorts in Oregon and Washington. As a native Oregonian I am annoyed that our very excellent winter resorts in the Cascade Mountains were not recognized. Our winter snows are equal to any area on earth. I invite you to come and ski for yourselves.

Elsie Netter
Canby, Oregon

Another Victim

Please, please continue to write about the danger of smoking in your magazine. This letter is very difficult to write. My precious mother died November 13, 1984.

My "angel" mother waited until symptoms developed before she decided to quit smoking and it cost her her life. Mother's lungs were black and consequently the doctors couldn't see the tumor, even though she had X-rays. She was sick for two years but the cancer was only diagnosed in August of this year—and three months later she was dead.

Her dying was not peaceful. She slowly suffocated to death. Mother lived in Indiana and she died before I got home. My sister said I was lucky that I didn't watch her die.

She had good genes. Great-great-grandma Deere died at 96, Great-grandma Griffin at 86, Grandma Hildebran at 79 and mother at 66. Mom was the only one who smoked.

Patricia Case
Clarksville, Tennessee

Trapp Family Fan

Congratulations on the wonderful article by William Anderson, "The Trapp Family Lodge—Room at the Inn." I have just finished reading the book "The Story of the Trapp Family Singers" by Maria Trapp. It was an inspiring book and therefore your article added that additional touch on the Trapp Family as of the year 1984.

Theodora Barber Kostrzak
Tigerton, Wisconsin

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Prints and Slides from the same roll

Kodak MP film . . . Eastman Kodak's professional motion picture film now adapted for still use in 35mm cameras by Seattle FilmWorks. Its micro-fine grain and rich color saturation meet the exacting standards of Hollywood filmmakers. And with wide exposure latitude, you don't have to be a pro to get great everyday shots or capture special effects. Shoot in low or bright light from 200 ASA up to 1200 ASA (with our high speed 5294® film). Get prints or slides, or both, from the same roll. And it's economical!

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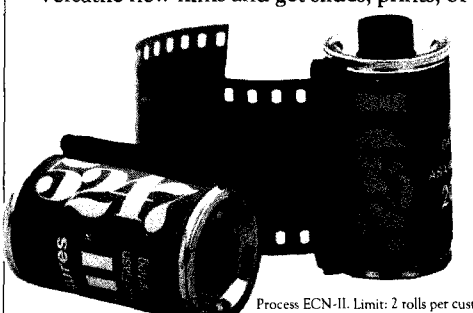

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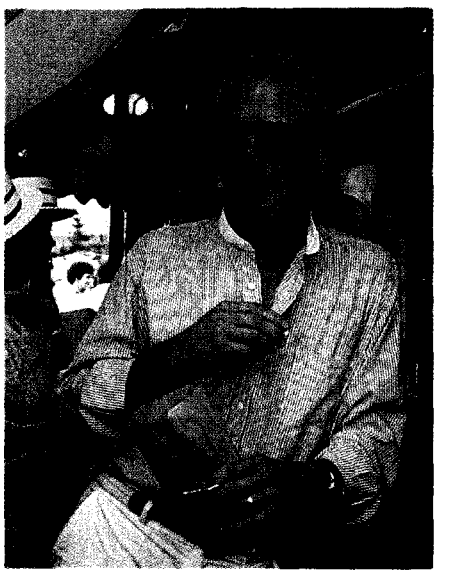
Post People

In Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, ***Dick Schubert,*** president of the American Red Cross, ***Dr. Cory SerVaas*** and ***Charlton Heston*** discuss ways to help the starving.

"I would like to work out a deal," says Shubert, "so when scheduled airlines are about to leave with empty space, they will fill that space with donated medicine. For example, we asked Johnson & Johnson for 5,000 pounds of medicine, and they said, 'You've got it.' Then Pan Am gave us the space to fly it over."

Shubert also points out that relief camp audiences can be taught many beneficial things with "how to" films and video cassettes.

Two of the funniest actors in the comedy field, ***Alan Arkin*** (*The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming*) and ***Peter Falk*** of "Colombo" fame, are in *Big Trouble*. In this romp, a middle-class insurance salesman, in his desperation to send his three sons to Yale, gets involved with a small-time hood and his moll (Beverly D'Angelo). Big trouble indeed—but certainly not for March moviegoers.

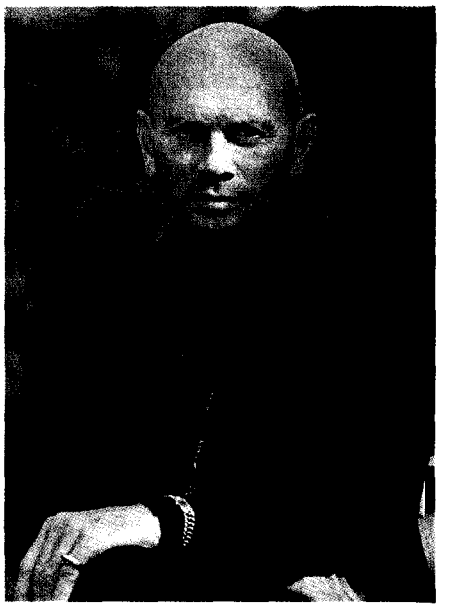


Yes, that is ***Paul Newman*** eating popcorn. Hollywood's leading man, a Formula One race-car driver, gourmet cook, salad-dressing entrepreneur and sponsor of the urgent Save the Children project, now produces Paul Newman popcorn, too, and as usual, profits go to help the needy, such as seven Third World children he and his wife, Joanne Woodward, now support.

A female candidate with an eye on th White House in the 2020 election Surely ***Melanie Eisenhower*** (right) i not lacking for credentials. The on problem is, she may have to get in lin

and wait her turn—because Alex or Jennie, David and Julie's other two children, may already be occupying the Oval Office by that time.

If the king of *The King and I* has been dethroned by the cigarette habit, he is certainly not giving up without a fight. ***Yul Brynner***, formerly a chain smoker, is convinced that those little



white infiltrating traitors caused his cancer.

If cancer gets him, he won't go without a protest. He told a "60 Minutes" audience that he intends to make a commercial that will stop other smokers in their tracks.

The versatile actor, a member of the star-studded cast that made the movie *The Ten Commandments,* would now like to issue a commandment of his own: "Thou shalt not smoke—under penalty of death!"

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5 straightforward, intelligent reasons to give a contribution to CARE

1. Each year 15 million children suffer and die from hunger. Yet you, *one person,* can help stop it. Through the worldwide channels of CARE, your gift can help feed these children and save innocent lives. If you're grateful for a comfortable home, and enough to eat, the best way to give thanks is a gift to CARE for the children.

2. CARE is able to make your contribution worth more than 9 times what you give. With food and materials donated by governmental agencies, added to CARE's effective management, your gift of $20 has the impact of almost $200. $50 can fund nearly $500 worth of food and self-help. Any donation you can send will help.

3. CARE attacks hunger and malnutrition on a community basis. Not one, but a *multitude of children* can be fed through our programs. Not one, but a whole village of families gains help, healing and hope. And the energy to make better lives for themselves.

4. CARE's work *goes beyond food and nutrition.* We teach people to build schools. Grow better crops. Organize cottage industries. Plant trees to reclaim the land. Build bridges and dig wells.

5. CARE's *mission is not merely to give hand-outs,* but to help make a community strong and self-sufficient. With the means to feed its own children, the ability to shape its own future.

...and 1 purely emotional one.

With all of this there is one overriding reason to give a contribution to CARE. Because somewhere a child who is hungry could have food because you gave. Somewhere a child who is hopeless could have dreams because you helped. Somewhere a child who is sickly could be well because you cared.

They are hoping you care enough. And so are we.

The need is so desperate. Please fill out the coupon and give whatever you can. Do it today! It can't be too little. But tomorrow, it could be too late.

Care for the Child.

CARE 660 First Avenue
New York, New York 10016

YES! I want to help hungry children. Enclosed please find my check for:
(check one) ☐ $20 ☐ $30 ☐ $50 ☐ $100

Other $ _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

REMEMBER: Donations to CARE are tax-deductible.

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A WINNING FAMILY

Post *judges pick the Robert Deddens family of Dayton, Ohio, as the winner of* The Saturday Evening Post *All-American Family Contest.*

by Diane Parker

Because of their harmonious spirit, their dedication to family ideals and their healthful approach to living, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Deddens of Dayton, Ohio, and their children have been selected winners of *The Saturday Evening Post* All-American Family Contest.

"I had a dream last night we won," said Mrs. Deddens with a laugh, when she heard the news of her family's first-place finish via a long-distance telephone call.

Since their first daughter, Darcy, was born 13 years ago, Robert and Ruth Deddens have dedicated themselves to raising their children—sometimes getting more than they bargained for. Darcy was only three when quadruplets—Molly, Patty, Katy and Amy—joined the family (triplets were expected) amid a flurry of publicity. The Deddens brought them home from the hospital, one at a time as they gained strength, and cared for them without outside help.

Eight years later, twins were born to the Deddens. Bobby and Jimmy added more activity to an already bustling household.

Robert Deddens, a Dayton attorney, credits his wife for their happy and organized household. Her secret? "I believe in a schedule—efficiency is organization," she says, adding, "You have to have a calm atmosphere. When the quads were born, I had to sit down and realize I wasn't going to have much time for myself for a while."

The Deddens live in a large, white-frame house in Oakwood, a suburb of Dayton. They are in the process of enlarging the house to accommodate their growing family. They recently expanded the kitchen and added an adjoining family-play area for the children.

Mr. and Mrs. Deddens take an enthusiastic interest in their children's activities and make certain that most outings and projects turn into family affairs. "Our whole family is involved in nearly everything we do, either actively or passively as support," says Mrs. Deddens.

Their busy schedule includes sports (the quads are active in soccer and track), school events, Girl Scouts, 4-H, church activities (they belong to a local Roman Catholic parish) and regular family picnics.

A unique "hobby" for the Deddens is the purchase and rehabilitation of houses in need of repair. "We've purchased real estate requiring substantial improvements, so we had a low down payment, with the idea of obtaining one house for each of our children as a means of financing their college educations," Mr. Deddens explains. "All of us work at repairing the house, although Ruth is affectionately called our 'general contractor.' She coordinates repairs, especially when subcontractors are needed for plumbing, roofing and painting." To date, the family owns six homes and one cottage and will soon be looking for yet another house for the new baby, born this past Christmas.

The Deddens say they stay healthy by exercising regularly and eating wholesome, home-cooked food. "We try to foster good health with our children and a personal responsibility for their own health," says Mrs. Deddens, a former physical-education teacher.

Mrs. Deddens says, "We've all learned to share and compromise." For being named our All-American Family, the Deddens received a new Apple //e personal computer supplied by Apple Computer, Inc.

The Deddens family: Robert (holding Bobby); quadruplets Katy, Patty, Molly, Amy; Ruth. Sitting: Darcy (holding Jimmy). All the children's clothes are name brand—"Ruth Deddens" originals.

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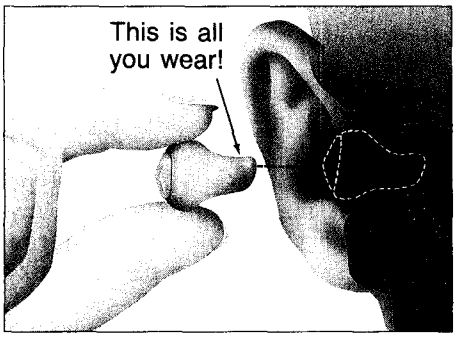
a word about hearing and Miracle-Ear®...

from General Chuck Yeager.
"Sometimes, people like myself, who are becoming older have hearing problems. There's no one who really understands how tough it is to be unable to hear high frequencies. I'm impressed with what's been done in electronics and with the hardware which is available today to help people. It's a pleasure to be associated with Miracle-Ear products and Miracle-Ear Centers."

from Captain Wally Schirra.
"As an astronaut and businessman, good hearing has always been important in my life, as I'm sure it has been in yours. People ask me, "What did the space program do for us?" Miniaturization and learning quality control. These are the kind of products that Miracle-Ear is bringing to you through new techniques which I think are quite remarkable. Miracle-Ear products have "the right stuff!"

Inner Ear™ canal hearing aid.

- **Fits comfortably in the ear**
- **No cords, tubes, or wires**
- **Available in Inner Ear canal aid (shown), Modular, and Contour® Miracle-Ear Models.**



Miracle-Ear® products can help many people overcome problems like hearing only parts of words. . . straining to hear. . .asking others to repeat. . .or becoming confused when spoken to.

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BEESIEGED

You've got a honey of a problem on your hands when a swarm of busy bees decides to make your chimney home sweet home.

by Joni Winn

Illustrated by Ed Cortese

Putting aside wisecracks about bats in one's belfry, I have bees in my chimney. Thousands of them. If you stand by the fireplace and close your eyes, you'll swear you're at the Indianapolis 500.

I've tried to get rid of them for years. From bug bombs to bonfires to countless decibels of punk-rock music —nothing drives them away. They've got a little bee condo development going up, and even in these inflationary times the places are selling like hot cakes with honey. Every day half a dozen residents motor out into my living room to see how the other side lives.

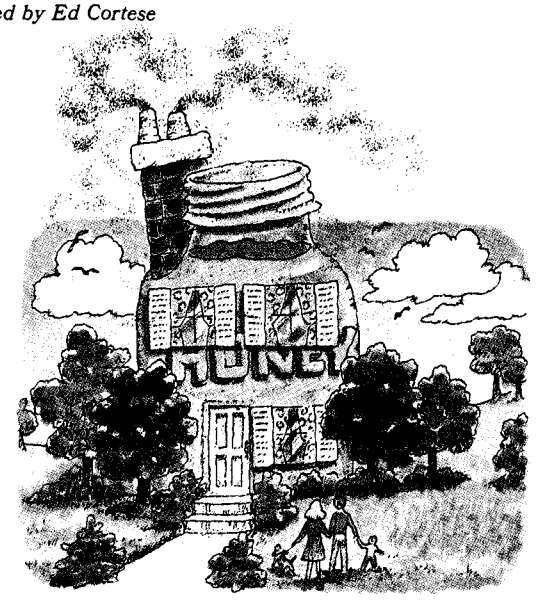
"They're just disoriented," one beekeeper told me. I guess crowded living conditions can do it to bees, too. "A major colony," he pronounced, as he installed a funnel-shaped net over the top of the chimney. Theoretically the bees would fly to the tip of the cone, exit and be unable to get back in, since they would try to enter at the base. It didn't work.

Jim Ingram, for 17 years the Los Angeles County bee inspector, told me I neglected to provide alternative hives near the chimney in which the bees could relocate. Urban renewal for bees? *More* hives? Uh-uh.

"Well, you can always tear down the chimney," said one friend. Mortgage my house so I can afford to tear it down? I don't think so.

One fellow suggested I spray cyanide gas up the chimney. I thought that sounded pretty good. Any problems with pets, I asked him? (I have a dog whose sole mission in life is to catch and swallow bees.) "Well, the only problem with cyanide is brain damage," he said.

Ah, yes. Brain damage. O.K., we'll block the top of the chimney so they can't get out to gather food and water. Starve 'em out like terrorists in an abandoned warehouse. Saw the whole thing on television.



"Ha-ha, bees," I snarled as I put my plan into effect. "Think you can hold me hostage, eh? You sneaky striped invaders!" Well, bees don't take kindly to threats and insults. They reeled around in their honeycomb and made a—can I say it?—beeline for the living room, clung to the windows and curtains and swarmed around my head like satellites.

Quick! Open all the windows, uncover the chimney and call a new beekeeper.

The next fellow said to use Malathion, the same insecticide they used on the medfly. Already it has a trendy ring to it; maybe this is just the fashionable poison of the day. Better check with Jim Ingram, who really thinks like a bee, and see what he says about Malathion.

Come to find out it was a chemical used to simulate the odor of dead bodies. It was used in military training. They've tried to fix the scent, but—hey. I know all about products that try to "fix" the scent. I fell for that once with leg-hair remover creams and I'm not getting duped again.

"Get a Shell No Pest Strip," Ingram suggested. "Seal off the fireplace and lower it into the chimney during the night. In one day they'll be dead.'

It sounded too good to be true Would my problems then be over?

Well, not exactly. See, there could be 100 pounds of honey up there, Ingram said. And when the bees are gone, the honey heats up and melts, and the honeycomb breaks. Then I'll have honey seeping all over. Maybe even discoloration of the wall and rocks.

Swell.

"Also, you'd better get some silicon gel or something to dry up the bodies so you won't get the smell of their flesh. They will smell like dead mice."

Gads! Rotting corpses!

"Then you'll probably have ants because of the honey," Ingram went on. "And then wax moths that eat the wax. But they don't bore into the wood very far."

"What is this?" I asked him. "A series of plagues? When do I get the locusts, frogs and boils?"

Ingram laughed. (People who don't have bees in their chimneys laugh a lot.)

Then, after it's all over, I'll have to put a screen on top of the chimney so future bees, drawn by the smell of the honey, won't reinhabit the honeycomb. But the screen can't be *too* fine, or ashes can't escape. "You'll know if that happens," Ingram chuckled.

Can't bees dig through the concrete and burrow in? Ingram says no. Turns out a bee's tongue is very interesting. "If my tongue were as long as a bee's it would reach my knees," he said. And though their tongues have some mandibular ability, they can't pierce a grape.

In fact, did you know a bee will try to bite you after it stings you? But it can't pierce your skin. So it's unlikely that a bee would dig a hole in a plaster barricade. At least there's some good news amid the gloom.

My mother, too, sees a positive side. "Be grateful you even have a fireplace," she says. Mom is the type to see life that way. If I told her my legs ached she'd say, "Be glad you have legs. Plenty of people are walking around without any!"

Tonight I think I'll try Ingram's plan. Who knows—maybe they'll escape through the top and find a new home. Cross your fingers for me. And . . . um . . . keep your doors and windows locked.

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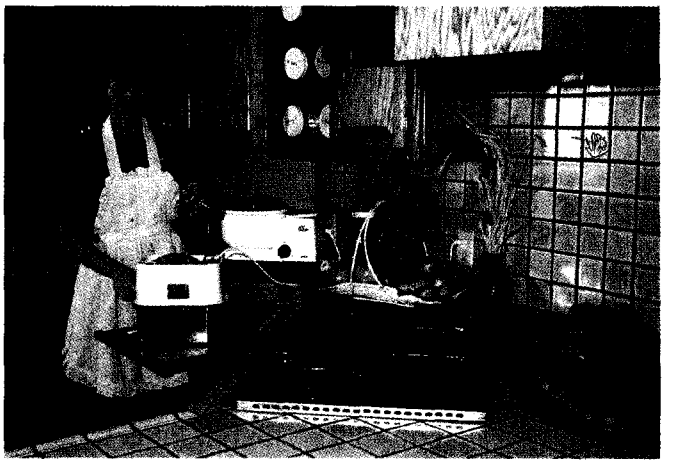
COOKING BY THE BOOK

A fresh approach to cooking is the goal of West Coast natural-foods expert Marcella Lynch, who insists on making everything from scratch.

by Helen Hosier

Marcella Lynch San Francisco has a fresh approach to cooking that keeps her kitchen filled not only with delicious food, but also with students who come to see just how she does it. How, for example, can she make a batch of delicious, whole-grain homemade bread from scratch in just two hours? Her secret is in her approach. She has organized her kitchen into work stations for storage, preparation and cooking, with all necessary implements nearby. When it comes to making bread, an electric milling machine and a mixer are essential, she says. Marcella mills her own grain and stores it in tins in her cupboard. It takes just seconds, and it makes the bread as fresh as possible. She shortens the long process of building up the dough by using a dough mixer. Bread kneaded by machine eliminates hand kneading and rising in bulk. The dough need rise only in the pans because the machine develops the elasticity of the gluten. Manual preparation, on the other hand, would require 10 to 15 minutes of constant kneading and many minutes rising time.

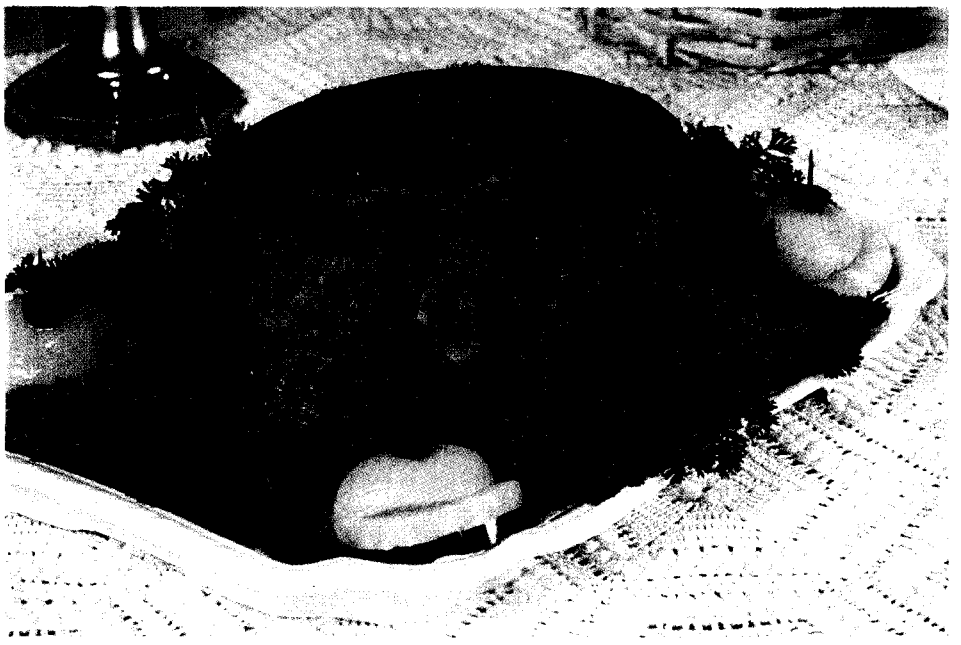


The ideal kitchen is "having everything at your fingertips"; that includes a milling machine and a mixer for making quick and easy homemade bread from scratch.

Marcella puts her magic touch not just to bread but to all her recipes. As a Seventh-day Adventist, she has been a lifelong vegetarian and cooks, one might say, by the book, using dietary guidelines members of that church have followed for more than 100 years. Scientific studies have shown that Seventh-day Adventists, as a group, have a lower incidence of cancer, heart disease and other degenerative illnesses than the general public, which may be due to the high-fiber, low-fat content of their diet (see *Post*, March '84).

"I try to furnish a good quality and quantity of protein in dishes that are tasty, attractive and healthful," she says. Marcella uses foods low in cholesterol and saturated fat and free of vinegar, raw eggs, soda, baking powder and what she considers to be irritating spices. She also goes easy on the sugar.

Such a diet may sound restrictive to most Americans, but a sample of her creations that follow may convince you that a more natural approach to cooking and eating can be delicious and satisfying as well as healthful.



Savory Pecan Loaf lives up to its name. A delicious main dish packed with protein and fiber, it can be served as a festive centerpiece for Easter or other holidays.

Marcella's Basic Magic Mixer Bread

(Makes 4 loaves)

10 cups hard, red winter wheat (or 16 cups freshly ground whole-wheat flour)
5½ cups very warm (115° F.) water (Try ½ water and ½ buttermilk for light rolls and bread.)
⅓ cup vegetable oil
⅓ cup honey, molasses or dates blended smooth with water

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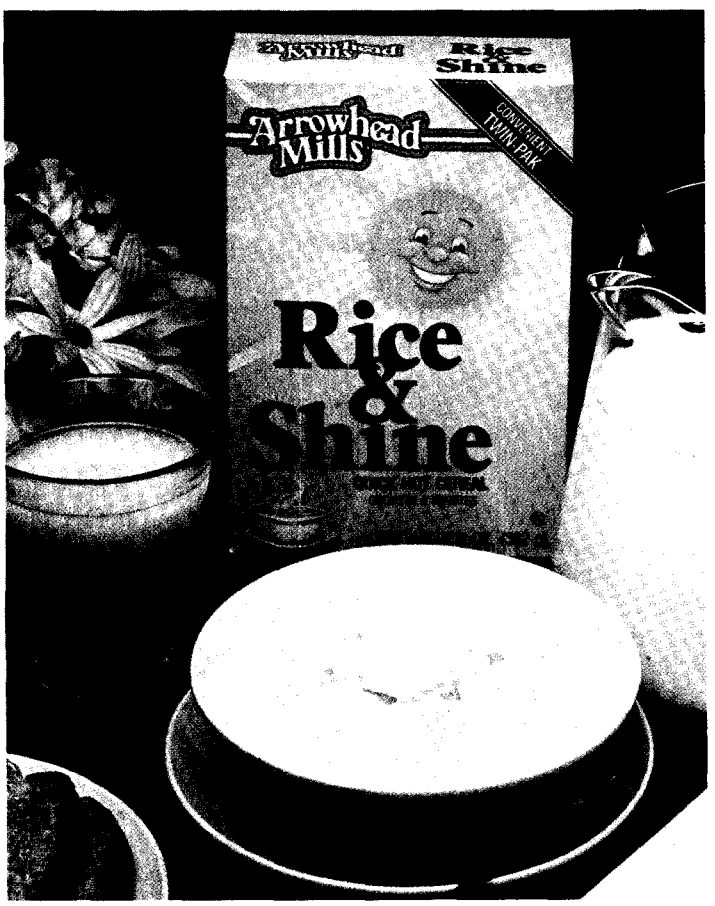
2 scant tablespoons salt or salt substitute
1 100-mg. vitamin-C tablet, crushed
1 tablespoon soy lecithin (increases volume, gives fine-grained texture)
⅓ to ½ cup gluten flour (gives elastic, noncrumbly texture)
3 tablespoons active dry yeast

Mill the 10 cups of wheat on the fine setting in a flour mill. This will yield 16 cups flour. For variety, use 2 cups other freshly milled flours in the recipe—soy, barley, oats, millet, buckwheat, etc.—to replace 2 cups of the wheat flour. Measure into mixer bowl equipped with a dough hook: water, oil, honey, salt or salt substitute, vitamin C, lecithin and gluten flour. Add 9 cups of the freshly milled flour to ingredients in mixer bowl. Mix just enough to blend in all flour to smooth consistency. Add the 3 tablespoons dry yeast and mix again just enough to blend. Add 3 more cups of flour; mix to absorb all of flour. From here on, continue to add flour gradually (¼ to ½ cup at a time) until dough forms a ball and begins to clean sides of bowl. You may add 1 to 3 cups to achieve this consistency. Let dough knead on low speed for 10 minutes. To provide a warm place for the dough to rise, preheat oven to 150° F. for 2-3 minutes. *Turn off.* Prepare pans by wiping them with an oil/liquid-lecithin mixture (2 parts oil to 1 part liquid lecithin) or spray with Mazola® No Stick corn-oil cooking spray. Transfer dough to lightly floured or oiled board and form into 4 loaves (for pans measuring 8½" x 2½") or fill pans ⅔ full of dough. Sprinkle tops with sesame seeds (optional) after wetting tops lightly with water, and cover loaves with dry towel. Place in warmed oven to rise. Allow bread to rise about 30 minutes, until doubled in size (just rounding over tops of pans). When you poke bread with fingertip, a slight indentation should remain; this indicates readiness. When the dough has risen, turn oven to 350° F. without removing the bread from oven and bake for 45 minutes. Remove bread from oven, turn out of pans immediately and cool on cooling rack. Variations: This dough is excellent for dinner rolls, sweet rolls, pizza dough, pocket bread, bagels or burger buns. Hint: Home-baked bread is more digestible if eaten after 24-48 hours.

Savory Pecan Loaf
(Serves 8)

1 cup Nutri-Grain Flakes® or whole-wheat bread crumbs
2 cups pecans, chopped
⅔ cup brown rice, cooked
1 medium onion, diced
1½ cups milk
½ cup soy or garbanzo flour, or
3 eggs, beaten, or
2 egg whites and 1 whole egg
1 teaspoon sage
3 tablespoons vegetable oil
2 tablespoons parsley, chopped
2 tablespoons soy sauce
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon each *thyme and sweet basil*

Combine all ingredients; mix well. Prepare casserole dish or loaf pan to receive the ingredients as follows: Spray *bottom and sides* of pan well with Mazola® No Stick corn-oil cooking spray, then lay piece of aluminum



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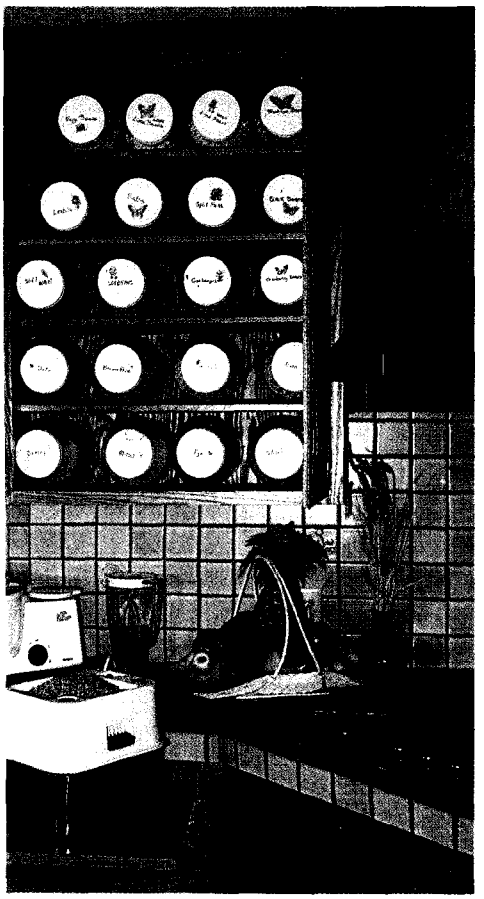

Marcella's cupboard is never bare. She conserves money and freshness by storing bulk grains and processing them herself.

foil cut to size of just the *bottom* of the pan in the dish or loaf pan and *spray this again*. (This is important so that it will unmold beautifully.) Pour ingredients into casserole dish or loaf pan and bake in (350° F.)oven for 1 hour. Let set 10 minutes before unmolding onto platter. Garnish with sprigs of parsley and slices of pineapple topped with whole, canned apricots or peach halves. Serve with a mushroom sauce or other favorite gravy.

Rice-and-Nut Casserole
(Serves 6-8)

2 cups brown rice, cooked
2 cups walnuts or pecans, chopped
¼ cup green peppers, chopped
1 small onion, chopped, or 2 tablespoons dry onion, minced
½ cup celery, chopped
1 cup dry, seasoned whole-wheat bread crumbs
1 tablespoon Vegex® (or 3 bouillon cubes dissolved in a little water, or Kitchen Bouquet®, or other seasoning powders)
2 tablespoons soy sauce
2 tablespoons vegetable oil
2 tablespoons whole-wheat flour
¾ to 1½ cups milk (as needed to give desired consistency)

Mix all ingredients well. Place in oiled casserole baking dish or individual molds (or spray with Mazola® No Stick corn-oil cooking spray). Bake at 350° F. one hour. Unmold immediately. Garnish with carrot curls, parsley, tomato wedges, etc.

Almond Vegetables Mandarin
(Serves 4-6)

1 cup carrots, thinly sliced
1 cup green beans, cut about 1 inch
2 tablespoons vegetable oil
1 cup cauliflower, thinly sliced
½ cup green onions, sliced
1 cup water
2 teaspoons chicken-style seasoning
2 tablespoons cornstarch or arrowroot powder
Pinch of garlic powder
½ cup whole almonds, unblanched

Cook and stir carrots and beans with oil in skillet over medium-high heat 2 minutes. Add cauliflower and onion; cook 1 minute longer. Add mixture of water, chicken seasoning, cornstarch (or arrowroot powder) and garlic. Cook and stir until thickened. Vegetables should be crisp-tender. If they need further cooking, reduce heat, cover and steam to desired doneness (watch carefully—you want these crisp-tender). Add almonds. Recipe may be doubled only. Do not make larger quantity at one time. Serve in an attractive dish.

Zesty Tomato Relish

2 large tomatoes, chopped
5 dates, minced
1 small onion, minced
1 tablespoon fresh lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt or salt substitute
½ teaspoon celery seed
½ teaspoon sweet basil

Simmer tomatoes, dates and onion together for 15 minutes. Add remaining ingredients; simmer another 15 minutes. Serve with main dishes or as a relish for sandwiches.

Pot O'Lentils
(Serves 6)

2 cups lentils, uncooked
1 onion, chopped
1 carrot, chopped
½ cup celery, chopped
¼ cup green pepper, chopped
1 can tomato soup or paste
1 tablespoon molasses
½ teaspoon oregano
½ teaspoon vegetable-oil margarine
½ teaspoon Bakon® Yeast
1 teaspoon salt or salt substitute
1 teaspoon cumin

Cook lentils, onion, carrot, celery and green pepper together in 4 cups water. Add a little more water as needed. Add other ingredients and simmer. Note: A good and filling pot for supper. Served with whole-grain bread, muffins or corn bread and a salad, it makes a complete meal.

Marinated Cauliflower Salad
(Serves 4 to 6)

1 large head cauliflower, sliced
1 can (5½-6 oz.), pitted ripe olives, drained and sliced
1 medium green pepper, chopped
⅓ cup salad oil
⅔ cup lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt or salt substitute
½ teaspoon oregano
½ teaspoon basil
½ teaspoon garlic salt

Mix ingredients together; place in refrigerator to marinate several hours before serving. (May be made the day before.) Before serving, line salad bowl with Boston lettuce leaves or arrange lettuce on individual salad plates. Toss salad ingredients together and spoon salad onto lettuce leaves.

South-of-the-Border Bananza
(Serves 8-10)

6 ripe bananas, sliced
1 cup roasted, unsalted peanuts
1½ cups shredded coconut
1 cup orange juice (fresh-squeezed makes it extra special)
1 cup plain yogurt
3 tablespoons date sugar (optional)

Combine all ingredients except date sugar. Chill for one hour before serving. Sprinkle the date sugar over the top. (Date sugar is dried dates that have been ground up.)

No-Sugar Apple Pie

3 tablespoons arrowroot powder, cornstarch or minute tapioca
1 teaspoon cinnamon substitute (2 parts coriander, 1 part cardimon—grind together)
Pinch of salt
1 can (12 oz.) frozen, unsweetened apple juice, undiluted

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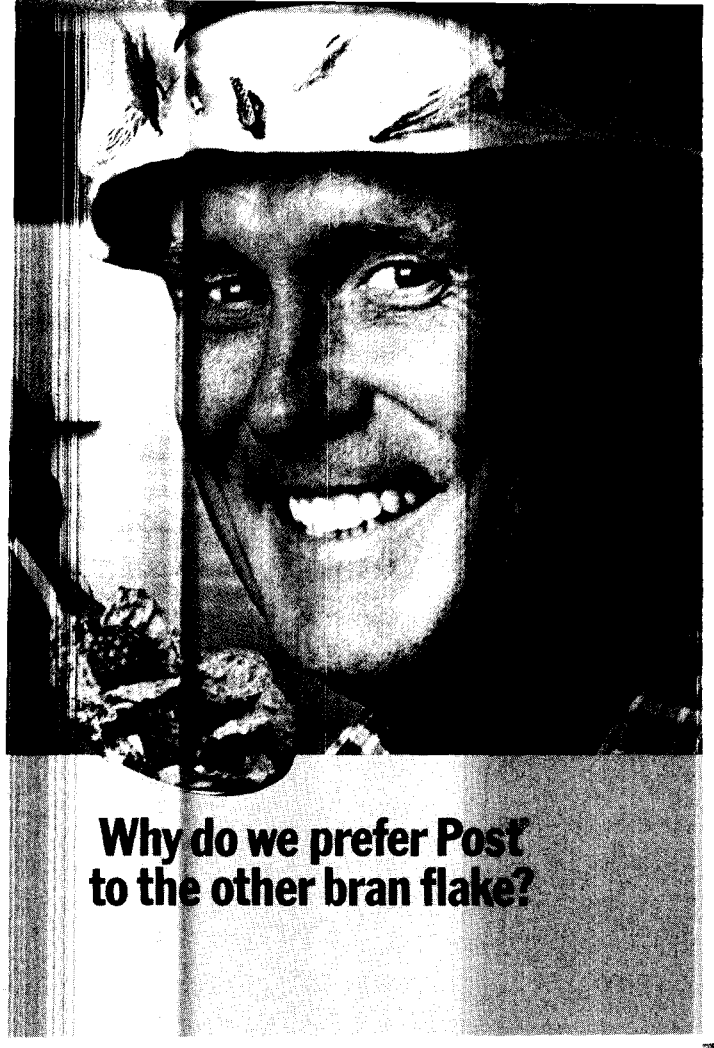

pie crust down into the pie plate and trim edges.

For recipes calling for prebaked pie crust, bake crust in oven (425° F.) for 10 minutes and prick well before placing in the oven.

Crumb Topping

⅓ cup rolled oats
¼ cup date sugar or brown sugar
2 tablespoons chopped nuts
⅓ cup whole-wheat flour
2 tablespoons wheat germ
⅛ teaspoon salt or salt substitute
2-3 tablespoons orange juice
(or any other fruit juice)

Combine all dry ingredients. Mix in orange juice until all is moistened. Sprinkle over any fruit pie.

Cashew French Toast
(Makes 6 slices)

¾ cup water
½ cup raw cashews
2 dates, pitted
Pinch of salt

Liquefy ingredients together and dip slices of whole-grain bread quickly in and quickly out of this mixture. Let extra drip off. Brown in small amount of oil, or bake in quick oven. No oil required on silverstone surface. Turn and brown on other side.

6 cups sweet eating apples, such as Golden Delicious, peeled and sliced

Mix the 3 tablespoons arrowroot powder, cinnamon substitute and salt or salt substitute with ¼ of the apple juice and set aside. Simmer sliced apples and remainder of apple juice together in large saucepan until apples begin to look transparent.

Add arrowroot mixture and stir briefly until thickened and clear. Pour into unbaked whole-wheat pie crust. Top with crumb topping (below) or second crust. Bake at 350° F. for 45 minutes or until done.

Easy Whole-Wheat Pie Crust

1¼ cups fine whole-wheat flour
(whole-wheat pastry flour is best;
or for a superior flaky quality,
use 1 cup barley flour plus ½ cup
whole-wheat pastry flour)
½ teaspoon salt or salt substitute
⅓ cup vegetable oil
4 tablespoons very cold water

In mixing bowl combine the flour and salt or salt substitute. Combine the oil and water and add all at once to the flour mixture. Stir briefly until mixed and then gather together into a ball. Roll out between two sheets of waxed paper with rolling pin (or pat out by hand directly in pie plate). Remove top piece of waxed paper. Lift pie crust and bottom waxed paper together and invert over pie plate. Peel off waxed paper. Fit the

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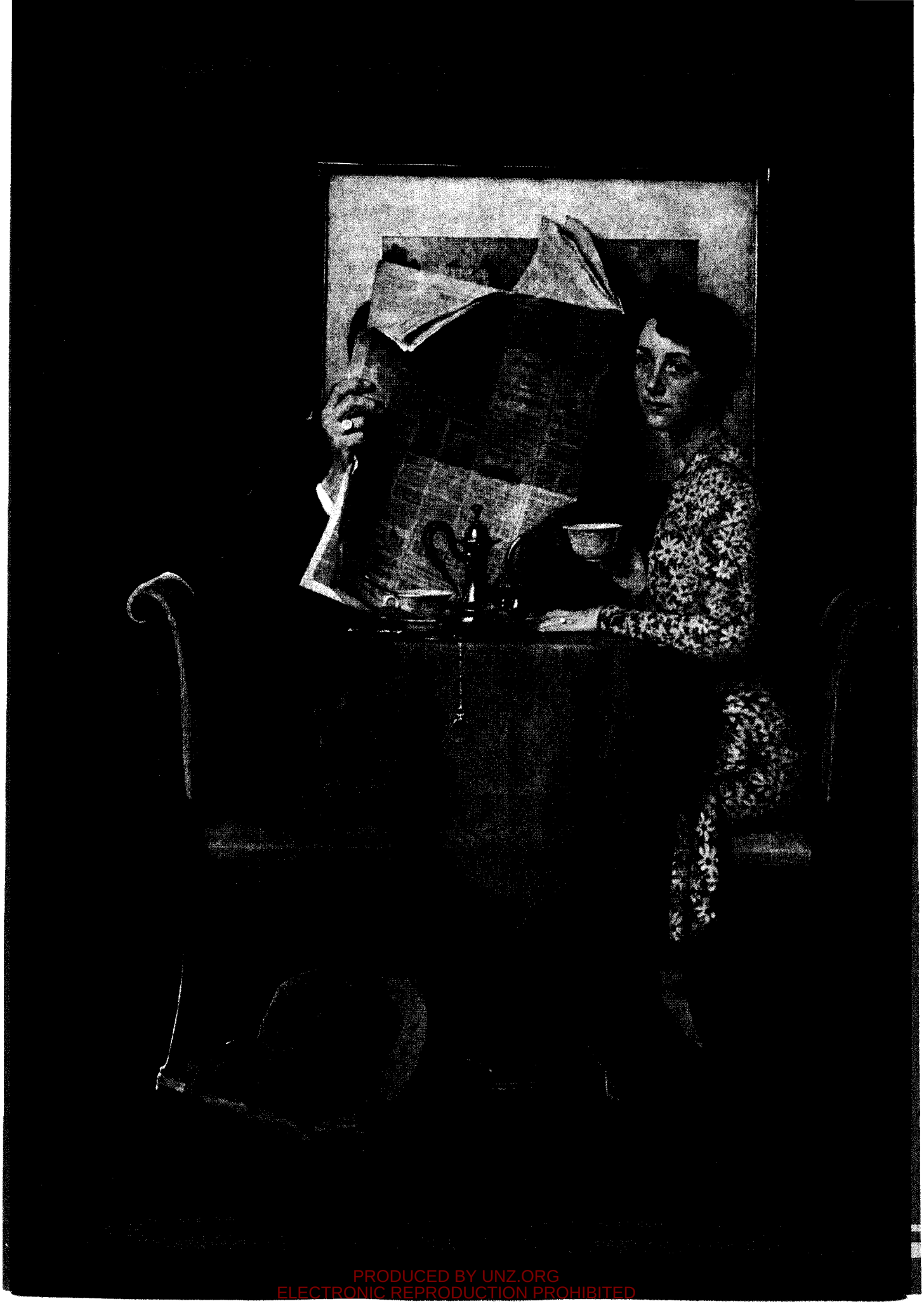

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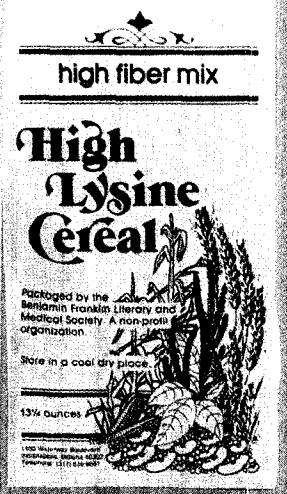
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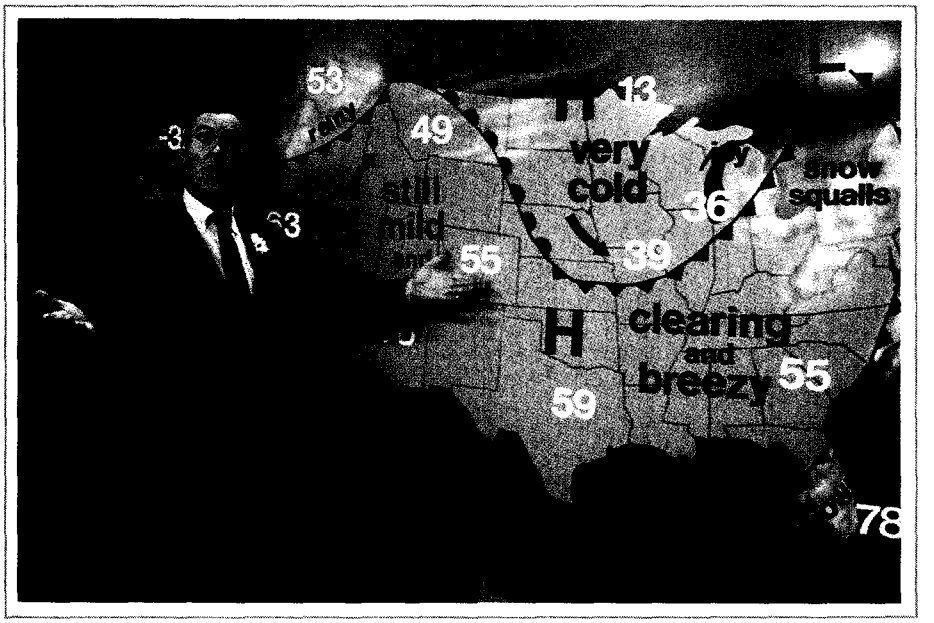
FORECAST: FOG AT THE TOP

Network executives are highly predictable, says NBC's wacky weatherman. When it comes to overlooking the obvious, they always go overboard.

by Willard Scott



Former jobs as Bozo the Clown and Ronald McDonald helped prepare Willard Scott for the highs and lows of his present post as the "Today Show" weatherman.

There are at least three ingredients for a happy life: first, to have good health; second, to have a family that you love and that loves you; and third, to have a decent job that you're happy with.

I think a job is awfully important—but not because of any prestigious title, responsibility or power that may come with it. No—the primary contribution of a good job is to enhance your pride and self-esteem.

Of course, you don't usually move right into that ultimate job that's going to provide you with supreme happiness. When I first started out at NBC, I was the lowest man on the totem pole—a page. But my position really didn't matter at all to me. I was perfectly happy to start at the bottom if it meant I had a chance to rise in an organization I admired. My main job at one time was fetching hot dogs for the other NBC staffers. Yet, I don't think anybody ever looked down at me in that job, and if he did, I really don't care. Most people knew that being a lowly page was the way you got started in the business, and I was willing to do anything to be in my chosen field.

I was so proud that I had finally gotten to work at NBC that I sent my first dollar I ever earned there to the then chairman of NBC, General David Sarnoff, and I asked him to sign it. When he returned it, I also got Arthur Godfrey to sign it. It has hung on my wall ever since. Years later, when I told the general this story, he asked, "Where is the dollar now?"

"It's still on the wall in my rec room," I said.

He replied, "You're losing interest!"

Because my job allows me to be upbeat and spontaneous, I get a lot of mail from people who tell me funny things about their own jobs. A light touch now and then can help to lighten the load for everyone.

Sometimes, I admit, people misunderstand when I poke fun. In fact, people have written to me, "Willard, you should be ashamed of yourself—you're antimanagement!" Well I'm not antimanagement. I love NBC, and I've been with the network for a long time. But I'll never pass up an opportunity to give the management team—and particularly our crack NBC vice presidents—a little friendly ribbing now and then.

One of the things that I love to ride management about—and I'm sure this is true of almost any company—is its supercautious need for high-priced *outside* advice. Forget the fact that we're on the set, day in and day out. When something's not clicking in the ratings, management's always on the horn to the "experts," the consultants.

Even back in my radio days, when some deejays were involved in the "payola" scandal for accepting gratuities to promote certain artists, our station's management team decided to hire outside experts. Their mission: to find out if *we* had accepted any favors from the artists we broadcast. They spent countless thousands of dollars to have this team of stern-looking men ask us questions about our relationships with the artists and the record distributors.

Now, that may sound fair enough at first glance. But it wouldn't have taken a genius to figure out that management really had nothing to worry about. You see, ours was a Big Band-sound format, and practically every artist we played had either died or retired a long time past. Even record distributors had little to gain from our station. After all, they certainly couldn't expect any upsurge in record sales, especially from a program that catered to nostalgia. Besides, most of our recordings were hard to come by.

Nonetheless, I broke down and confessed.

"Yes, yes," I blurted out under this third degree. "One time I accepted a deck of playing cards from a major record company, and, yes, I *had* played their Montovani records on the air!"

Ah, confession is good for the soul.

Silly enough as this may seem, you

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We're looking for people to write children's books

Writing for children is the perfect way to take up writing, says the author of 53 children's books. Your ideas come right out of your own experience. And while it's still a challenge, it's probably the straightest possible line between you and publication—if you're qualified to seek the success this rewarding field offers.

By Alvin Tresselt, Dean of Faculty

IF you want to write and get published, I can't think of a better way to do it than writing books and stories for children and teenagers. Ideas flow naturally right out of your own life experience. While it's still a challenge, the odds of getting that first unforgettable check from a juvenile publisher are better than they are from just about any other kind of publisher I know.

Later on, you may get other checks from other publishers. But right now, the object is to begin—to break into print—to learn the feeling of writing and selling your work and seeing your name in type. After that, you can decide if you want your writing to take another direction.

But after 30 years of editing, publishing, and teaching—and 53 books of my own—I can tell you this: You'll go a long way before you discover anything as rewarding as writing for young readers.

Your words will never sound as sweet as they do from the lips of a child reading your books and stories. And the joy of creating books and stories that young people 'really like' is an experience you'll never have anywhere else. (In this age of boob tube illiteracy, convenient morality, and plastic values, *do you know of a more important audience?)*

A surprisingly big market

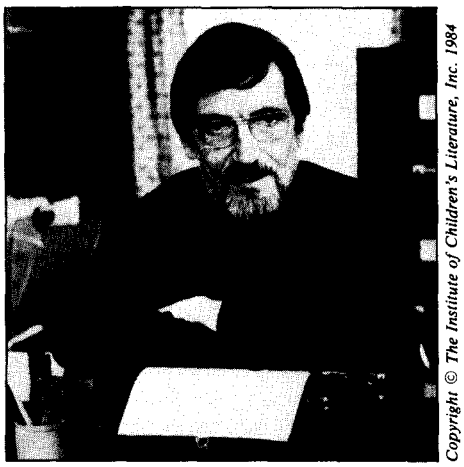
But, that's not all. The financial rewards go far beyond most people's expectations because there's a surprisingly big market out there for writers who are trained to crack it. More than 130 million young people's books are purchased each year. Between 2,000 and 2,500 new titles appear annually and new authors account for as many as half of them.

There are also 250 monthly magazines looking for material for young readers. You can imagine how much writing it takes just to keep them going!

Yet two big questions bedevil nearly every would-be writer: "Am I really qualified?" and "How can I get started?"

'Am I really qualified?'

This is our definition of a "qualified person": It's someone with an aptitude for writing who can take constructive criticism, learn from it, and turn it into a professional performance. That's the only kind of person we're looking for. The reasons are simple: Our reputation is built on success, and if prospective students don't have the earmarks of success, we probably can't help them. And we tell them so. It's only fair to both of us.



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Alvin Tresselt was Vice President and Executive Editor of Parents' Magazine Press, the first editor of *Humpty Dumpty's Magazine for Children*, and a board member of the Author's Guild. His 53 books for young readers have sold over two million copies.

To help us spot potential authors, we've developed a revealing test for writing aptitude. It's free, and we don't charge for our evaluation. But no one gets into The Institute without passing it. Those who pass and enroll receive our promise: You will complete at least one manuscript ready to submit to a publisher by the time you finish the Course.

When we teach, you learn

I've learned a lot about writing for children and I love it. Now I'm passing my knowledge on to my students so they can profit from it. When I'm not writing my own books I spend my time at The Institute of Children's Literature, a workshop for writers that does only one thing and does it better than any other educational institution I know of: It trains qualified people to write for the young reader.

This is the way I work with my students, and my fellow instructors—all of whom are experienced writers or editors—work more or less the same way.

When you're ready—at your own time and your own pace—you send your assignment to me and I read it and reread it to get everything out of it you've put into it.

Then I edit your assignment with a red pencil just the way a publishing house editor would—if he had the time. I return it along with a detailed letter explaining my comments. I tell you what your strong points are, what your weaknesses are, and just what you can do to improve. It's a matter of push and pull. You push and I pull and between us both, you learn to write.

The proof of the pudding

This method really works. I wouldn't spend five minutes at if it didn't. The proof of the pudding is that many of our students break into print even before they finish the Course. Last year we received hundreds of letters like these from successful students: "Before taking your Course, the short stories I scribbled for my two tiny tots never caught an editor's fancy," writes Emily Burns of Salem, Ore.

"My first sale, to *National Catholic Weekly*, was a Course lesson. Then I sent another Course assignment to a writer's competition and won first prize of $400!"

"My instructor's advice was invaluable in plotting, character, motivation, and dialogue. I am most grateful for her personal interest and encouragement. Best of all she helped me understand my own strengths and weaknesses and how to emphasize the first and remedy the second. Better instruction hath no man than this!" Elizabeth Henley, New Cambria, Mo.

'Now...I am a *writer!*'

Marilyn Day of Marissa, Ill. says, "I'm proud of this accomplishment. Now I'm no longer a housewife, I am a *writer!*"

And Mary Carruth, Dublin, Cal., writes, "I sent out my first article with a prayer and a hope, and it was accepted. Your Course with its structure and support, has been everything I hoped for and needed."

"When I started this Course, I did not really think that I had the ability to write," writes Sister M. Laetitia Mudde, West Haven, Ct., "But my instructor made me believe in myself."

I have a file full of similar letters. People like yourself so full of pride they could easily convince you that indeed it is a pity more people don't take up writing for children.

Free Writing Aptitude Test offered

To find qualified men and women with an aptitude for writing, the Faculty and Consultants of The Institute have prepared a four-page Writing Aptitude Test. It is offered free and will be professionally evaluated at no cost to you by our staff.

Just mail the coupon below to receive your free Test and 28-page illustrated brochure describing The Institute, our Course, Faculty, and the current market for children's literature. If you demonstrate a true aptitude for writing, you will be eligible to enroll.

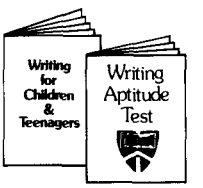
But that's entirely up to you.

There is no obligation.

The Institute of Children's Literature
Redding Ridge, Connecticut 06876

Dear Mr. Tresselt: **Y-84**

I am interested in your program to help new writers get started. Please send me your free Writing Aptitude Test and 28-page brochure. I understand I am under no obligation whatever and no salesman will visit.



Mr. Mrs. Ms. Miss

Please circle one and print name clearly

Street

City

State **Zip**

Approved by the Connecticut Commissioner of Education

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still might give our execs high marks for being thorough. Unfortunately, as with other big corporations, when it comes to overlooking the obvious, television management really goes overboard. As the great radio personality Fred Allen used to say, the definition of an NBC vice president is a man who comes into his office each morning at nine o'clock to find a molehill on his desk and then spends the remaining eight hours trying to make a mountain out of it.

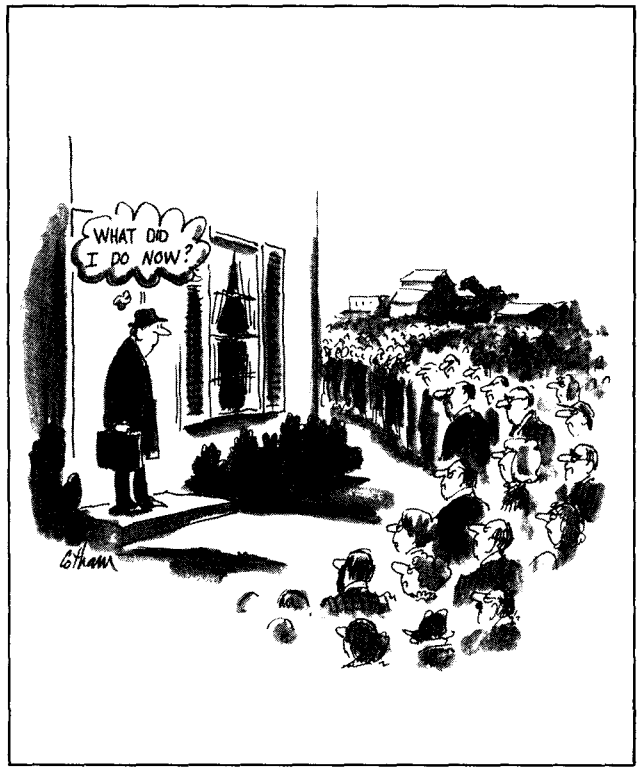
In television, not a step is made without expert advice from top-dollar consultants—the more expensive the better. But hardly a question is posed to the people on the air. You see, if there's a slackening in the spring ratings, management gets apoplectic and runs for "corrective" advice. They'll do anything to give birth to a bright, profitable new idea. Someone told me that you can always tell when it's spring at the RCA building—that's when the NBC vice presidents crawl up the carpets to spawn—thanks again, Fred.

Before you know what's happening, they tinker around with the set, change the show's format ever so slightly and hold their breaths until the next ratings sweep. Pretty soon, they've spent a half-million dollars to answer the question: "What's going wrong?" Whatever the advice, it rarely helps the ratings anyway. But it does get management off our backs for a few months.

Management's insistence on finding out what's wrong isn't the funniest part of the whole situation. What gets me is that even if the ratings are doing wonderfully, management gets itchy. They run to the consultants to find out what they're doing right! I don't know about you, but where I come from, people say, "If it ain't broke, don't fix it."

Although I think NBC's management team is topnotch, I don't put too much stock in "professional" critics like outside consultants. Sometimes, the things they hate the most are the most popular with the people. For instance, not too long ago I appeared on the show dressed as Carmen Miranda. If you saw me, you know I'm not just talking bananas on the head. No sir, I went the whole shebang. I put on a dress, wore earrings, platform shoes, a fruit-filled headdress—like everything else I do in life, I went 100 percent, all the way.

I really wasn't sure if I could pull it off. But one day as I was working with my Rototiller in my garden, I came up with some great lyrics, and I felt I just had to try it. After all, that's what enjoying life is all about—being spontaneous and having the courage of your convictions.



Predictably, the critics hated it. But the people loved it! In fact, it became a sensation. Wherever I went, traveling for "Today," people screamed, "Do Carmen! Do Carmen!" It just confirmed for me that—regardless of what the critics and outside consultants say—as long as you please the people, you're going to be a hit.

But there was one incident in particular that really showed me where I could find the best advice in the world. During a particularly low-rating period of the "Today" show, the management hired a high-powered consulting firm to jazz things up. It must have cost them at least $250,000 just to sign a contract with these guys. And they did the usual—a new set was constructed, costing another quarter million. So by then, NBC's ante had been raised to a neat half-million dollars.

I was flying across the country on one of my many trips for the "Today" show and had a nice coach seat next to a lovely, grandmotherly woman. We exchanged polite—but infrequent—conversation for the first thousand miles of the trip. But after granny knocked back her third martini, things began to change.

"You know," she said, "I used to watch your show, but I just can't any more. They rush you through the weather and never give it enough time. Half of the subjects they feature are of no interest at all. Then, when they finally *do* get a good interview, they always cut it off too short."

Just my luck. A thousand miles to go and I'm stuck next to a lady who thinks she's David Hartman's mother. I couldn't find a parachute, so I just settled in for a long flight.

"Just who decides the content of the show?" she continued, biting out the pimiento from her olive. "It's all so shallow. Everything is so frantic. The hosts talk too fast, and they never seem to listen when the people they interview try to answer. They always cut them off—'No more time!' That's what's wrong with your show, sonny."

Well, I had to admire her spunk, even if I may not have liked what I was hearing. When I got back on the set of "Today," I was in for a surprise. The latest consultants' report was, point for point, exactly what granny had told me on the jet! She had given me for free the same advice that had cost NBC a half-million dollars.

You can come up with your own moral to that story: "Big corporations should listen more to little old ladies." Or, "Little old ladies should go to work for consulting firms." As for me, I wouldn't like that. If they all worked for consultants, then I never would have had the pleasure of meeting such a grand dame. After all, if she had been a consultant, she would have been riding in first class—not coach, as I was.

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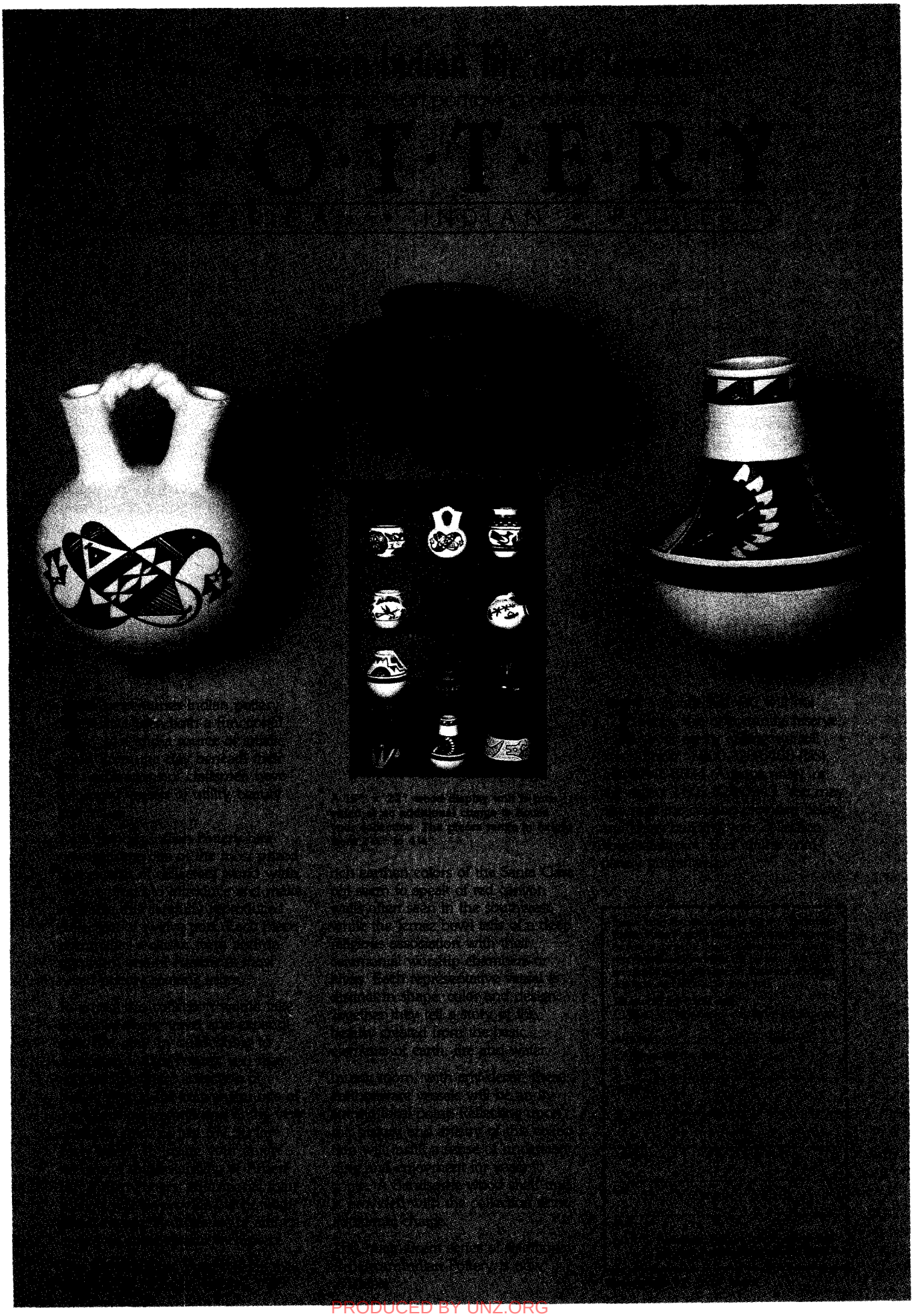

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VETS ON PETS

PROTECTING PETS FROM STRESS

Animals have problems, too, so don't unleash your own phobias or neuroses on your pet.

H. Ellen White, D.V.M.

Most of us encounter more everyday stress than we like. (I sleep with a copy of *Stress without Distress* under my pillow.) Many times I've looked at my four-legged friends and muttered, "I should be so lucky to lead a dog's life."

Stress is normal; it is the body's response to a demand. In the animal kingdom, the "fight or flight" reaction is often necessary to ensure survival.

We are accustomed to thinking of stress as something bad—the stress of an IRS audit—but a pleasant stress—meeting Burt Reynolds in person—can actually cause the same bodily reactions. We are well aware of the increased heart rate, blood pressure and sweaty palms that occur in such instances. Yet we would not want to eliminate the "good" stresses or challenges that keep us excited about life.

Stress can be voluntary or involuntary. A beagle chasing a cottontail rabbit creates involuntary distress to the rabbit and voluntary eustress (pleasant) to the dog. I'm convinced that the pointer at "point" and the cat stalking a mouse would not elect to eliminate this stress from their lives.

Much of what might be perceived as animal stress is ultimately the design of humans. We have often taken it upon ourselves to change nature, for example, by developing certain animal breeds. The magnificent English bulldog was originally bred for bullbaiting, an occupation that probably distressed both dog and bull. The conformation that enabled the bulldog to bite and hold a bull to the finish has also led to the breathing abnormalities and the whelping difficulties so often experienced by the breed today. The bulldog is also, as a result, prone to heatstroke. In much the same way, the flat face of the Persian cat contributes to its susceptibility to respiratory infections.

Training, hunting, showing, hard work, pregnancy, lactation, travel, surgery, trauma and chronic disease can lead to stress for an animal. Many of these are the same factors that trigger human stress.

An animal's reaction to stress is often a seemingly unrelated behavior such as grooming. A bird on the edge of its territory may preen when confronted with an intruder. Prolonged conflict situations may lead to excessive grooming, hair loss and self-inflicted injuries. Birds may progress to feather-picking, cats to excessive licking and people to biting fingernails.

Preventive care such as good nutrition, shunning overindulgence, exercise and positive owner-pet interaction all help to temper stress.

1) Good nutrition does not mean overindulgence. Often, we overfeed and underexercise our pets to the extent that they, like us, suffer the stresses that obesity exerts upon the body.

Feeding a high-salt diet may contribute to high blood pressure. The protein in the diet should meet, but not exceed, the animal's requirements. A sedentary, older house dog does not have the same requirements as an Alaskan sled dog. Too much protein can cause stress to an older dog's compromised kidneys; too little can cause wasting of the muscles. Picky cats that eat only organ meats such as heart or kidney will suffer bone demineralization because of the excess phosphorus content of their diet. Indiscriminate supplementation of growing puppies' diets with mineral preparations may cause the very bone disorders the well-meaning pet owner wants to avoid. Consult with your veterinarian about the individual nutritional requirements of your pet.

2) Animals and people need exercise, and limiting a pet's muscular activity can lead to chronic stress. Experiments with the restrictions of space travel have caused chronic stress symptoms—disorientation and muscular weakness—in dogs and monkeys. This chronic restraint stress can be compared to bed-rest syndrome in people, which leads to bed sores, constipation, dizziness and muscle weakness. Animal cages and kennels need to be large enough, and animals boarded or caged for any length of time need plenty of exercise. Resting boards should be provided for cats and perches for birds.

Boredom may be the ultimate

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chronic stress for animals as well as humans. A recent study found that market pigs given "toys," such as a ball to play with, gained weight faster than pigs with nothing to do but to eat and sleep.

3) Conditioning helps animals to tolerate stress. Short, pleasant trips with your dog to the ice-cream parlor help condition the dog to overcome its fear of automobile rides. Often we, as pet owners, set the psychological pattern for stress. If we convey to a new puppy on its first visit to the veterinarian's office, "Poor baby, the doctor's going to hurt you," the puppy takes its cue from us. Often, pets seem to suffer from their owners' phobias and neuroses.

4) Handling early in life sets permanent physiologic and behavioral baselines for animals. Rats handled (stroked) early in life show different body and behavior responses to stress in adulthood than do rats not so handled. As adults, the stroked rats appear less frightened by unknown situations and more resistant to many illnesses and other environmental stresses. For example, Siamese kittens stroked daily in the first ten days of life open their eyes sooner, weigh more at weaning and behave differently during learning tasks than unhandled kittens. Cat owners report that kittens rarely handled before weaning are generally more "skittish" and less friendly to people as adult cats than cats handled frequently as kittens.

We all need a certain amount of stress to get us up and going during the day, but with conditioning, some of the distress that causes our bodies harm must be eliminated. It is the same with our pets, but we have more control over the stresses to which they are exposed. If we give them the positive stimulation of play and exercise, balanced with proper care and calm, quiet times of stroking and petting, we have moved toward control of their stress and, perhaps, our own.

Questions for the Vet

Dear Dr. White:

Can you tell me if it is harmful to keep beagles or any dog in a cage all the time? I have heard this drives them a little crazy after a time and dims their senses so they are not good hunters. My neighbor has a beagle that is caged most of the time. The poor little thing cries so much. They say this is natural for a beagle. Is it? It doesn't bother them but it drives me insane. I am an animal lover.

Amelia Webber
St. Mary's, Pennsylvania

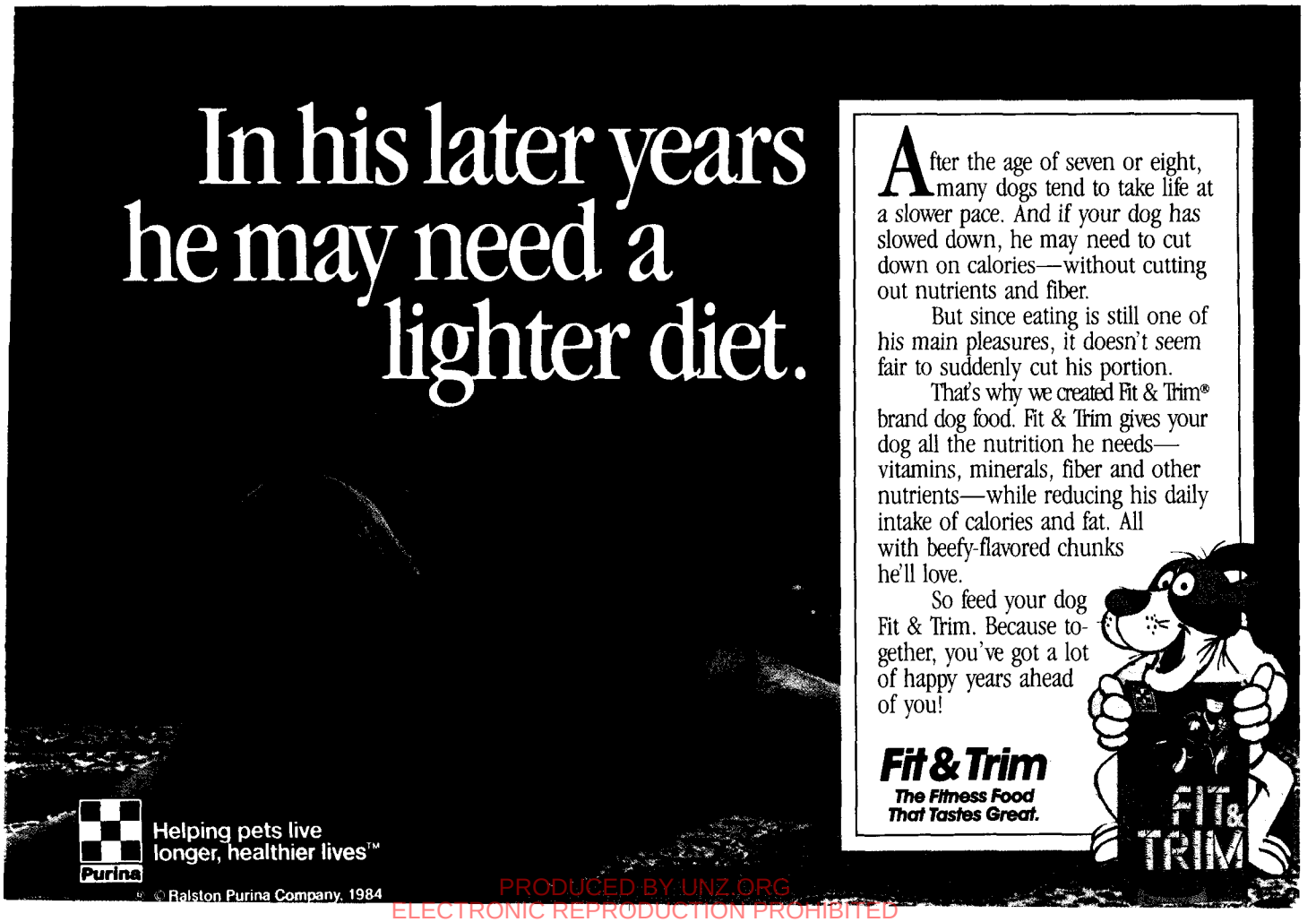
Dear Ms. Webber:

Solitary confinement has a negative effect on both people and animals. Is the beagle's cage large enough for comfort? Is he taken out for walks, play or hunting? All these factors bear on the dog's quality of life.

You might approach your neighbor with the suggestion that you would enjoy having the dog accompany you on your afternoon walks, etc. Perhaps your neighbor is a young mother with small children at home or an elderly person who would welcome your suggestion.

H.E.W.

Send your questions about pets to: Vets on Pets, *The Saturday Evening Post*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202.


In his later years he may need a lighter diet.
After the age of seven or eight, many dogs tend to take life at a slower pace. And if your dog has slowed down, he may need to cut down on calories—without cutting out nutrients and fiber.
But since eating is still one of his main pleasures, it doesn't seem fair to suddenly cut his portion.
That's why we created Fit & Trim® brand dog food. Fit & Trim gives your dog all the nutrition he needs—vitamins, minerals, fiber and other nutrients—while reducing his daily intake of calories and fat. All with beefy-flavored chunks he'll love.
So feed your dog Fit & Trim. Because together, you've got a lot of happy years ahead of you!
Fit & Trim
The Fitness Food That Tastes Great.
FIT & TRIM
Purina
Helping pets live longer, healthier lives™
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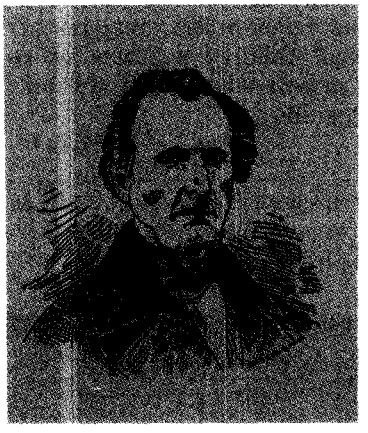
THE REV. SYLVESTER (Graham Cracker) GRAHAM: AMERICA'S EARLY FIBER CRUSADER

In the turbulent 1800s, a remarkable minister taught America about the miracle of fiber. Just how and why did we forget his urgent message?

by Jean Farmer



Contest winner Jean Farmer bakes a batch of fiber-filled, homemade graham crackers that would have pleased their namesake, the Rev. Sylvester Graham (above, left).

Editor's note: Our search for the Best Fiber Story brought many responses from fiber-conscious people across the country. The *Post* heard from nutritionists, doctors, wives of doctors, editors, cooks, housewives, free-lance writers and many others, all eager to relate their experiences and their news about the importance of dietary fiber.

Many articles were excellent and informative; however, the story about the redoubtable Sylvester Graham of graham cracker fame had an added dimension. It put the fiber saga into historical perspective. It also made our judges smile. For its fresh approach, illuminating content and competent research, they declared it the winner of the Society's $5,000 research grant.

The author, Jean Farmer of Bloomington, Indiana, describes herself as a free-lancer and a nutrition activist. A crusader in her own right, she has worked to improve school diets and has even exposed inadequate nutrition at the county jail. Her latest crusade is to improve hospital nutrition.

Contest runners-up are: Joseph G. Wassersug, M.D., of Quincy, MA, Albert J. Patt, M.D., and Donna Patt of Wildwood, GA, and Ann Enman of Klamath Falls, OR.

A recent query of a group of graham-cracker-munching fourth-graders revealed that only one knew who invented the familiar golden cookie.

"Alexander Graham Bell," said Emily-Sue Hicks, lips moist with chocolate milk. "He invented everything."

A decade ago, the San Francisco superintendent of schools reversed a ban on the classic cookie instigated by his food director. "Graham crackers and milk," he said, "are one of the fondest memories of my childhood."

But did he know about the Rev. Sylvester Graham? Ha!

Sylvester Graham, a fiery Yankee preacher of the turbulent 1800s, believed that a high-fiber, natural-food diet would remedy cholera, alcoholism, premature aging, violence, sexual abuses and digestive ills.

Graham believed he had a divine mission to save the souls and the stomachs of the dietary heathen. He dreamed of the day when "all America would eat like Christians instead of boa constrictors."

The gospel according to Graham was classically simple:

- Eat your daily bread from fresh grains and drink pure water.
- Eat fresh, ripe fruits and vegetables, grains and seeds.
- Enjoy pure milk, fresh cheeses and eggs in moderation.
- Avoid fat, salt, sugar, meat, al-

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Sponsor a Child for Only $10 a Month.

At last! Here is a $10 sponsorship program for Americans who are unable to send $16, $18, or $22 a month to help a needy child.

And yet, this is a full sponsorship program because for $10 a month you will receive:

...a photograph of the child you are helping.

...a special sponsorship folder with the case history of the child.

...a description of the country where your child lives.

...a quarterly progress report about your child's community from the field worker.

And you will receive at least two personal letters a year from your child.

All this for only $10 a month?

Yes—because the Holy Land Christian Mission International believes that many Americans would like to help a needy child. And so we searched for ways to reduce the cost—without reducing the help that goes to the child you sponsor.

For example, unlike some of the other organizations, your child does not write each month, but two letters a year from your child keeps you in contact and, of course, you can write to the child just as often as you wish.

Also, to keep down administrative costs, we do not offer the so-called "trial child" that the other organizations mail to prospective sponsors before the sponsors send any money.

We do not feel that it is fair to the child for a sponsor to decide whether or not to help a child based on a child's photograph or the case history.

Every child who comes to Mission International for help is equally needy!

And to minimize overseas costs, our field workers are citizens of the countries where they serve. Many volunteer their time, working directly with families, orphanages, and schools.

You can make a difference!

$10 a month may not seem like much help to many Americans, but to a poor family living on an income of $1.50 or $2.00 a day, your sponsorship can help make all the difference in the world.

Will you sponsor a child? Your $10 a month will help provide so much:

...emergency food, clothing and medical care.

...a chance to attend school.

...help for the child's family and community, with counseling on housing, agriculture, nutrition, and other vital areas to help them become self-sufficient.

A child needs your love!

Here is how you can sponsor a child for only $10 a month immediately:

1. Fill out the coupon and tell us if you want to sponsor a boy or a girl, and check the country of your choice.

2. Or mark the "emergency list" box and we will assign a child to you that most urgently needs to have a sponsor.

3. Send your $10 in right now and this will eliminate the cost of a "trial child."

Then, in just a few days you will receive your child's name, photograph, and case history.

May we hear from you? We believe that our sponsorship program protects the dignity of the child and the family and at the same time provides Americans with a positive and beautiful way to help a needy youngster.

3-year-old Michelle was abandoned by her father. Soon after, her mother was forced to leave her in order to find work. She now lives with her grandmother in a hut with dirt floors and a grass roof.

K5JP

Holy Land Christian **Mission International**
Attn: Joseph Gripkey, President
2000 East Red Bridge Road
Box 55, Kansas City, Missouri 64141

☐ Yes, I wish to sponsor a child. Enclosed is my first payment of $10. Please assign me a ☐ Boy ☐ Girl
Country preference: ☐ India ☐ The Philippines ☐ Chile ☐ Honduras ☐ Colombia ☐ Guatemala ☐ Thailand ☐ Africa ☐ The Holy Land ☐ Dominican Republic

☐ **OR, choose a child that needs my help from your EMERGENCY LIST.**

☐ Please send me more information about sponsoring a child.

☐ I can't sponsor a child now, but wish to make a contribution of _____.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE_____ ZIP_____

Registered: U.S.A.I.D. Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Charter Member: Evangelical Council for Financial Accountability. Our annual financial report is readily available upon request. Please make your check payable to Mission International. Your sponsorship gifts are tax deductible.

Holy Land Christian
Mission International

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cohol, tobacco and stimulants.

- Enjoy fresh air, frequent bathing and exercise.
- Get seven hours sleep.
- Keep a serene spirit.

Sounds pretty innocent, right? But the Graham System stirred enormous controversy. Thousands of rapt devotees attended numbing lectures with such titles as "The Science of Human Life" and "Lecture on Epidemic Diseases Generally and Particularly the Spasmodic Cholera," and some hailed the lanky minister as a "star that shines into the Egyptian darkness of medical ignorance"—but others sneered at him as "Father Fiber" or "a nut among the crackers." Emerson christened him "the prophet of bran bread and pumpkins," but angry butchers and bakers, armed with tar pots and feathers, staged riots whenever he spoke. One newspaper even accused the earnest orator of illustrating his talks with lewd pictures and live, naked women! A physician declared he would as soon see his female kin emerge from a brothel "as from the secret lectures of this infamous man."

There were, of course, no nude models, and Dr. Graham's dirty pictures were about as erotic as stomach diagrams for Pepto-Bismol. Graham was simply convinced that everybody should have a basic knowledge of human physiology—a startling concept for his day.

Graham was humiliated by the suggestion that he be investigated by a grand jury and shocked that the mayor of Boston refused to give him proper protection. Never one for modesty, Graham likened his persecution to that of Saint Paul, who was mocked, slandered and beaten for his courage.

Even considering Victorian prudery, why all the fuss over some health lectures? To understand the Reverend Graham's impact on his era and on our own, we must first examine the man and then the explosive society into which he was thrust.

The 17th child of an aging minister, Graham was born in West Suffield, Connecticut, in 1794. He lost both his father and a brother before he was two years old. His mother collapsed from the strain of caring for six dependents and was sent to an asylum.

The emotional scars Graham suffered from being motherless, poor and unwanted certainly lasted all his life. Shuffled from hand to hand, he was billeted with a tavern keeper at age five. The experience made him hate liquor and the behavior it triggered. The lad grew so ill he was packed off to relatives.

Most health reformers have a history of wretched health. Graham was no exception. Only his will sustained him through tuberculosis, nervous exhaustion and overwork. Yet he was a born organizer and loved to plan balls and parties, sans liquor. Never a racist, he danced with free black girls and gave lectures to those of color.

He was not only poor, he was different. On a trumped-up charge, he was expelled from college. He was thwarted in marrying the girl he adored. His dreams of following a professional career like his Scottish grandfather, who was both minister and physician, seemed fanciful.

But as Tocqueville wrote in Graham's heyday, "Every American is eaten up with longing to rise." Graham battled his weak body to rise like new bread, for the leaven of his longing to be famous was irrepressible. With the help of his wife's small dowry—she had nursed him through illness—he became a minister at 32. His natural talents swiftly propelled

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Jean Farmer's Old-fashioned Oats
(Serves 1 grandfather)

Stir in 2 tablespoons dry skim milk, 1 tablespoon wheat germ (toasted) and 1 tablespoon wheat bran. Top with 1/16 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon dates (they now come diced without flour). Optional: half a grated apple.

Grandpa Farmer is 90 and eats his porridge daily!

Donna Patt's Pineapple Date Square
(Serves 12)

Filling:
¾ cup pitted dates, packed down, then cut in pieces
1 can (20 oz.) unsweetened, crushed pineapple
2 tablespoons lemon juice
⅛ teaspoon salt or salt substitute
2 tablespoons water
2 tablespoons cornstarch
1 teaspoon vanilla

Crumb mixture
¼ cup oil
⅜ cup apple concentrate
1 teaspoon vanilla
¾ cup quick oats
¼ cup oat bran
¾ cup whole-wheat flour
¼ cup wheat bran
¼ teaspoon salt or salt substitute
¼ cup coarsely chopped walnuts

To make filling, put dates, pineapple (drain off ½ cup liquid), lemon juice and salt or salt substitute in a saucepan and simmer with pan covered for 15 minutes. Mix 2 tablespoons water with cornstarch and vanilla and add to pineapple mixture while stirring. Stir-cook until thick. Set aside to cool. To make crumb mixture, measure oil, apple concentrate and vanilla in glass measuring cup and hold. Stir-cook in dry saucepan over medium heat until light, golden brown. Remove from heat and add salt. Whip the oil mixture with a fork until well mixed and pour into mixture of oats, bran and flour. Mix until crumbly. Put half the crumbs on bottom of oil-rubbed, 8-inch-square baking dish. Spread evenly and press down. Spread pineapple mixture evenly over this. Top with remaining crumb mixture. Sprinkle with nuts and press down lightly. Bake in preheated 350° F. oven for 35 minutes. Cool, then chill several hours. Cut into 12 squares.

Ann Enman's Bran Apple Bread
(Makes 1 loaf)

2½ cups cereals crushed in blender
¾ cup Bran Chex®
¾ cup Cracklin' Oat Bran®
1 cup Bran Buds®
1 cup milk
⅔ cup margarine
½ cup honey
2 eggs
¾ cup whole-wheat flour
¾ cup white flour, enriched
1 tablespoon baking powder
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon salt or salt substitute
1 cup apples, unpeeled, chopped

Preheat oven to 375° F. and grease one loaf pan. Blend all ingredients and fold in the finely chopped apple last. Avoid overmixing. Pour into pan and bake about 55-60 minutes. Cover lightly with aluminum foil "tent" during end of the baking period to prevent excessive browning.

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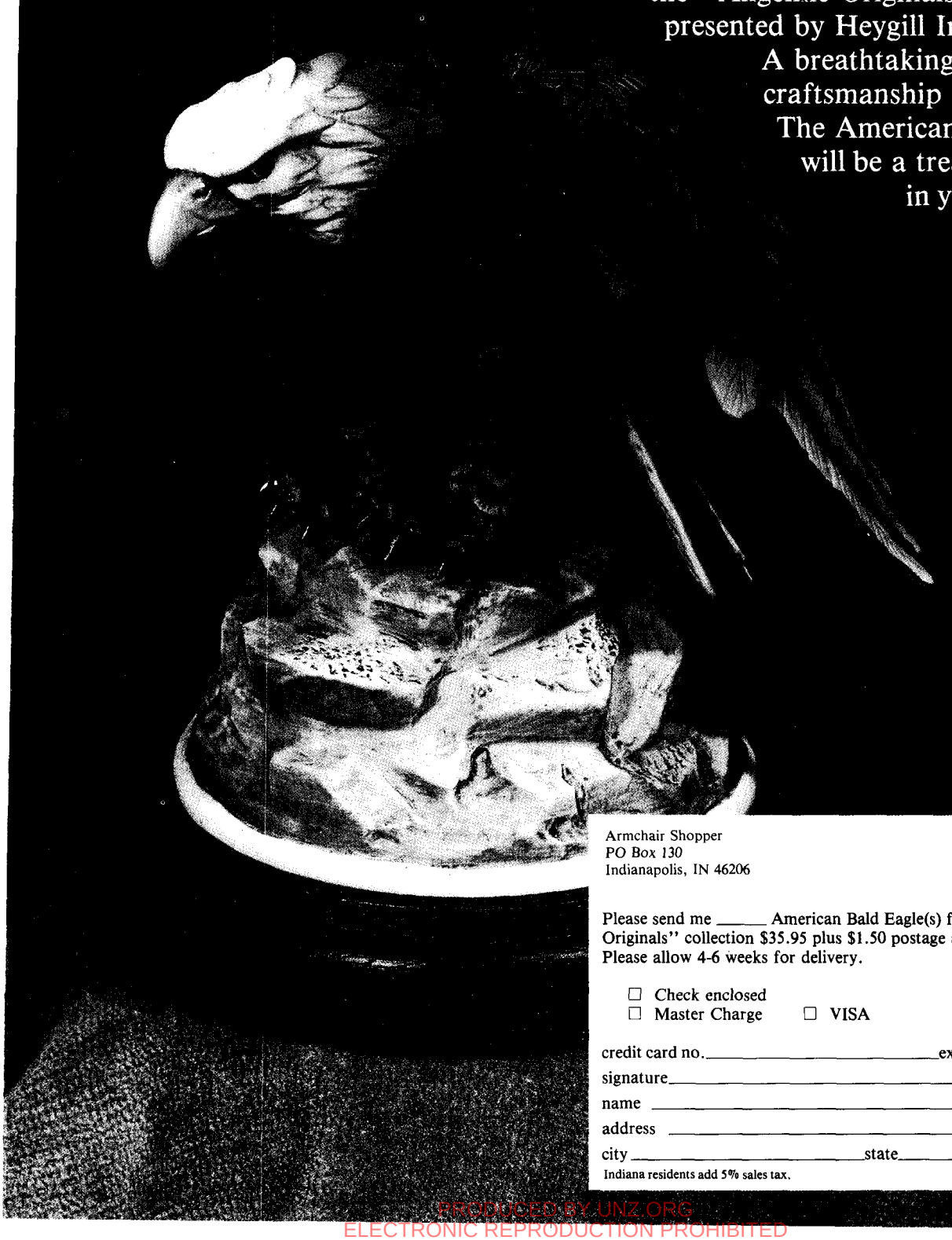

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him into the limelight. He spoke against demon rum and whiskey, then the horrors of masturbation, and last, how to arm against Asiatic cholera.

The Jacksonian days were a ferment of social change. Dramatically increased literacy, improved income and better transportation made reform movements inevitable. Says Edith Cole: "Each worthy cause boasted a reform society . . . to promote temperance, to improve asylums, to free or colonize Negroes . . . to help fallen women, to eliminate corsets, to change diet and improve health . . . ."

It was also a time of sickness. We hear so much about the hardy pioneers that we forget how sick they were. In 1822 Indianapolis had 1,000 people, 900 of whom had bouts of malaria. Not only did people suffer degenerative disease, but filth, bad water and overcrowding made infectious diseases flourish. The British visitor Frances Trollope was horrified to find garbage in the streets and moist pig snouts brushing against her skirts. (Later she realized that without such porcine "Herculean service," the town would have been uninhabitable.)

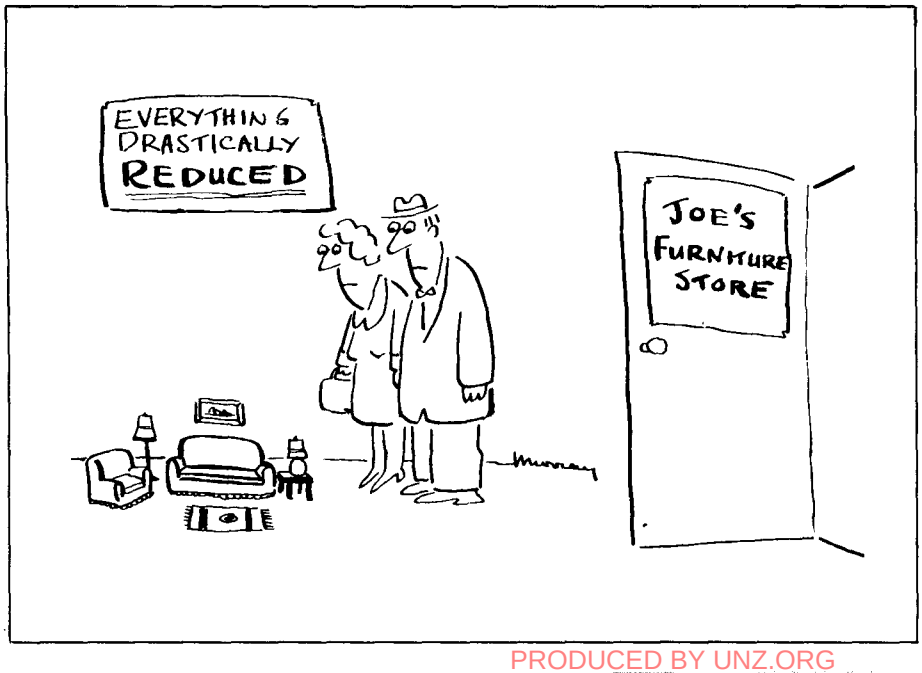
American immigrants sweated in dank and dangerous workshops, and their living quarters were also foul. Dr. Graham complained that young women were often housed three to a bed and six to a room. He correctly observed that although incomes were soaring, nutritional standards had plunged.

The dietary world of Sylvester Graham's time was one of galloping consumption and chronic indigestion. Meat was devoured at all three daily meals, the average consumption being 178 pounds a year in the 1830s. "Amazing Maize" supplied whiskey, food for hogs and poultry and the familiar corn pone and grits, soaked in grease gravy and corn syrup.

Foreign observers watched in amazement as Americans, arms working like fiddlers, dispatched mountains of hog meat, pastries, fried potatoes, cheeses, pickles, jams, cakes and hot breads without conversation or pause. Meals were washed down with raw whiskey—the only thing "that would cut the layers of grease." Dr. Daniel Drake reported to his colleagues that he knew of "several cases in which fat men had so stuffed themselves with grease and alcohol that they exploded when sparks from a fire fell on them."

Graham's own wife insisted on gin and wine to aid her in nursing her babies. She tempted her spouse with rich food, slipped meat to the children and ridiculed his theories.

Overeating and its ravages were called dyspepsia or "dyspepsy," charmingly defined by the dictionary as "deranged digestion." Dyspepsy was actually a blanket term for foul breath, furry tongue, bilious headaches, bloated belly, chronic constipation and windy habits. It was no accident that the first American patent medicine, in 1796, was for Samuel Lee's Bilious Pills. They sold briskly.



Graham's program held great appeal for many. Orthodox medicine was crude, violent and often dangerous. Bleeding was considered so beneficial that patients were commonly bled into unconsciousness. When they weren't being bled, they were being purged. Cathartics like mercury-rich calomel eroded jaws and loosened teeth.

Such heroic medicine was counterbalanced by native healers, who used sweat baths, emetics, herbs and devices like Anti-Consumptive Cork Soles and Medicated Fur Chest Protectors. Mysterious cures emerged from such exotic sources as scrolls found under mummies or on Babylonian clay tablets.

Graham's regimen was at worst harmless and cheap. At best it mirrors current medical thinking with striking accuracy. After all, isn't a low-fat, high-fiber diet the darling of the Pritikin world? Haven't the heart, cancer and diabetes folks been telling us to eat less cholesterol and more natural foods?

Graham traced his simple program to a romantic, Edenlike world in which man ate a completely natural diet of nuts, seeds, fruits and berries. Straying from this natural diet ruined not only his health but his moral fiber as well. That is why we have suffering and disease, he claimed.

The Stone Age Tasaday of the Philippines fulfilled his vision of the past. They had never eaten sugar or salt and lived in harmony with their environment. Of course, they had perfect teeth, beautiful bodies and were as gentle as woodland deer.

Graham was convinced that a raw-food diet was best because it was close to nature. He felt such a regimen was excellent for the teeth and jaws and indispensable for healthy bowels. Only recently, two distinguished physicians in Kaiser Permanente Medical Center at Los Angeles seriously proposed a raw-food diet for chronic obesity and diabetes. Said the researchers, "By using rustic, simple observations, we found the cure for obesity." One author tested the theory by living on leafy salads and raw sunflower seeds with water for two years. Why did the program work? These experts concluded that uncooked foods leave the stomach slowly, require more chewing and

continued on page 88

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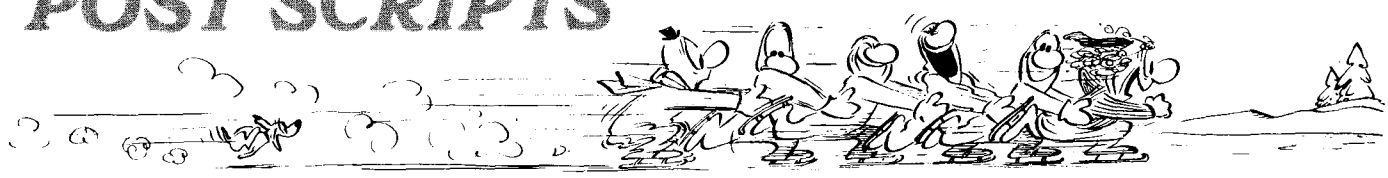
POST SCRIPTS



Heinrich Schnibble and the Classified Ad

"Good morning, sir. May I help you?"

"Ja. Ich ben needen der help mit sellen mein squawkisch honkenflappers."

"Well, the classified columns are just the right——Mit sellen your squawkisch what?"

"Mein honkers mit outgaben der downfluffen."

"Oh! Downfluff—you mean geese?"

"Ach, ja! Der honkers ist obergerunnen mein barnyard."

"I see. Now, what do you want to put in your ad?"

"Himmel, dummkopf! Ist meinself knowen? Ich ben expecten der paper ist——"

"Just a minute, sir! Just a minute! I'll ben glad to write the ad for you. How many geese you got to sell?"

"Meinself ist sellen ein dozen."

"All right, sir. How does this sound? 'For sale, 12 honk—er, geese. Healthy. Reasonable.' "

"Himmel! Ist geese ben reasonable? Nein! Der dumbisch squawkers ist——"

"No, no, sir. I meant reasonable in price."

"Goot, goot! Meinself ist bringen der honkers insiden."

"Fine. Now——What? Hey, come back, sir! We don't keep der honkers here. The people who read the ad call you, and you sell them."

"Ach!"

"Now, what's your name and phone number?"

"Ich ben Heinrich Schnibble, und das number ist in der book."

"But if we put it—O.K., I'll look it up. That will be $1.96, please."

"Ach, du lieber! Ist meinself payen mitout der honkers ben sellen?"

"Of course, Mr. Schnibble. We can't guarantee der sale."

"Himmel! Ist der paper ben doubten das ad ist sellen?"

"Indeed not! We don't ben doubt—I mean, we have every confidence in das ad. But it's our policy to collect——"

"Ach, nein! Soonisch mit sellen, meinself ist payen."

"But, confound it, man, I've already ben—I told you der paper ist not——"

"Der paper ben cowardisch!"

"Der paper does not ben cowardisch! Yourself can pay any blank-blank way you want to. Ich just don't ben caren any more."

"Goot! Meinself ist payen mein honkenflapper."

"Very well. Just——Oh, no! We positively won't take——Ach, Mr. Schnibble. Ach and Himmel! Bring me der honkenflapper. I think meinself can use it."

"Mit picken der downfluffers?"

"Nein, Mr. Schnibble. Nein! Ich ben needen ein reasonable goose to take over mein job!"

—Dave Morrah

"We produce an inferior line of products here, so you can understand our need for a superior salesman."

Blowing His Mind

"Pat," said Pete, "if you don't marry me I will certainly blow my brains out."

"If you did,," replied Pat, "it would be a revelation to my father. He thinks you haven't any."

—Sherwood Ellis

Capping the Ceremonies

A little country boy hid a cap pistol in his pocket on Sunday before starting to church with his parents. When the sermon was well under way, he whipped out the pistol, pulled the trigger and BANG!

The horrified father grabbed his son by the arm and hustled him up the aisle. An old lady sitting in one of the back pews stopped them. "Don't take that child out," she said. "He scared hell out of more people today than that preacher has during the entire ten years he's been here!"

—B.W. Clifton

March Winds and/or April Showers

To hurricane weather
My question is curt:
What to hold on to,
My hat or my skirt?

—Margaret Fishback Antolini

Distant Relative

A fan brazenly talked her way backstage to see a handsome young superstar. His dressing room was the last barrier to cross.

"May I see Ron?"

"May I ask who you might be?" the woman coming out of the star's dressing room asked.

"I'm his sister."

"Really? Well, I'm delighted to

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meet you. I'm his mother."

—James Curnane

Let Them Down Easy

Bad news is hard to reveal to those involved. One man had to write to the family of his buddy who went afoul of the law in the early days of the Wild West. After days of struggling with a way to break the news, he wrote: "It is with deep regret I must inform you that your son died here recently while taking part in a public ceremony. The platform on which he was standing gave way."

—Carolyn Gilbert

Bullish Comment

Some speeches I've heard
Are like some steers I've seen;
There's a point here, one there,
And a lot of bull in between.

—Herm Albright

That's Gratitude

A man writing at a post-office desk was approached by an elderly fellow who asked, "Sir, could I get you to address this post card for me?"

The man did so gladly and then agreed to another request, which was to write a message on the card and to sign it. He then asked, "Is there anything else I can do for you?"

The old fellow thought a moment, then said, "Yes. Add this at the end: 'P.S. Please excuse the handwriting.' "

—Henry E. Leabo

The Importance of the Letter E

Of all the letters in our alphabet the letter "e" is the most fortunate or unfortunate, depending on whether it is considered with an optimistic or pessimistic attitude.

For example, to a pessimist it is a most unfortunate letter because it is always out of cash, always in danger, torment, misery and distress, and ends up in hate. It is absent in pity, compassion, sympathy or any form of charity.

The pessimist interested in sports will never find the letter "e" in bowling, fishing, golf, on the ski tramway or in a sailboat.

On a more optimistic note, however, it is never in war, always in peace. It is the beginning of existence and the end of trouble. Without it there would be no life or heaven (or hell). It is the center of honesty and always in love. Our letter "e" is the beginning of encouragement and the end of failure. You will find the letter "e" in the midst of friends and neighbors; without it home would not be complete. It is never found in injury, pain, fatality, doctor or hospital, but is forever present in health, wealth, happiness, wife, children, relatives and wedding bells.

And although the letter "e" is forever in debt and never optimistic, it is appropriate to conclude this treatise on an encouraging note. . . it's the beginning of the end.

—Raymond A. Schoeder

Double Trouble

Some days you're kind and patient, dear,
Some days you're cross and cruel.
Some days you're wise, intelligent,
Some days you act a fool.
Although I really love you, dear,
It's very plain to see
That I could never marry you—
It would be bigamy.

—Thelma Ireland

Don't Take Your Guns to Town

I always thought
Those who fought
Duels
Are fools.
Who is right?
Who wins the fight?
Aaron Burr was a better shot,
But Hamilton's on the ten-spot!

—Bern Williams

We'll Call You

I've mailed 300 résumés
To mighty corporate giants,
Detailing how my expertise
Could bring them sales or clients.
So now I wait beside the phone
For word of their deciding,
But all I get are calls from folks
Who want to sell me siding.

—Mary Margaret Milbrath

The Big Sleep

A bus driver and a priest died at the same time. Although the driver was sent directly to heaven, the priest's case was apparently harder to decide.

"I don't mind that you sent a bus driver to heaven," the priest was heard complaining, "but after all, I was a priest. So why should I be kept waiting?"

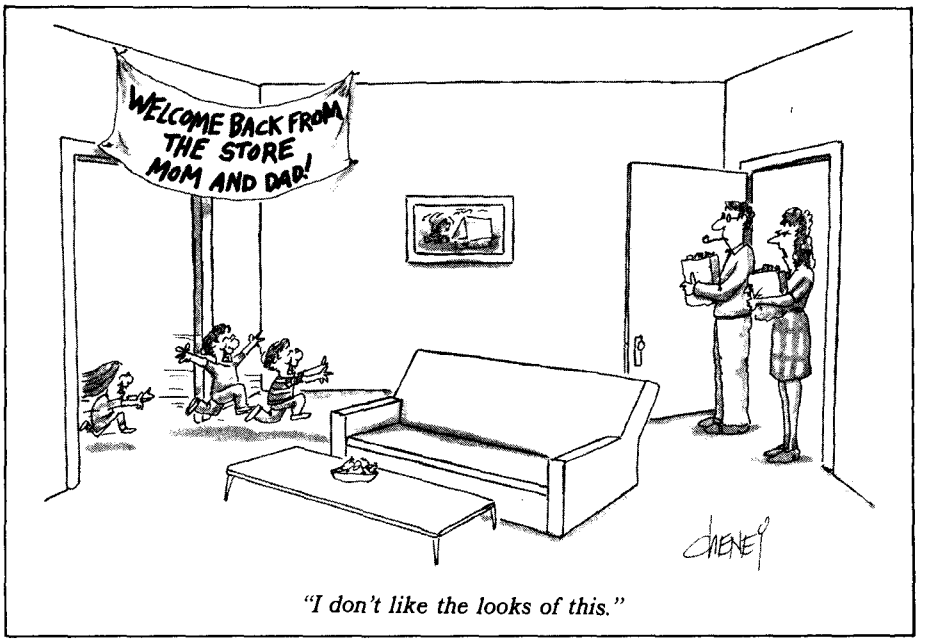
He was answered like this from on high: "Father, when you were preaching, everyone was falling asleep. But when the bus driver was driving, everyone was praying."

—Nora Leigh

No Fare at All

A bus transfer, lying on the ground,
Was picked up by a woman, a contriver,
Who, when the bus came to her stop,
Gave it nonchalantly to the driver.
"This transfer is from yesterday, lady;
So please pay the fare without a fuss."
She complied, but added, "Well!
This just shows
How long we have to wait for a bus!"

—Muriel Kovinow



"I don't like the looks of this."

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ALL WASHED UP AT THE BEACH

A winter's dream of summer's "fun" is not so sunny.

by John Skow

A beach is not a fit place to be. This is well understood by the entire animal kingdom, excepting only the sandpiper, who is nitwitted; the crocodile, who is squamous; the sea lion, who thinks the sandpiper knows something; and man. In this respect, as in others, man has not ripened into wisdom. Ages ago, when man's ancestor first poked his head from the tidal wash and noticed evolution's eon sign, he did not waste his slime on the beach. He slithered across it at top speed (thinking the sign belonged to a bar and grill), noticing only that the sand scraped his belly and that the moss that came afterward helped a lot.

In the last few decades of the present eon, however, man has grown perversely bored with the green-growing golf course, the black-flowering asphalt and the clear-bubbling cocktail lounge, and he has strayed wistfully back toward the sea. There, where the solid leaves off and the liquid begins, he has found and cherished an intermediate state of matter. It is a damp mulch of mustardy hot-dog wrappers, fat ladies, displeased infants, former fish, ex-seaweed, volleyball players, lost socks, midget radios, walruses, beer cans, pieces of sodden wood that look even uglier when they are turned into lamps, big, pink men with little white legs, uncomfortable small stones, other people's elderly lunch in moist brown bags, insolent sea gulls and bugs. Not to mention shrieks, shouts, squeaks, roars and baseball scores, five-year-old girls in two-piece suits, small boys glistening with cherry soda, young mothers oiling themselves and planning to take a course in something, dismayed fathers, impatient businessmen, brain-fried lifeguards, scornful teen-agers, addled dogs and me—talked into it all again, despite a vivid memory that this was the way it was last time.

[The author writhes in distress. He thinks he is at the beach, with the deadly August sun beating down. Actually he has fallen asleep on the living-room sofa, as he always does if he drinks a beer with lunch, and it is merely a ceiling light fixture that is causing his eyes to squinch. It is not August but March. However—Does not Science tell us that every dream is a Baggie, hidden away in the cluttered reaches of our mental refrigerators, stuffed with moldering Truth?—there is reason for the author's daymare. There is a Surf-'n'-Sun Sale at the local female chandlery, and his wife has gone there with car and charge plate to buy a bikini. Beyond March lurks August, leering.]

"Before the phrase 'on the beach' became, quite properly, the title of a best-selling novel about atomic disaster [the distracted author, now dressed in a diver's wet-suit and goggles, imagines himself to be addressing an audience of beach balls; they wear sunglasses and applaud uproariously, political-convention style, after every few words], it signified economic disaster for sailors [applause]. To be on the beach was to be without a job, with no topgallants to raise, no keel to haul, no salt pork to eat and no one to talk to but missionaries and native girls [applause]. To be beached is bad if you are a whale [the beach balls boo and blow raspberries] but it is worse if you are a sailor, pestered morning and night by native girls [cheers, whistles] who frequently do not know the first thing about proper dress [catcalls, stomping of feet, showers of confetti; the beach balls cluster around the author and roll him into the sea]."

The delirium enters a new phase. The author's wife and children are propelling him toward the family station wagon. He struggles. "Since you asked," he says to his three-year-old, "my objection is that you can't *do* anything on a beach. You can't play pinochle comfortably; the sand makes the cards gritty. The same with handholding and other gestures of emotion. You can't read; the sun is too bright and children drip on your book. You can't swim because you saw a baby shark on the sand. You can't sleep for a dozen reasons. Sand castles are silly. Volleyball is for morons, and anyway, if you're overweight you jiggle. To sum up, you drive 90 miles, park, walk, undress, dress, walk, put down the towel, smear on the lotion, and there you are: 90 miles from sanity, covered with linseed oil, lying on a highly efficient abrasive, and what is there to do?"

"Take the kids to the rest room," says his wife sternly. The expedition has reached the beach. The author stumbles off with the children, jiggling, while great, bronzed volleyball players look on in derision. Bravely he walks up to the oiled giants. "Play fair," he says. "Admit it. You argue that if it were not for beaches, Florida would be nothing but a very large alligator farm." The giants look at each other and nod judiciously. "All right," says the author very loudly, his voice

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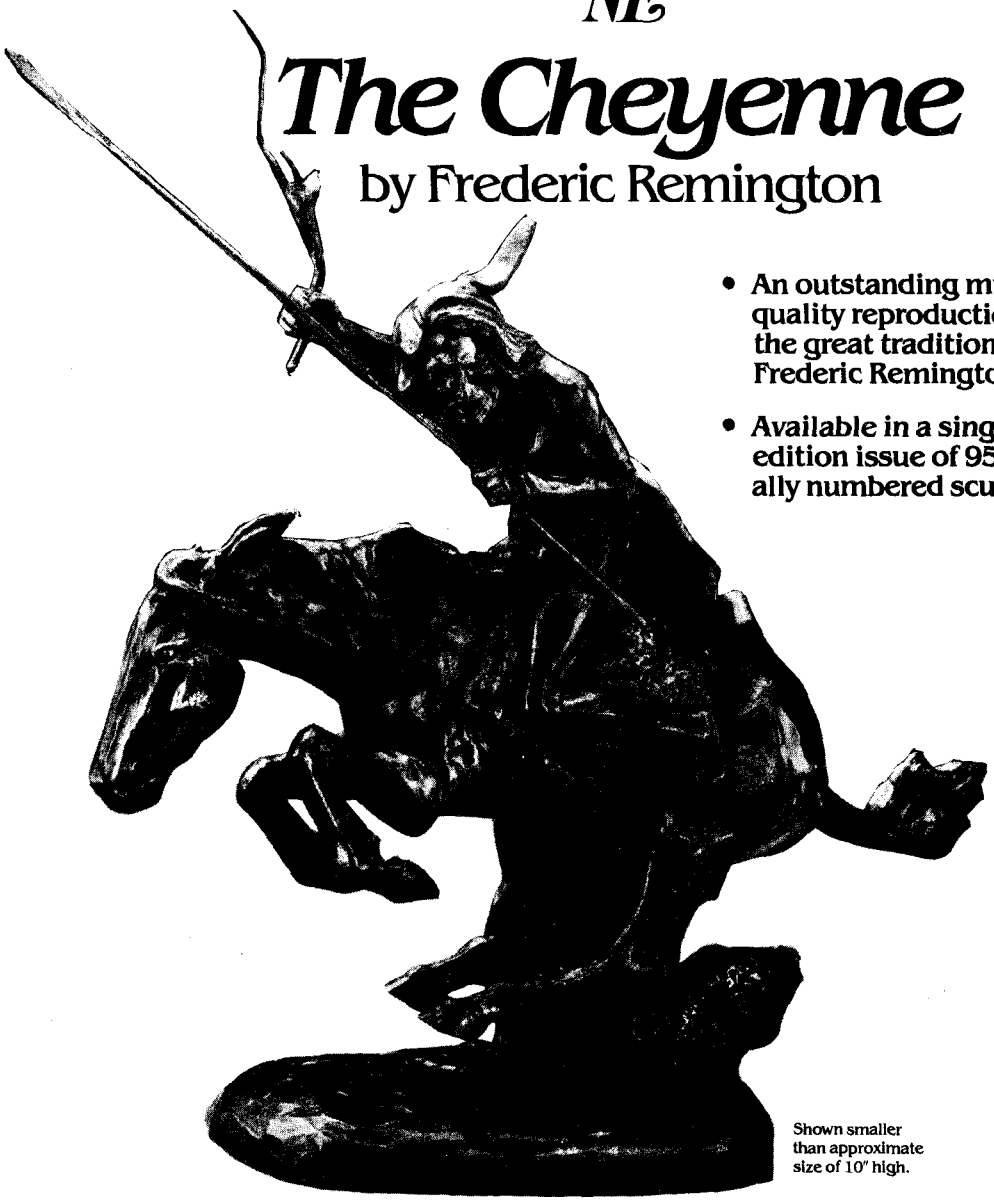
NE

The Cheyenne

by Frederic Remington



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A CURTAIN CALL FOR OLD THEATERS

Concert halls and vaudeville houses, restored to their former glory, are playing a leading role in revitalizing America's downtowns.

by Fredric W. Rosen

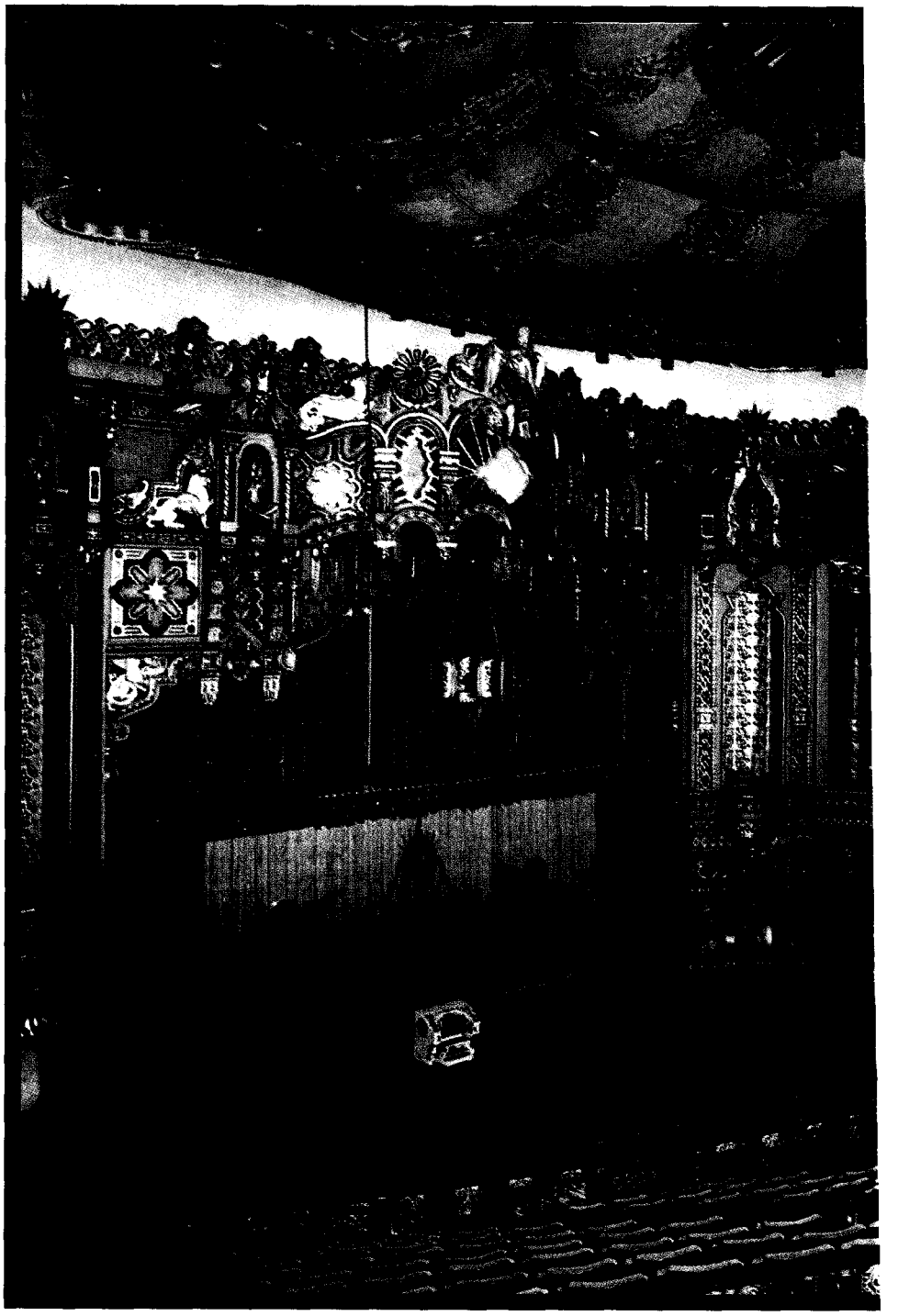
The once grand Loew's Kings theater in Brooklyn, a 3,200-seat movie palace that opened in 1929, may not be around much longer. The fate of the theater, abandoned and in a sad state of neglect, hinges on one last effort by the city of New York to attract interest in its redevelopment—the building of a nearby parking lot. After repeated attempts by a community group to develop alternative uses for the Loew's Kings, the city recently took over the theater for back taxes. The new parking lot, designed to serve three adjacent department stores, will also, it is hoped, drum up interest in the Kings. If not, the repository of so many romantic memories may become just another patch of asphalt.

In other cities around the country, however, old movie palaces that once played movies featuring Valentino and Pickford, Cooper and Davis, are being renovated after years of neglect. The results: spanking-new arts centers that offer a variety of musical programs and act as beacons to attract new businesses into once decaying areas.

A prime example of this type of artistic urban reclamation is the Circle Theatre in Indianapolis. The Circle Theatre was designed in neoclassical-revival style in the early 1900s. Geoffrey S. Lapin, a member of the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra cello section, picks up the story of the early days of the theater: "Called 'The Shrine of the Silent Art,' it was the first motion-picture theater west of New York built especially for the purpose of showing feature-length photoplays. It was a 'presentation' house of the grandest order, rivaled only by New York's Strand Theatre."

The first floor of the theater contained a small lobby, a promenade and an auditorium. An architectural screen with glass panels separated the auditorium from the lobby promenade. The mezzanine provided access to the loges, designed to resemble the famous Diamond Horseshoe of the former Metropolitan Opera House in New York. Three pairs of staircases with mahogany rails and gilt posts joined the three levels. Grecian figures in relief and classical moldings painted in ivory adorned the walls and ceilings.

"From 1916 to 1981," Lapin adds, "its repertoire ranged from world-



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premiere features, classical concerts and live stage shows to grade-B and -C motion pictures."

Martha Karatz, the director of public relations for the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, says that the theater was in terrible disrepair by the time the original Circle Theatre shuttered its doors in 1981. "Five years ago, to an outsider, Indianapolis might have looked like one, big war memorial," says Karatz, referring to the city's predilection for huge monuments. "But in 1982, things really started to change for the Circle Theater."

The Indianapolis Power and Light Company purchased the property. The utility leased it to the community-based Commission for Downtown, which in turn subleased it to the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, which found it the perfect place for a permanent home.

Dalton, van Dijk, Johnson & Partners, an architectural firm from Cleveland, began the renovation in the summer of 1983. "There were four major structural changes that had to be made," says Peter van Dijk, the architect for the project. "The most critical was to enlarge the stage for use by the symphony. Since it was originally built for film and vaudeville use, it was rather small. Luckily, there was an alley in back of the theater that we could build over. In so doing, we gained over 14 feet of stage area."

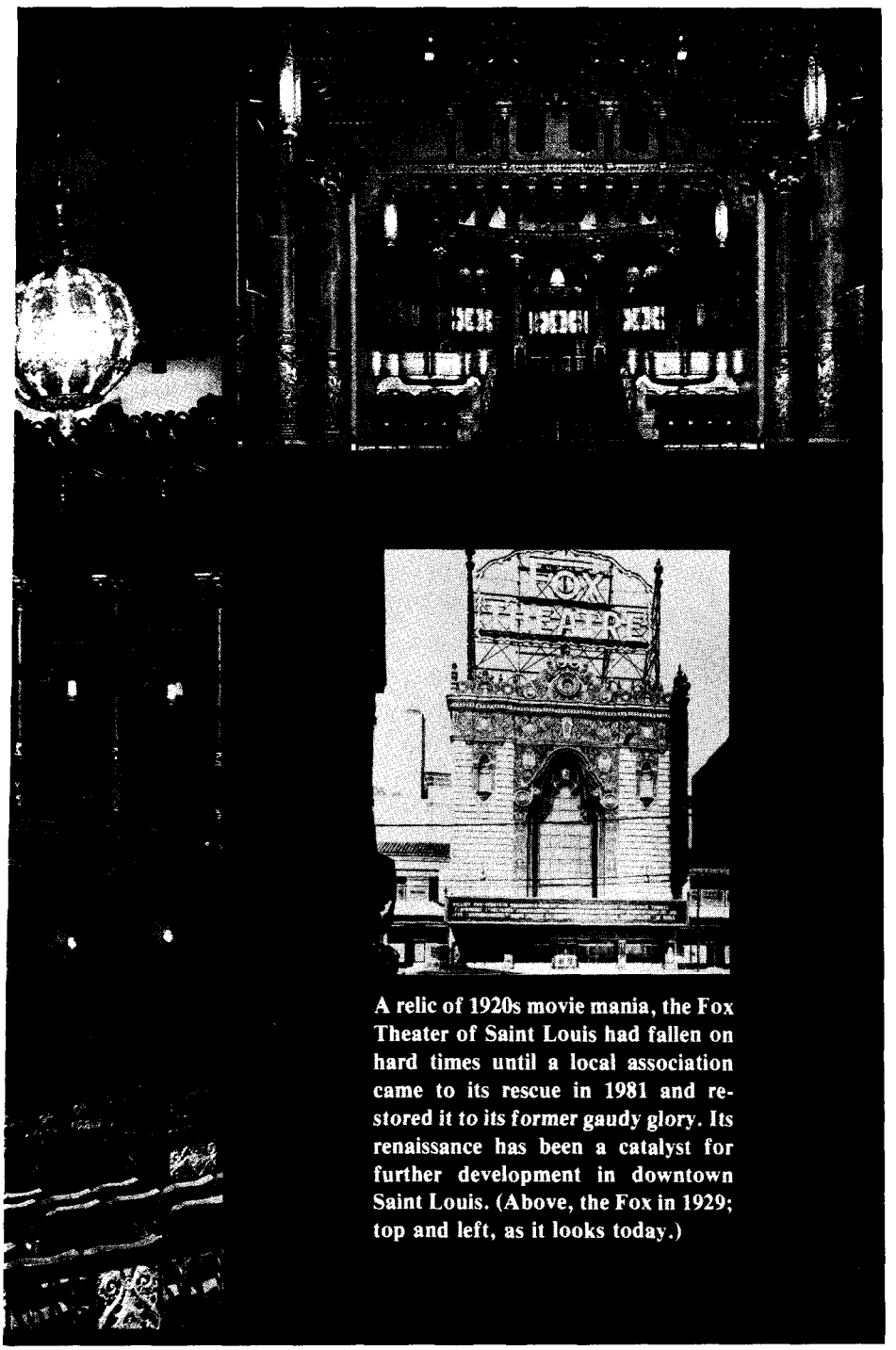
Van Dijk mounted additional public seating on stepped risers above the stage. Then he "splayed" the side wall around this seating area to aid acoustical distribution throughout the house as well as among the orchestral members.

Van Dijk found that the inner portal of the proscenium arch would have hidden 20 percent of the orchestra. "The proscenium arch made the stage too low and narrow," van Dijk continues. "We had to remove the arch and widen the opening." Afterward, van Dijk and his architects duplicated the neo-Adam Grecian reliefs of the original portals upon the inner surfaces of the new opening.

The theater's lobby was reconstructed because, as van Dijk points out, "There really was no lobby on the orchestra level, just a curved corridor that was certainly not big enough to accommodate the patrons of a symphonic hall." In addition, the mezzanine lobby, not separated from the house, permitted unwanted sound infiltration to the seating areas. "And the cinema-style overhanging balcony placed a large portion of the audience members in areas lacking presence and brightness," adds Christopher Jaffe, the project's acoustical expert. So van Dijk eliminated several rows of seats at the rear of the theater, reconfigured the slope of the orchestra level and redid the seating to ensure better sight lines and comfort. Then, orchestra-level boxes, including boxes for the handicapped, were integrated into this new plan.

Another major structural problem for van Dijk and crew was the balcony. "The balcony was on steps that dictated narrow spacing of the seats. We needed wider steps so we could have more comfortable and wider spaces for seating. So what we did was build a new balcony over the old balcony. Because the old balcony was built to hold even more weight than it originally did, our reconstruction worked," says van Dijk.

The reconstructed and renovated



A relic of 1920s movie mania, the Fox Theater of Saint Louis had fallen on hard times until a local association came to its rescue in 1981 and restored it to its former gaudy glory. Its renaissance has been a catalyst for further development in downtown Saint Louis. (Above, the Fox in 1929; top and left, as it looks today.)

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Circle Theatre opened to a resounding critical and popular success on October 12, 1984, as the new home of the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra. It has reenforced the revitalization of the city of Indianapolis. "We are a positive and major attraction for visitors to the downtown area," says Martha Karatz. "New restaurants and businesses are moving into the downtown area to accommodate the increased activity."

Another of van Dijk's renovation projects, Playhouse Square, has had a similar effect in his home city, Cleveland. "As of today, 90 million dollars and 1,000 new jobs have been pumped into the city of Cleveland as a result of the development of Playhouse Square," says Lawrence J. Wilker, the president of Playhouse Square Foundation, organized in 1972. That year, four adjacent movie theaters, unused for years and located in Cleveland's former downtown entertainment section, were threatened with demolition to make way for a parking lot. Concerned citizens formed the association to save the halls and to try to bring new life to the neighborhood.

Van Dijk, the designer of the Blossom Music Center in Cleveland, was selected to restore the Cleveland movie theaters and to prepare a master plan for the redevelopment of the entire area—"A vehicle for urban renewal, as well as an arts and entertainment project," Wilker emphasizes.

The sketch van Dijk came up with, which he completed in 1973, was a comprehensive revitalization of the 60-acre area near the theaters. He envisioned a performing-arts center composed of the four theaters and adjacent buildings. To date, it looks as if van Dijk's plan is becoming a reality.

The Ohio Theatre, reopened in July 1982, marks the first tangible phase of the foundation's redevelopment program. Completely refurbished with all-new lighting, rigging and sound equipment, the Ohio is now home to the Great Lakes Shakespeare Festival and a variety of other performing-arts organizations.

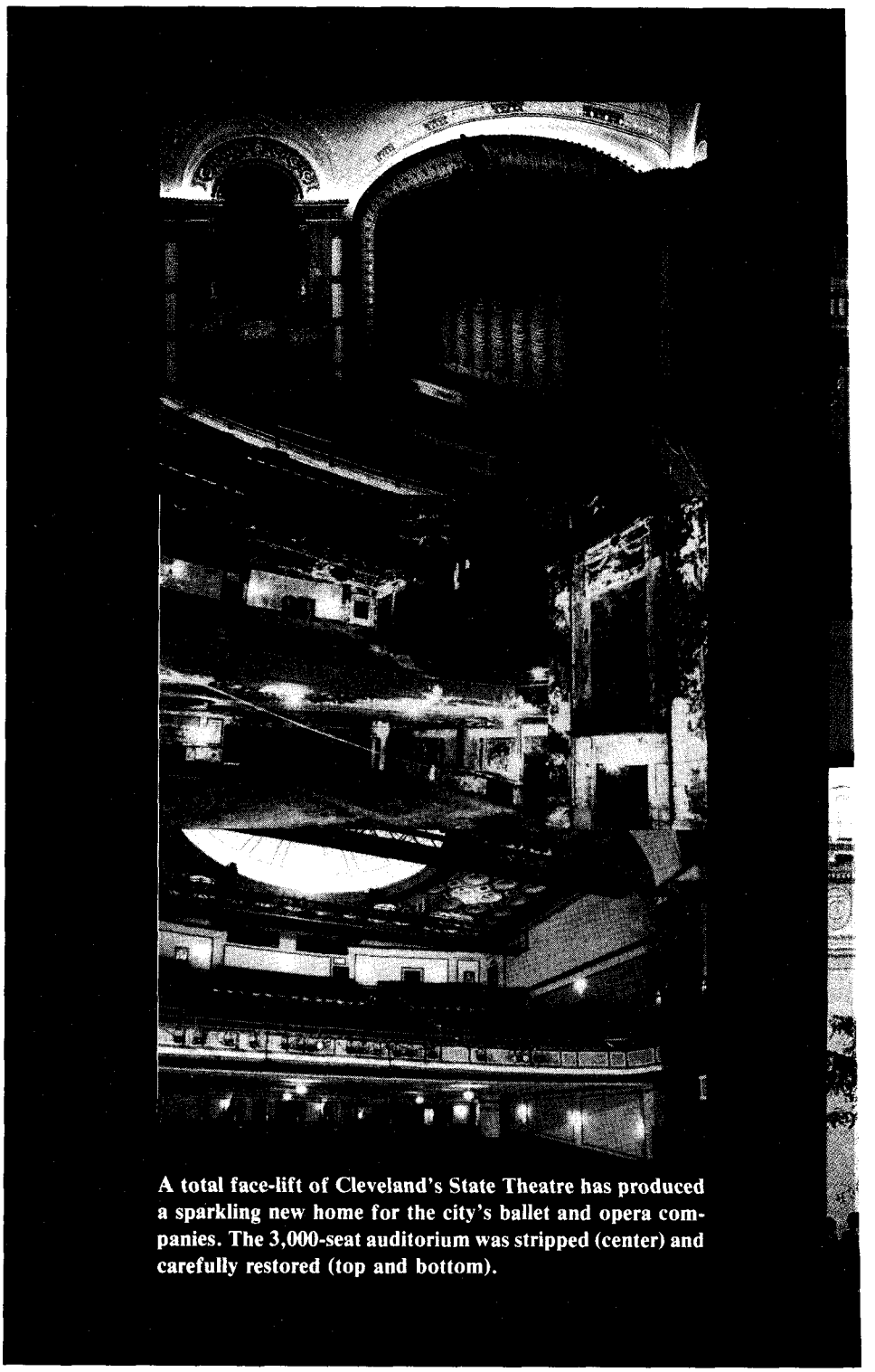
The 3,000-seat State Theatre opened in spring 1984 with a new, 95-foot-deep stage house and support structure. Restoration included the auditorium, the side boxes and the loge section of the balcony. The State now houses the Cleveland Ballet and the Cleveland Opera and provides stages for world-class touring acts and Broadway musicals.

"Playhouse Square is just now coming on line," confirms van Dijk. "We're also about to start renovations of the Palace Theatre." The Playhouse Square Association estimates that the Palace could attract one million patrons annually.

"When I was hired to be the architect of Playhouse Square," says van Dijk, "I kept saying it was more than renovating old theaters. It could be a catalyst for redevelopment of the entire area."

The new shops, restaurants and other businesses moving into Playhouse Square make it look as though van Dijk was right.

And Cleveland and Indianapolis



A total face-lift of Cleveland's State Theatre has produced a sparkling new home for the city's ballet and opera companies. The 3,000-seat auditorium was stripped (center) and carefully restored (top and bottom).

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are just two of the "Rust Belt" cities creating urban renewal by renovating old theaters in run-down neighborhoods.

Until recently, the Grand Avenue section of midtown Saint Louis, once known as "the Great White Way," was a decaying neighborhood. Things began to change in September 1982, when the Fox Theatre reopened after extensive renovations. Originally a movie palace, built in 1929 by William Fox, the theater had become, over the years, a shell of its former self. In 1981, a limited partnership of investors, called the Fox Associates, began to restore the theater to its former splendor.

"Fox Associates produces a variety series, with entertainers like Wayne Newton, Sammy Davis, Jr., and Bob Hope," says Susan Moore, assistant special-projects coordinator for the Fox Theatre. "Also, the Municipal Opera Company of Saint Louis leases the theater for 15 weeks a year. We've also seen touring companies of Broadway shows, including *Amadeus* and *Zorba*, play the Fox."

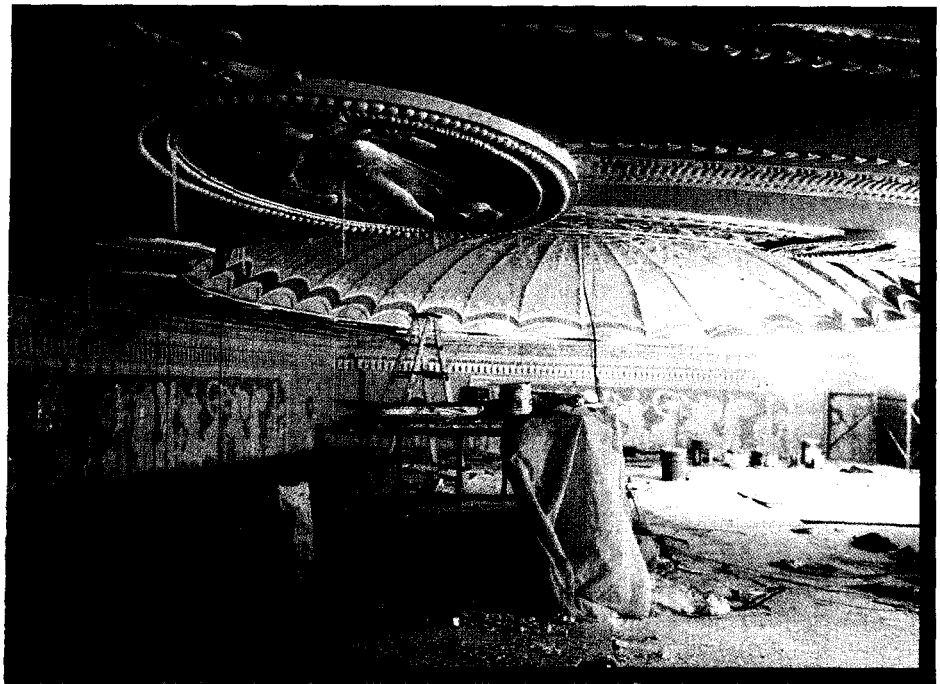
And what has been the effect of the Fox' resurrection on the surrounding neighborhood? "It's a slow process of coming up, but things look as if they're on the upswing," Moore answers. "Since the opening, there's less hesitancy by Saint Louisans to come to our area. There's an apartment complex being built across from the theater, a public park being developed nearby, the Grand Café has opened adjacent to the Fox and we've opened a gift shop next to the Fox as well."

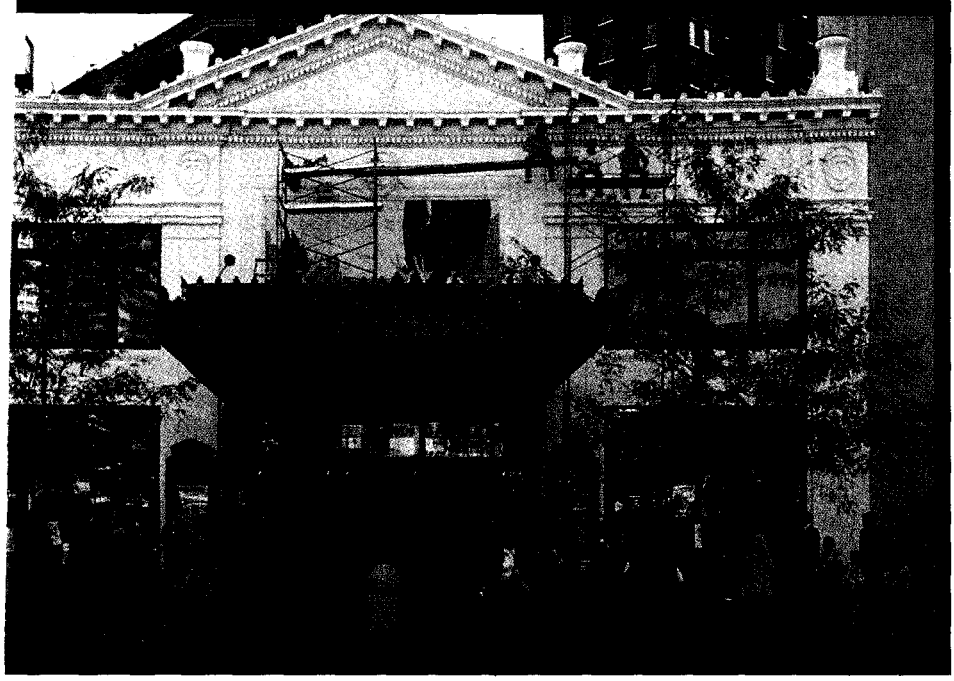
Despite all the positive effects renovations of old movie theaters have had, there's been no interest in renovating the Loew's Kings in Brooklyn. "You must remember that the Kings is in the borough of Brooklyn. It's competing with Lincoln Center and all the other theaters in Manhattan, as well as the Gershwin Theatre in Brooklyn College and the Brooklyn Academy of Music," Michael A. Weiss, president of the Flatbush Development Corporation, points out.

Weiss says many performing-arts facilities do not operate at a profit: "They all require subsidies to survive, and the prospect of getting that kind of subsidy from the city of New York, or anyone else, for that matter, isn't a viable option." Weiss says that such cities as Indianapolis, Cleveland and Saint Louis do not have the extensive number of theaters—and the corresponding competition for their renovated facilities—that the Loew's Kings would have. "I don't want to give the impression the city of New York has been uncooperative," Weiss cautions. "The parking lot behind the Kings will cost $3 million. It might make the Kings marketable. We need an operation to pay a good part of the freight for the theater's renovation."

Will the Loew's Kings be renovated or fall by the wayside? Only time will tell, but I have my own bias.

I saw my first James Bond film in the Loew's Kings, and I also had my graduation ceremonies at the grand facility. It would be a shame if it became just another parking lot.





The 1916-vintage Circle Theatre of Indianapolis receives new paint and plaster (above). The elegant neoclassical-revival auditorium was reopened in 1984 as the permanent home of the city's symphony orchestra.

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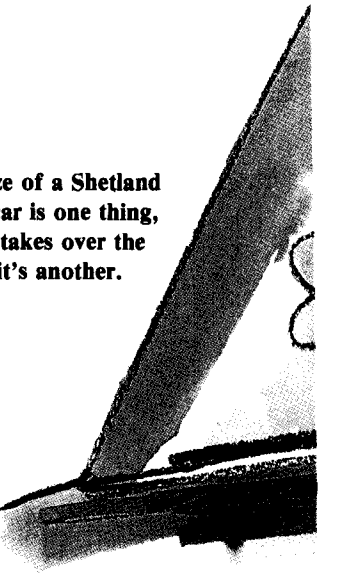
DOG IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT

Only one thing stood in the way of their first Florida vacation without the kids—Brutus.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Don Trawin



A dog the size of a Shetland pony in the car is one thing, but when he takes over the driver's lap, it's another.

"I can't imagine what it will be like," said Lois, removing my binoculars, a pair of shoes, three magazines and a sweat shirt from my suitcase to make room for the overflow from hers. "Our first vacation without the kids."

I had no such problem—imagining what it would be like, that is. As for packing, I gave up trying to take much more than my shaving kit and a change of underwear years ago. As for vacationing now that our offspring had sprung—I had no trouble imagining not having to leave the freeway at the first exit for an inventory of throat-parchers such as popcorn, peanuts, potato chips, pretzels or cheesarinos. No exiting at the next exit for Coke, Red Pop and Teem to unparch their throats. No more delay at Exit No. 4 to buy two extra gallons of gas so the kids could eliminate the Coke, Red Pop and Teem and restock the back seat with another round of throat-parchers. No more brake-smoking stops in a futile effort to get Shari out of the car before she eliminated her popcorn, peanuts, potato chips, pretzels or cheesarinos and Teem all over everything.

Shari, the last of our chicks to fly the coop, had left her free 14'x16' corner bedroom to roost with a roommate in a broom closet—monthly rate of $137.50 (her share). She'd left us with hearts full of memories, a sign still tacked to the attic door, "NO BOYS ALOUD," and her dog, Brutus.

The sign we can dispose of, although we won't. Brutus, however, is a horse of a different color.

His ancestry was never in doubt from the time Shari lugged "the poor, starving little thing" home from the school grounds. The poor, starving little thing had feet the size of saucepans and enough surplus hide to re-cover our recliner chair. Surely his father had been crossed with a Saint Bernard and his mother double-crossed by a Russian wolfhound. Had doubt existed, it would have been dispelled with the inhalation of his first serving of bread and warm milk and his immediate, whimpering supplication for the entrée.

Where was I? . . . Oh, yes. Mom and pop were off on their first vacation in 18 years alone. . .alone. . . alone. Except for quick stops at the kennel to drop Brutus and maybe along the way for a Big Mac or a Wendy's Frosty, I wouldn't be leaving the highway until mom's eyes began to water and she gurgled when she asked, "Aren't you *ever* going to stop for gas?"

We were just closing the door when Shari reached out and touched us—calling collect, that is—to plead her case that millions of animal lovers take their pets along on vacation. I reached back and pointed out that the dogs who go along are no bigger than a bread box, whereas Brutus, with his new winter coat, could easily pass for a Shetland pony. I nailed down my rebuttal by reminding her that size had precluded the dog's being car-broken. Or even slightly bent, for that matter. Thus the vote to drop Saucepan Paws at the kennel remained at two yeas and one nay when we began loading the car for our carefree fortnight under the sunny skies and on the sandy shores of Florida's Bradenton Beach and points south.

Not until time came to put Brutus into the car did we learn the vote actually stood at *three* for, one opposed. Brutus voted against even getting into the car. We begged, we pleaded, we cajoled, we bribed. We tugged and shoved and threatened. No way. As a next-to-last resort, I opened both rear doors, went around to one side with his orange tennis ball and prompted Lois: "When I throw the ball onto the back seat and he jumps in, slam your door behind him and I'll shut him off here."

But the idea missed—Brutus came galumphing around *behind* the car and knocked me flat before I could deliver the ball. My new jacket-and-slacks combo was now looking as if I had raided a Salvation Army drop box. I had nothing to risk but a rupture by wrapping my arms around him and wrestling him onto the back seat. Lois kept him pinned down while I drove to the kennel.

"Has he had his shots?" inquired the animal innkeeper, pen poised above an invoice pad headlined: "Large dogs—$5 a day."

"What shots are those?" I asked, trying to retain a semblance of dignity while being dragged across the reception-room floor to a French poodle, sporting a blue barrette, who was giving Brutus the old come-on.

"You can't leave your dog unless he's had his shots for rabies and distemper," the man called over to me as he retracted the point of his ball-point pen. "And we don't do that here."

Fortunately, a vet who did that kept

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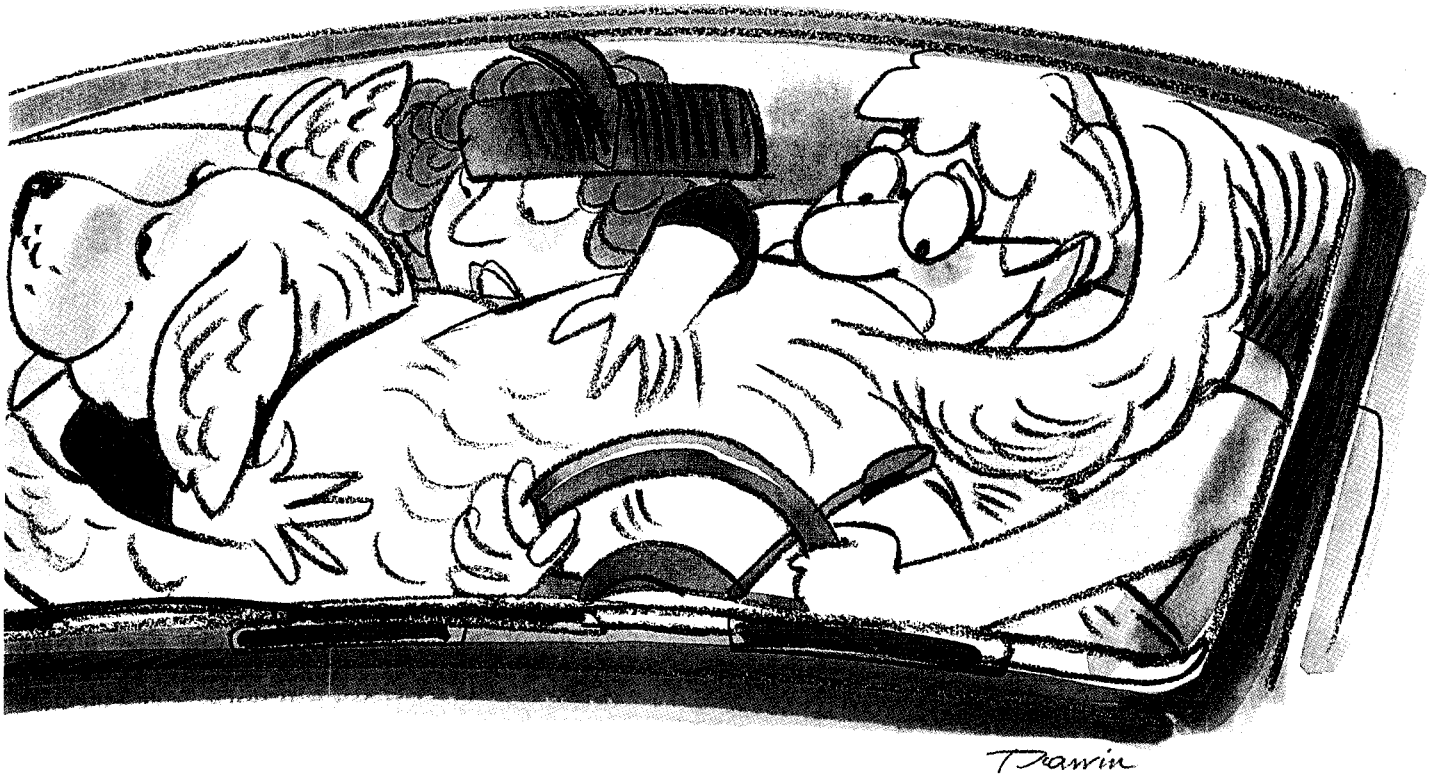

shop in the very next block. I chose to lead Brutus. Brutus chose to lead me. Lois caught up with us two blocks away in the wrong direction, where we went through the loading procedure all over again.

"Our dog has to have his shots," I panted, clutching the receptionist's desk for support.

"Has he been wormed?" the receptionist wanted to know.

I raised my shaggy eyebrows. "What worms are those?"

"I'm sorry, sir," she said, reaching blindly into the top drawer and miraculously coming up with a six-dollar bottle of capsules. "We can't give your dog his shots until he's been wormed. Put two of these in his food tomorrow morning, then bring him back the next day and . . ."

"We are taking him with us," I announced. Brutus showed his appreciation by slurruping my right eye shut. "And he'll ride in the back seat—alone," I added firmly.

"He'll get sick riding back there," said Mrs. Wisenheimer, outfirming me, as usual. So, to recoin a phrase, at last we were off for Florida. Brutus sat under duress between us.

And it worked out surprisingly well, for at least 40 feet—at which point Brutus decided that the safest place in the car was on my lap. After running over the curb once and crossing the center line twice, we maneuvered him into a straddling position with his nose out the window on the passenger side. To catch a glimpse of the roadway, I had only to part the copse of his tail hair and peek through.

Now an Einstein I'm not. But an Einstein it didn't take to figure that at 30 miles an hour we'd get to Bradenton Beach just in time to turn around and come back. So we stopped and wrestled Brutus into the back seat. Five minutes later, he threw up.

The nearest exit was 12 miles ahead. So I stopped again, turned the petcock on the radiator for water to mop up—and succeeded in removing the fingerprints from my thumb and my index finger. On the road again, the radiator overheated, so I walked 2 miles to a creek where I could fill my brand-new sun hat with water. It took us an hour to arrive at an exit with a service station that provided water without polliwogs and a bottle of jasmine air freshener so we again could ride with the windows closed.

Our stop at the next exit was for a hot-and-juicy Wendy's Triple. (If there's anything more distracting than a dog's piteous moaning and groaning, it's listening to his stomach imitating water gurgling down a bathtub drain.) At the exit after that we refilled his water dish. The following three exits were devoted to plunging along ditches, through brush, over stumps, up hill and down dale in search of previous canine comfort stations. Two minutes after our last abortive outing, nature, no respecter of car cushions, took its course.

We left Brutus at a kennel in Nashville.

The kennel keeper, a retired veterinarian, promptly came out of retirement upon learning that his prospective tenant hadn't been wormed or had his shots. The worming would be $7, the two shots $8 each. Because we were such good customers (to say nothing of having us over a barrel), he would let Brutus occupy a corner suite for only $35 a week, in advance. This precluded, of course, the possibility of our coming home by a different route.

Our mad money was by now pretty well shot. About the only souvenirs we brought back from Florida were overnight tans (you may have to give that a little thought) and a grotesquely carved coconut to brighten up our attic. As for Brutus, he came home with a dose of mange he picked up in his corner suite. So far we have spent $25 for a cure and he still hasn't got enough hair to make a whisk broom.

Next time, he isn't going. Next time, I'll take the grandkids. The whole rabble.

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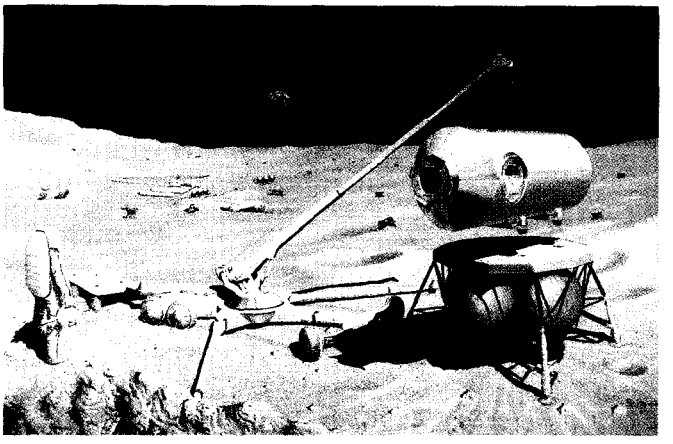
AMERICAN BUSINESS: HEADING INTO ORBIT

Scientists and corporate planners are working hard on blueprints for space industries that will employ thousands and earn billions.

by Arthur M. Dula and Ann Zeigler

If you think there's nothing new to be seen on the moon these days, come with us on a brief tour of the future. You'll be surprised.

You can "see," for instance, the American Lunar Base ("Luna") in Cayley Crater, which could be in operation in the year 2000—a mere 15 years from now. In 1977 a NASA study proposed the Cayley base as an example of how people could live and work in Luna. In October 1984 more than 100 NASA and university scientists met in Washington to plan how Luna will become the research and commercial center of space industry.



A crane unloads a housing unit from its delivery rocket for burial under the moon's surface at Cayley. This one will be a nursery for lunar miners' children.

Businesses? On the moon? We don't even have astronauts there now—but we do have planners hard at work here, their eyes on the businesses that could open their doors on the moon by the year 2000.

Implausible? Not at all. After all, in 1900 fewer than 200 miles of hard-surfaced roads existed in the United States. Now there are more than 3 million. Many people can remember the 1920s, when we used a special word, "aeronaut," for a person who had flown. Today that term is obsolete. We have pilots, flight engineers, cabin attendants and many other jobs: Hundreds of thousands of them routinely fly millions of passengers and earn billions of dollars each year. It's hard to imagine life today without the world-wide economy made possible by cheap air transport. Today the term "astronaut" is used for the rare person who has flown in space. Within a few years jobs in space will employ thousands.

The McDonnell Douglas Corporation has estimated that the 1984-94 space-market size will reach $10-20 billion for communications, $1 billion for remote sensing, $20-40 billion for materials and manufacturing and $4-6 billion for orbital transport services. Rep. D.K. Akaka of Hawaii, founder of the 164-member, bipartisan Congressional Space Caucus, has estimated that commercial space activity may be worth as much as $200-300 billion to our national economy by 2000 and may create as many as 10 million jobs over the next decade. Rep. Robert S. Walker of Pennsylvania agrees. He believes the United States should commit itself to a goal of building a $500 billion space economy to generate 20 million new jobs by the end of the century.

Companies are now sending experimental payloads on NASA's space-shuttle flights and testing the effects of zero gravity on materials and processes. These companies need to know now what will happen in space to their machines and products so they can plan the scale-model tests, the mock-ups and finally the machines and procedures they will use to manufacture goods in orbit.

American companies are leading the way to private commercial use of space. In September 1982, Space Services, Inc., of America, a Houston corporation, launched the first private space vehicle to an altitude of 193 miles from Matagorda Island, Texas. Space Industries, also of Houston, has signed a "memorandum of understanding" with NASA to privately develop a commercial space factory that will work with NASA's space station, under development at the Johnson Space Center.

Can't we manufacture goods perfectly well down here for less? Not really. Abundant solar energy, microgravity and pure vacuum mean new types of pure drugs, large, perfect crystals and new metal alloys can be produced in space and on the moon.

The moon is a source of the most necessary item in space travel—fuel. (Liquid oxygen used as fuel is a significant part of the cargo now carried by the space shuttle.) The lunar rocks our astronauts brought home have turned out to be about half oxygen. If we can get to the moon and set up lunar mining outposts, we can produce vast quantities of oxygen to fuel space travel, space stations, space colonies, space farms and space factories.

First we must establish outposts, "filling stations in the sky," as our

continued on page 102

Construction workers in 1990 build a space factory. Products made in space, including medicine and microchips, will create new jobs and growth industries.

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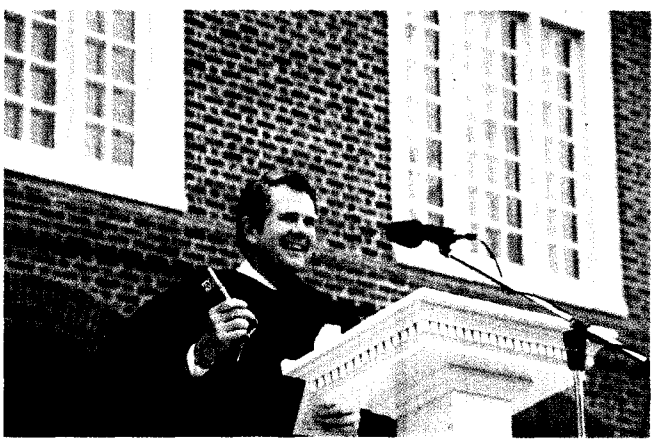
CBN'S PAT ROBERTSON: WHITE HOUSE NEXT?

The Post checks out rustlings in the grass roots and finds wide interest in the possible candidacy of this multitalented broadcaster.

by Cory SerVaas, M.D. and Maynard Good Stoddard

The *Post* has for some months been hearing a rustling among the grass roots in the land. It centers on an unusual man—a broadcaster, a lawyer, an economist, a theologian, a businessman—named Pat Robertson, the president of a burgeoning communications-education complex grouped around the Christian Broadcasting Network.

The rustling—gentle but persistent—usually takes the form of a question, or perhaps two questions run together. They go something like this: "What is Pat Robertson going to do next? Do you think he'll one day run for president?" The *Post* found that, often, the questions pop up in discussions about successors to Ronald Reagan. Furthermore, the *Post* found that the questioners are serious.



Pat Robertson, the founder and chancellor of CBN University, now accredited by the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools, accepts the key to its new library.

To learn more about the substance of this rustling and about the man himself, we talked with a number of influential people who know him well, from Maine to California, Democrats, Republicans and independents alike.

"I give Pat Robertson high marks in a lot of different areas," said Bert Lance, a Democratic kingmaker in his home state of Georgia and a man of considerable national clout since his days with the Carter administration. "I think he's a fine, fine individual."

Lance was particularly struck by the importance of communications and television today, which he felt would be a plus for Robertson if he were to try his hand at presidential politics. "Something awfully important has happened," he said. "One reason that political parties aren't as functional now as they used to be is that they have lost a very basic element. . .the control of the flow of information to the party members. This information used to go through the precinct organization and up and down through the state organization and so on. Well, they've lost that. It is now controlled by the media and by the Congressmen, writing their own constituencies.

"The same thing has happened to the labor unions. The unions made sure that you got your information through the union. When they lost that ability, they lost their basic power. Now the one group in the country that controls the flow of information to its constituency is the television evangelicals.

"Television is the media today and affects the political process. You have to be good on television in order to be elected. That's where we are. There's a lot of people who would vote for him [Robertson], and you know he's from the right part of the country [Virginia]. It's all very interesting. I wouldn't be surprised if you'd find positive feedback about him."

Sam Moore, chief executive officer of the Thomas Nelson publishing empire, including Dodd, Mead of New York, was enthusiastic. "He'd make a fantastic President! He's a godly man, a smart man, a good businessman, an attorney, and has enough experience to run any business or any facet of the country. He knows how to get things done, and he's a man of integrity, too. He can have my vote any day."

John Exter, a former vice president of the Federal Reserve and a professor of economics at Harvard, agreed. "I would vote for him," he said. He was especially keen on Robertson's television abilities as reflected on the "700 Club" news-magazine show. But, he said, "He is a lot of other things, too. He is an extraordinary man."

His major reservation, it appeared, was Robertson's openness regarding his faith. He concluded, however: "I am the kind of person who can swallow all that religion when I see his understanding of economics."

Paul Weyrich, one of Washington's leading conservative movers and shakers, was quick to verify the rustling the *Post* had picked up. "There is literally a grass-roots movement to make this happen," he said, "which Pat has not shown any inclination to abet. If I thought Pat wouldn't repudiate it, I'd lead a draft movement."

He explained his enthusiasm this way: "I've never seen so much unity among such a wide variety of people who normally don't agree on a candidate. When his name was mentioned, there was just an extraordinary unity, because, first of all, Pat represents the values that I think are shared

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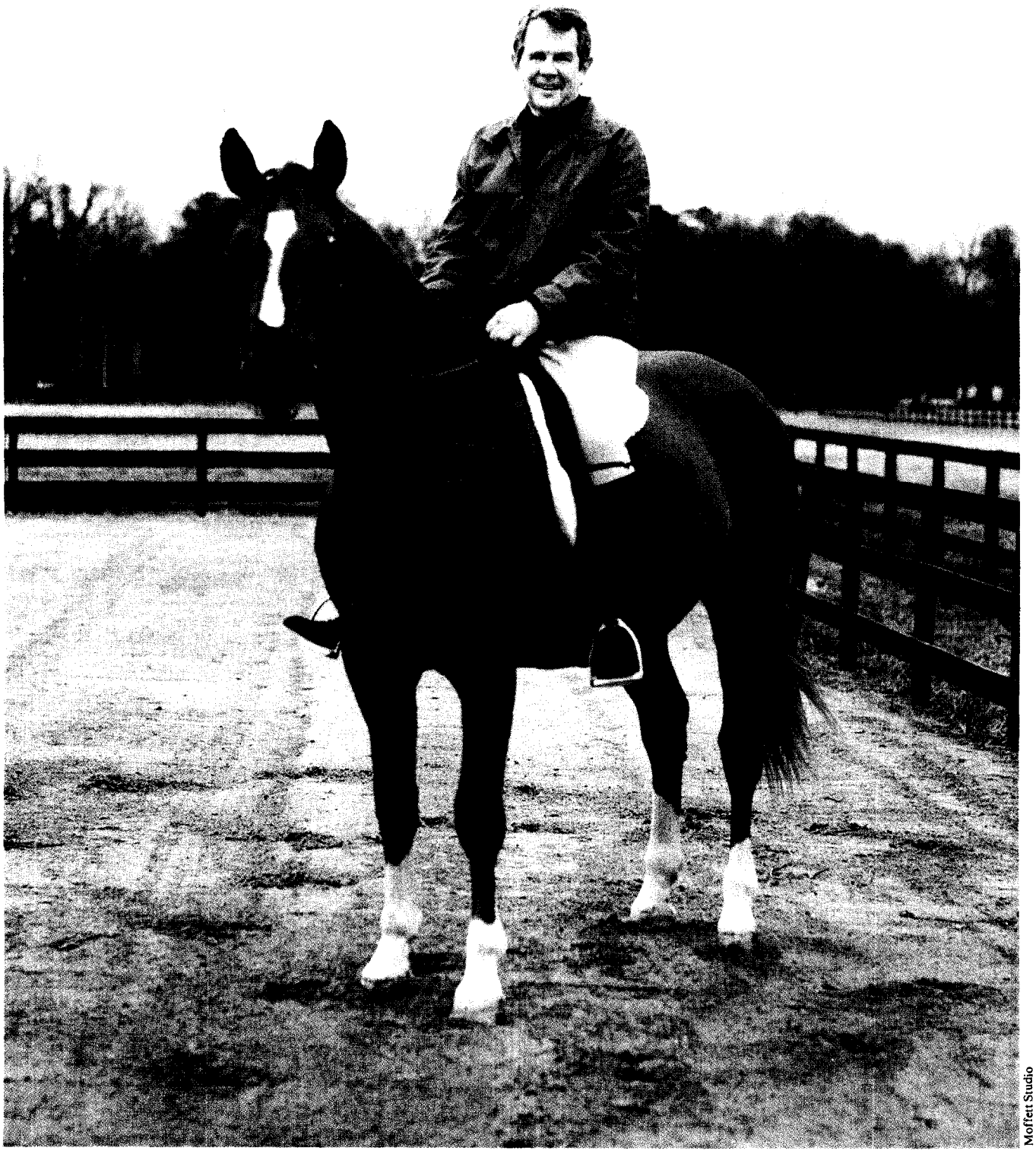

Moffett Studio

Pat Robertson's robust health is testimony to the finding of another hale-and-hearty horse lover named Ronald Reagan that sitting "on the outside of a horse does wonders for the inside of a man." To maintain his Golden Gloves fighting weight of 185 pounds, Robertson also plays tennis whenever his schedule allows.

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by a majority of Americans, and he lives those values. Secondly, being the son of a United States senator [the late A.W. Robertson of Virginia], he has a good understanding of how things work. Thirdly, he has an extraordinary personality, attractive to millions and millions of people. He presents sound views in a nonthreatening manner, which I think is essential." Weyrich concluded: "Among potential candidates today, political or nonpolitical, there is no one with a higher rating in education, experience, family background, name recognition, popularity and vigor."

Another Democrat, Woody Jenkins of Louisiana, a legislator and a publisher, was especially thoughtful in his assessment of Robertson and his multiple talents. "I think he has some unique characteristics that would make him a very formidable candidate," he said. "First, he has the ability to raise the money to run in the primaries, and to do so in a very short period of time. Second, he would have a ready-made organization all over America and, of course, that's particularly important in the key primary states. He would have legions ready to work wherever they were needed. Third, he has tremendous name recognition. Fourth, he is probably one of the two greatest communicators in America today on television; the other one is Ronald Reagan.

"And, of course, he has the educational background. His knowledge of public affairs, the fact that he comments on it every day, really makes him one of the most knowledgeable candidates in history.

"The negative thing to overcome is the question of whether a religious man, known as a religious leader, can be elected. [Would] the media attempt to discredit him because he is known as a religious leader?"

Acknowledging the dimension of religion, a Madison Avenue advertising executive, Tom Dunkerton, pointed quickly to the fact that Robertson "is very tough—tough because he knows all the facts and figures. He knows how to deal with tough cookies, if you will, when to speak out and when to keep quiet. And he has a keen sense of humor."

We couldn't ignore Indiana, where politics is a way of life. So we asked Beurt SerVaas, an industrialist-scientist who has for many years been the president of the Indianapolis City-County Council, what he thought:

"Well," he said, "President Eisenhower, before his election, was a nonpolitician, general, educator [president of Columbia University] and immensely popular with millions of people. He was asked by both parties to be their presidential candidate, and he chose the Republicans. He could have chosen the Democrats. Both parties wanted him.

"Pat Robertson is somewhat in the same boat. You cannot govern in this country unless you are popular, but you must have shown somewhere in your career that you can deal with complex organizations as well as with individual people, handle technology, understand economics and foreign affairs, be diplomatic yet get things done.

"So, there is no question but that Pat Robertson is presidential timber, a businessman, minister, lawyer, Marine Corps officer, boxer, Phi Beta Kappa, a popular communicator like Reagan and an organizer like Eisenhower.

"I'll say this! If Pat Robertson *were* a candidate for president, I would not want to be running against him."

One of the country's most successful businessmen, Joseph Coors of Colorado, a strong conservative, said that

Moffett Studio

"Give a man a horse he can ride," says the poet. And this is the horse that fills the bill for Pat Robertson (left). ". . .He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast." A hungry Pat Robertson feasts whenever he can on wife Dede's bran muffins and her famous soybean recipes (right).

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Robertson's communication strengths would overpower potential criticism regarding religion. "Pat's no neophyte on the political scene," he said, "although he hasn't been active himself in that field. He's never run for office, to the best of my knowledge, but I think he would just be an outstanding potential candidate, with really no scars or no negatives with which people could tear him apart."

Coors obviously thought that such a political move by the CBN founder would be controversial. "It could be sensational," he exclaimed. "It sure would raise a lot of eyebrows." He went on to give his opinion of Robertson: "He has many wonderful traits that qualify him. He's an outstanding person, attractive; he speaks beautifully with tremendous emphasis; and as a result of his speaking abilities he's very persuasive and would make an excellent candidate from that point of view. His personality is just beaming and outstanding. Besides, he is a very intelligent person and has a great background in education and, actually, in the political scene, through the exposure that he had during his father's tenure."

A woman close to the inner workings of national government, Dee Jepsen, a former White House aide, believes Robertson would be a serious contender should he seek the presidency. "I have a great deal of admiration and respect for Pat Robertson, his intellect and his ability," she said. "He's very well informed and very knowledgeable about many, many different things in this country and in the world; and if he were to enter public life and seek public office, he would certainly have a broad base of support."

Several Virginians who have watched Robertson up close gave him high marks.

Sen. John Warner, a Republican, said, "Pat Robertson is a man whose wisdom and compassion today reflect the richness of the teachings of a devout mother and a brilliant father. It's been my privilege to know his family and share a friendship with Pat since we entered Washington and Lee University nearly four decades ago."

Rep. William Whitehurst, also a Republican, recalls, "I've known Pat since before I came to Congress, and that was back in 1968. Thus I knew him when his operation was considerably smaller than it is now. He's one of our great assets in the Virginia Tidewater. Not only there, but I think he's an asset to the countries he has reached out to, and more especially the many, many people he has touched with his ministry. He's been an asset and a blessing to the nation itself."

Pressed on the point of candidacy, Whitehurst said, "I think he'd be super, but if he did a thing like that, I'd think he'd lost his mind." He added that he believed Robertson has the ability and the intelligence necessary to be President. "But just being smart isn't enough," he said. "And wanting the job isn't enough. But if he were interested, then certainly he should make his interest known, and, indeed, his supporters in either party should prepare the way for it. It's not just going to be done by acclamation."

Conoly Phillips, a businessman and one-time Democratic Senate candidate, emphasized the broadcaster's younger life. "Being brought up in a political family, he knows more about politics than most politicians. His dad, whom I knew, was head of the Senate Finance Committee. Pat knows domestic finance, he knows international finance. There's no question in my mind that Pat has the abil-

Moffett Studio

Pat the patriarch presides over the immediate clan, known throughout the Tidewater for their closeness and reliance on each member to carry his own load. From left to right are Ann, Tim, Lisa (Tim's wife), Dede, Pat, Elizabeth, Charles Robinson (Elizabeth's husband) and Gordon.

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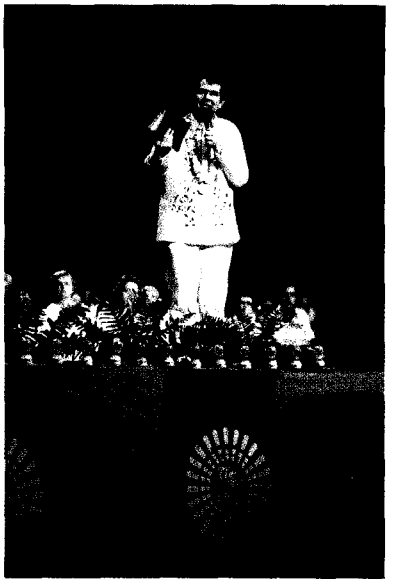
ity—he has everything it would take to be a most outstanding presidential candidate. He'd surely get my vote."

A Time to Confront

The pattern was clear: first, the rustling at the grass roots; then, the enthusiasm of a significant number of influential leaders. That left the subject himself. What did Pat Robertson think about his one day running for the presidency?

We flew into lively, booming Virginia Beach for a confrontation with this man of many reputed talents. During the flight, the question seemed increasingly far-out, even off-the-wall. After all, I'd told myself, he's never run for anything. Yes, he's smart; he's attractive; yes, he runs a close race with Ronald Reagan as the great communicator. Yes, he's done just about everything there is to do—with great success. But being descended from the Harrison family that produced two American presidents, or being the son of a strong senator, or even being distantly related to that most powerful of English-speaking politicians, Winston Churchill, doesn't mean he's a politician.

Seated comfortably in his deep-brown office on a darkening winter afternoon, we posed the questions: "What's next for Pat Robertson? Do you think you'll ever run for president of the United States?"



In Manila for a rally, Pat also takes a firsthand look at CBN's counseling facilities.

The broadcaster broke into laughter. Obviously the questions caught him by surprise, yet one had the feeling that the idea was not completely alien to him. It had been around before.

Turning serious, Robertson responded: "Of course, I've heard of the rumor before. I don't live in a vacuum. But I've never taken it seriously." His expression quickened again. "Good heavens, I've got the best job in the world right now. I would be crazy to want to change it. I enjoy what I do—I love it!—and on top of that, I'm serving the Lord."

The seriousness deepened. "Of course, you always have to consider what the Lord wants. If He were to say, 'Run for president,' then obviously any man of God would have to obey. The whole thing would depend on what He wanted."

The smile returned quickly. "But right now, I'm having a lot of fun."

A Look at the Man

One of the most immediate bits of information to

Politics runs in the Robertson blood, all the way from the great English statesman Winston Churchill and United States presidents William Henry Harrison and Benjamin Harrison to Pat's father, the late A. Willis Robertson (above), a U.S. senator and chairman of the Senate Finance Committee.

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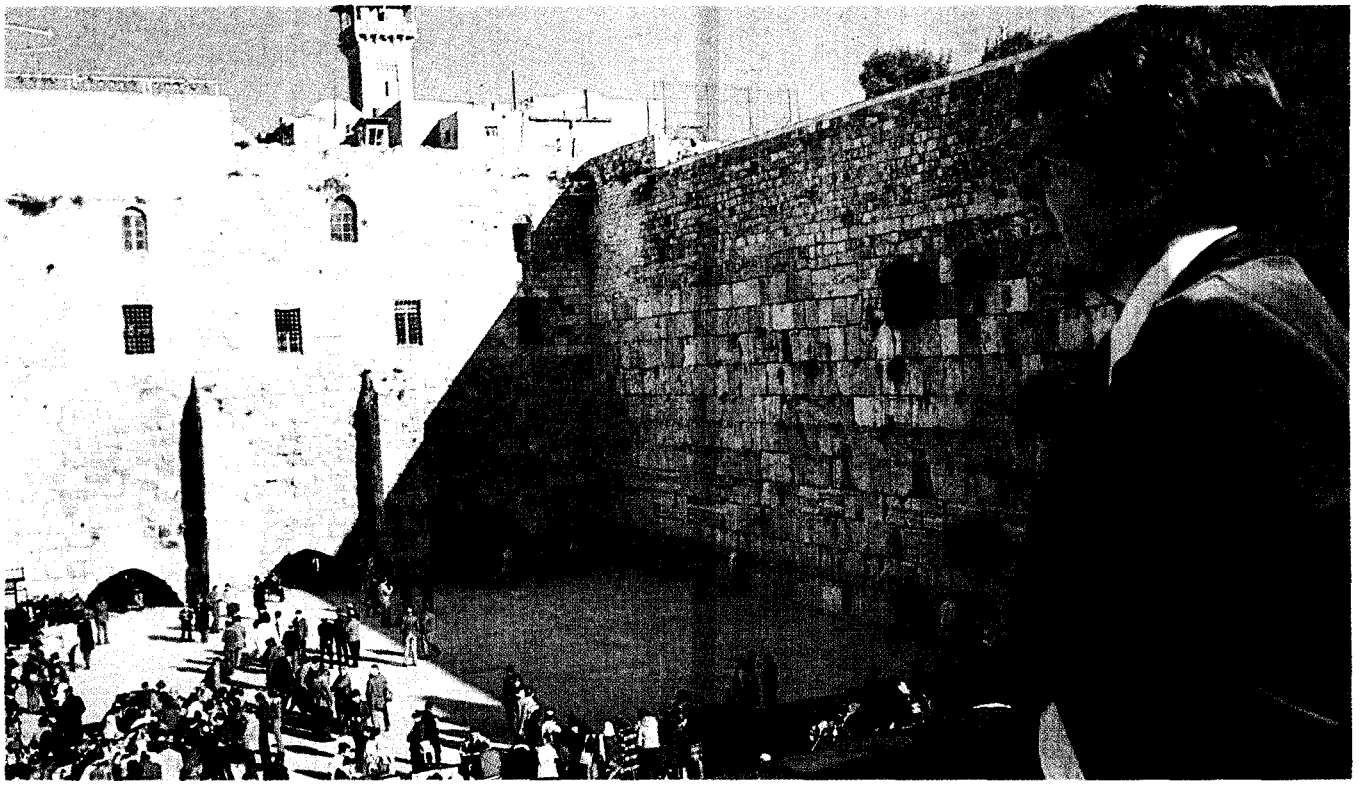
become clear during the interview at his massive international communications center is related to Robertson's personality. Millions of viewers and readers have "met" this man by way of his burgeoning Christian Broadcasting Network and his five highly acclaimed books. Still other thousands have been stirred by his powerful speechmaking at rallies and conferences around the world. But the tube is indifferent, the type cold, and the public-address systems are sterile in contrast to the warmth and good humor of a man who daily carries a remarkable diversity of responsibilities on his broad shoulders. He seems able to set aside multimillion-dollar issues and move to other matters with ease. He deals directly with numerous top executives on questions ranging from TV production to book publishing to fund raising. And he does a 90-minute live television program five days a week, along with innumerable delayed tapings and recordings. Through it all, he laughs quickly—frequently at himself.

As the various political figures noted when interviewed, Robertson comes from a long line of socially responsible and politically active people. His ancestral lines can be traced back to the presidents William Henry Harrison and Benjamin Harrison and to Churchill.

More directly, his father, A. Willis, was one of the century's most powerful Virginia politicians, having been chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, and his grandfather was a hard-working Baptist minister. Pat himself was born near Lexington, in a region that has long taken its national responsibilities seriously.

Following four years at Washington and Lee University, where he was a junior Phi Beta Kappa, he graduated magna

(Top) A CBN camera crew in Afghanistan. (Above) Early concern for the world's injustices brings Pat Robertson to the Berlin Wall.



Conducting an international tour in 1974 that included the Holy Land gave Pat Robertson an opportunity not only to survey Jerusalem's historic Wailing Wall but also to interview Yitzhak Rabin, Israel's prime minister at that time.

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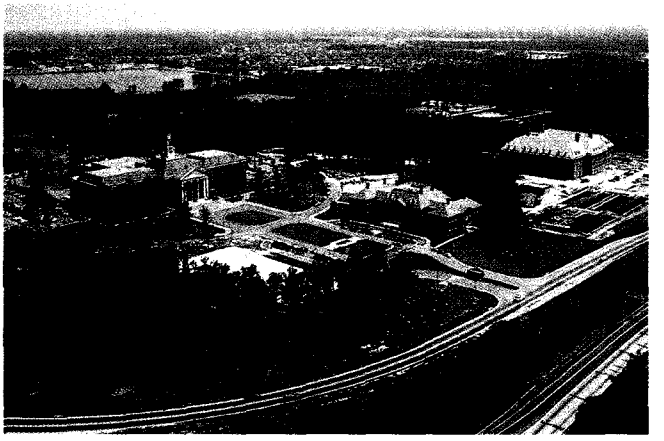
cum laude, entered the Marine Corps and served in the Korean War as a lieutenant. Then came a jurisdoctorate at the prestigious Yale Law School and a trek into New York City "to make my fortune."

A budding career in business—including the W.R. Grace & Co. in Manhattan and a brief stint in his own company—was interrupted by none other than God Himself. Pat, raised in a Christian environment but lacking a personal experience with the Lord, underwent a conversion that was to alter the course of his life.



Looking down, things are looking up for CBN. The 1959 stake of $70 has become a burgeoning building program on nearly 700 acres of real estate.

The first order of business after the turnabout was a return to school to earn a master of divinity degree from the New York Theological Seminary and then to minister in the ghetto of Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant district.

Perhaps one preparation for such an intimidating ministry was Pat's experience as a Golden Gloves boxer, a role that his colleagues today still have trouble fitting into his unusual background. "It's hard to think of Pat whaling away at somebody in the boxing ring," said one company executive. "He spends most of his time praying for people these days."

Undeterred by doubters, he fought in the novice heavyweight division, at 185 pounds, making it all the way to the finals. "I got a TKO in the semifinals because my opponent was out of shape," he confides. "I hit him once in the stomach and he began to get sick." With a smile, he adds, "But I lost in the finals." One easily reaches the conclusion that Dr. Marion Gordon (Pat) Robertson has not lost a decision since.

However, the outlook was not particularly bright the day in 1959 when he, his wife and their three children set out, much like the early pioneers, from Brooklyn bound for the Virginia Tidewater to launch a television ministry. Other than faith, their assets consisted of an old car and $70. But they were convinced that "nowhere was Christian influence needed more than in the television industry," which was bursting into American life with unprecedented power. So, with a miracle here and a miracle

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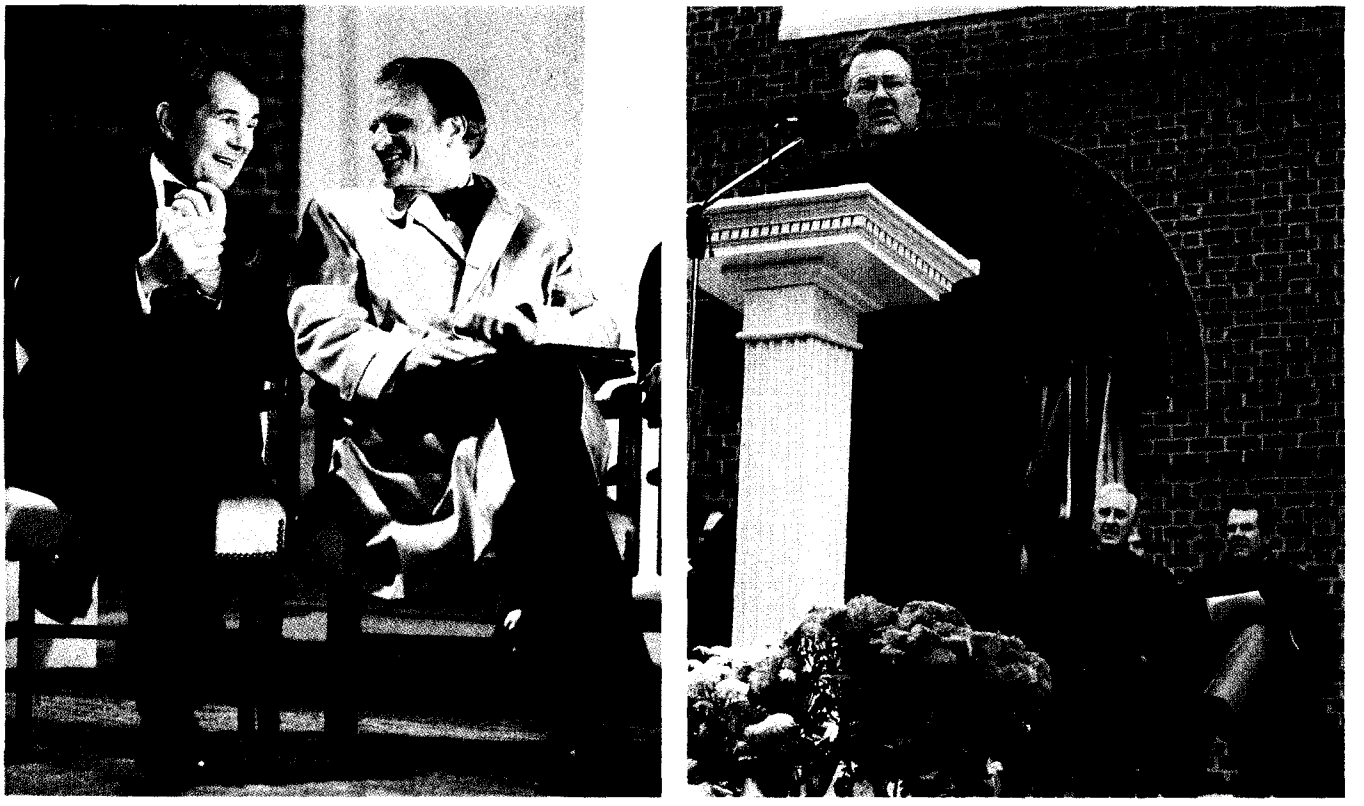

"Dedicated" projects: (Left) Pat Robertson welcomes Billy Graham to the podium at the October '79 opening of CBN Center. (Right) Presidential advisor Ed Meese helps dedicate the $13.2 million CBN University Library, while a proud Robert Slosser, president, and Pat Robertson, chancellor, look on.

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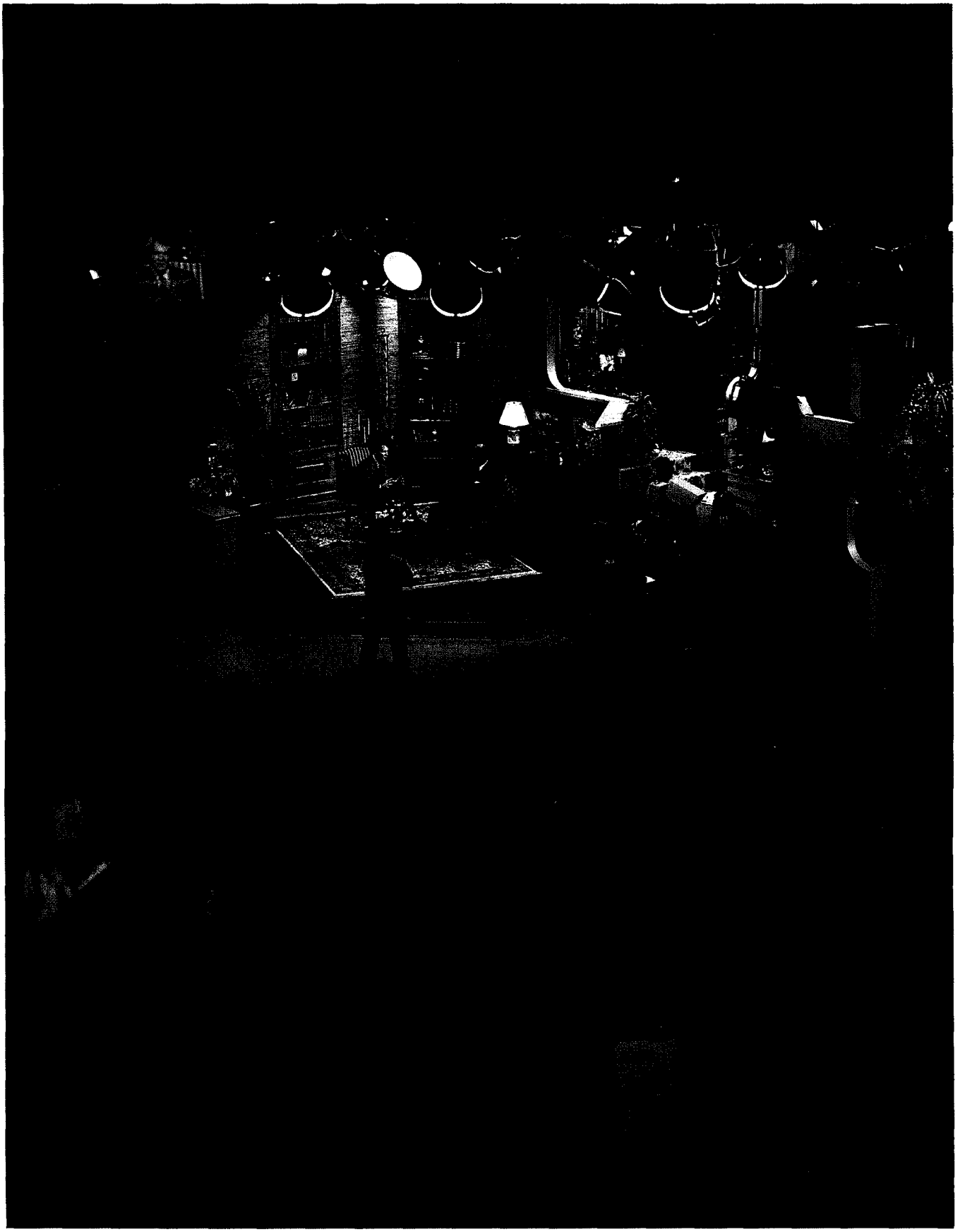

From the Christian Broadcasting Network's expansive Virginia Beach studios, declared by those in the know to be "more elaborate than anything in New York or Hollywood," Pat Robertson's popular 90-minute news magazine, "The 700 Club," broadcasts news and comment to millions around the world.

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Speaking Out

AFRICA NEEDS LIFESAVING HIGH-LYSINE CORN

Ethiopia's starving children need more than just calories. Where corn is the principal diet, substituting high-lysine corn can make the difference between life and death.

by Cory SerVaas, M.D.

photography by the Rev. Peter Michael

If it hadn't been for Dr. Edwin Mertz' high-lysine corn, I would not have gone to Ethiopia. I tried to persuade Dr. Mertz, the Purdue University professor who developed high-lysine corn, to go, but he declined reluctantly, although he assured me the trip was necessary. "Those children need far more protein than the adults do to survive," he said. "We should send high-lysine corn and earmark it for the children only." Adults can survive on regular corn.

That's why I wanted to go to Ethiopia—because I wanted to see the children with kwashiorkor and then see if the disease could be *prevented* by providing the youngsters with high-lysine corn instead of regular corn. We wanted to see if it was possible to establish channels and get the corn with the higher lysine content right to the children who need it.

Kwashiorkor is a disease of children, not from insufficient calories but from insufficient protein. Guess which protein building block, which amino acid, is the most deficient in their mostly grain diet? Our old friend lysine is particularly deficient in the maize (corn) they eat.

Dr. Mertz, as *Post* readers know, has been recommended by us and others to

(Above and opposite page) Just as we were leaving the camp on the second day, a starving family appeared, seemingly from nowhere. They were wrapped in dusty, gray rags, and the mother looked twice her stated age of 37. Her husband, the father of their four children, looked like the hero in a film version of a biblical drama. The children with broomstick-thin little legs and large knees stood planted in one spot. You had the feeling they didn't dare sit down for fear they wouldn't be able to get up again. Even in their starved condition, they were beautiful and the father was handsome (right).

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receive the Nobel Prize for discovering, with his colleagues in the Purdue University agronomy department, the mutation that made the breeding of Opaque 2 high-lysine corn possible. This corn contains about twice as much quality protein as regular corn. It has become known as high-lysine corn.

When the lysine content is high, the contents of tryptophan and other essential amino acids are also increased. These protein building blocks can only be utilized for nutrition as long as they are *all* available. In other words, your corn is only as good as the least prevalent amino acid. When you run out of the least-prevalent amino acid, the other essential amino acids available are often wasted—then growth or repair of body tissue can't go on. All of our muscles, brain cells and vital organs are made of protein.

Kwashiorkor caused by a protein deficiency is a fatal disease for children. As in AIDS, they die from measles, cholera, an infection or anything else that comes along.

A child's rapidly growing brain needs protein to grow Betz cells as well as to replace blood cells. An adult's neurological endowment is all set, and a little fasting doesn't do irreparable harm. For a child, protein deficiency can change the rest of his life or end it.

The word "kwashiorkor" comes from the Ghan language and means "the disease the baby gets when the next baby comes." The No. 1 baby gets it when he or she is deposed from the mother's breast for the No. 2 baby—that's what mothers in Africa have known for a long time. Some say the word also means "red" and was used to describe the reddish-brown hair a child with kwashiorkor developed. "Pluckable hair," the nurses call it. The children lose the curl in their hair; it becomes straight with streaks of orange, red and gray. Pigment leaves the skin, which develops a reddish cast.

Without the protein building blocks, not enough albumin can be made, and fluid from the blood seeps into the body tissue. This loss gives the face a puffy, full look that might deceptively belie the child's dire prognosis. The fluid seeps into the child's legs first and causes them to swell like an elderly person's legs swollen from congestive heart failure. Gradually the swelling works up the body, until it may eventually cover the entire body. Most of the time, however, the arms remain spindly and the legs may be three times the size of the arms. The abdomen becomes bloated with what doctors call *ascites*, or fluid in the peritoneal cavity.

The starving child loses something else—his appetite. He is consuming his own body's protein for energy. Because of a continuing lack of calories, the total body protein is

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being utilized. His muscle tissue, his brain cells. . .all are cannibalized by catabolism, a kind of metabolism where the body feeds on itself. The child becomes cross, refuses to eat and must be fed through a nasogastric tube or intravenously.

As with so many diseases of mankind, it is easier to prevent than to treat kwashiorkor. I had studied kwashiorkor with special interest in medical school because I had a suppressed desire to be a medical missionary someday and help solve a few of the enormous world health problems. My knowledge of the disease was all from textbooks—I had never seen kwashiorkor in U.S. hospitals.

I wanted to see if the Ethiopians were treating the kwashiorkor with calorie-dense foods sufficiently high in protein. Given the debilitation and death caused by kwashiorkor, it would be not only humane but also imperative to prevent it by simply changing the kind of maize the children eat. Preventing kwashiorkor is obviously the only answer, because facilities for treatment are virtually nonexistent.

Dr. Mertz couldn't join me, but our new director of educational services at the Saturday Evening Post Society, Peter Michael, wanted to go. He grew up in Africa as the son of medical missionaries, and for him, "It would be like going home," he said. Peter is himself an ordained minister. Once the subject was broached, he must have been praying for our safe deliverance. From the moment he became involved, everything happened with a certain determination. Peter had a good friend, Roger Schrock, a missionary in neighboring Sudan, who gave us good advice about the people's needs.

Through Tom Fellows, who works for Food for the Hungry in Ethiopia, we were able to expedite our visas. At

This child was very ill with kwashiorkor. Note the skinny arms but swollen legs, feet and face. The child refused to eat anything and would have died soon without care. Four and one-half weeks later, the child is eating and the swelling is gone.

(Above) Tom and Beth Fellows, the on-site coordinators of Food for the Hungry, Ethiopian guide Negussie and Dr. Tetsunao Yamamori, the president of Food for the Hungry. (Right) Victims of kwashiorkor.

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the last moment, the Ethiopian government seemed to be holding them up for whatever reasons—we didn't know why.

The Ethiopians know and respect Tom and his whole family. His parents have spent most of their lives working for the Sudan Interior Mission, and because he grew up there, Tom speaks their language fluently. Without Tom's intercession, we probably wouldn't have been able to get the visas.

Before leaving for Ethiopia, we made phone calls to Ajinomoto U.S.A., Inc., to see if we could obtain some powdered lysine for the African children who need it.

I had difficulty communicating with the officials of the Japanese company because of the language barrier, but Dr. Tadao Ueda, who is in charge of the Ajinomoto branch office in Los Angeles, was very interested in what I was trying to explain to him about kwashiorkor. Dr. Ted Yamamori, the president of Food for the Hungry, who was also going to Ethiopia, was able to meet with Dr. Ueda and explain the project to him in Japanese. As a result of their meeting, Dr. Yamamori was able to bring samples of fermented lysine to us in Ethiopia.

Not until we began researching lysine several years ago did we discover none is manufactured (fermented) in the United States. All our U.S. packagers of lysine pills buy the product from Japanese firms, who, early on, began

Beggars sit at the entrance to a Coptic church. Ethiopians beg at the church only as a last resort, for they consider it taking money from God.

Reflections on Famine—The deep chasms and rugged cliffs I saw from the airplane presented a spectacular view. I could understand why transporting large quantities of food and supplies into remote areas of Ethiopia would be a logistical nightmare. Dr. SerVaas and I were traveling in Ethiopia to survey the relief operations in this drought-stricken country. I was being flown to an airstrip in Kombolcha in a twin-engine plane owned by World Vision and used for flying supplies to refugee camps. On arrival, I was to meet Dr. Ted Yamamori, the president of Food for the Hungry, a nurse, Beth Fellows, and Negussie, our Ethiopian government guide. We would travel on to the refugee camp at Bati.

My anxiety rose as the plane circled and came in for a landing on a grass field that serves as an airport. Soviet helicopters and artillery lined one side, and Ethiopian soldiers in full combat fatigues and toting Soviet rifles and machine guns kept a watchful eye. I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw Beth, Negussie and Dr. Yamamori waiting for me. After unloading and presenting our travel passes to an Ethiopian guard who meticulously wrote down each of our names, we were on our way.

It was an hour's drive to the food-distribution center at Bati, where 17,000 people were crowded into a camp and new arrivals swelled the ranks each day. Endless rows of tents sheltered the refugees from the chilly night breeze that sometimes drops into the 40s. A long line of people with clay pots and gourds waited in line to draw water. I had tried to prepare myself for the pathos. I knew it would be heartrending. But seeing the withered and ravaged faces of people waiting for food and small children whose eyes showed quiet desperation was still an overwhelming shock.

It was an eight-hour trip back to Addis Ababa. The road twisted and turned like a roller coaster through mountains and valleys carved out by millennia of erosion. This journey presents some of the most striking views in all Ethiopia and captures the mood and contrast that are the hallmark of this land. The countryside is spotted with twisted and gnarled trees that have somehow survived the ravages of a hostile environment.

More than a million Ethiopians had left their homes to seek food and water. Many of them, unable to survive in this uncongenial environment, were traveling to the city in a last effort to survive. As we wound our way along the mountain road we saw groups of women walking, bent forward under the weight of large bundles of firewood and huge round calabashes filled with water. Men armed with dangerous-looking spears herded their cattle.

At a refugee center on the outskirts of Addis Ababa, we talked with a family that typified the experience of thousands. Muhammad Mairegu told us how he and his family had arrived at the receiving center exhausted and hungry.

Muhammad had been a subsistence farmer, each year hoping that the crops would be sufficient to sustain his family until the next year's harvest. But this year the rains had never come and the crops had failed. As their meager store of food ran out, the family had sold their home furnishings and other cherished possessions to buy what food they could. There was no seed left and the plow oxen had died. In desperation, they had decided to leave their ancestral home, their friends and neighbors and the land they had farmed to travel to a relief center in hopes of survival.

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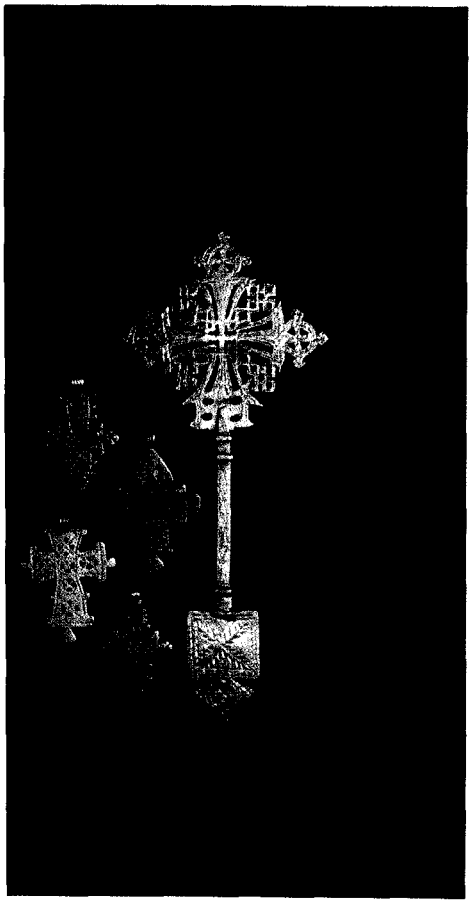


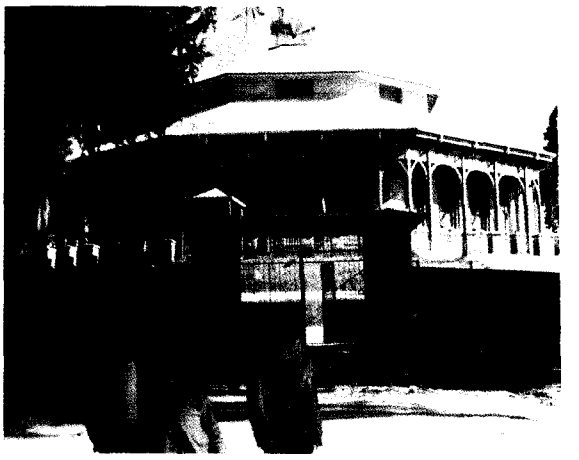
Many crosses are associated with the Coptic Church, originally the Christian church of Egypt. The beautiful one on right was the Fellows' gift to the SatEvePost Museum.

experimenting with the proteins in plant foods and plankton from the sea. Their large population and lack of sufficient animal protein no doubt created their strong motivation to search for alternative sources of protein.

Could the Japanese technology help Africa in its immediate crisis of human nutrition? The Japanese make animal-grade and human-grade lysine. The latter, naturally, is somewhat more expensive—about $1.30 per pound.

American farmers feed lysine supplement to their pigs as "pig starters." Young chickens get it as "chick starter." To be competitive, farmers and animal-food producers must know a lot about the need for protein in growing pigs and chickens. They have only one stomach; like humans, they can't manufacture their own lysine either. (Cows aren't as dependent on lysine in their food, because with their four stomachs, they can synthesize this amino acid from nonprotein nitrogen compounds in their food.)

Midwest farmers buy lysine-containing supplements by the carload. Ajinomoto is building a $42 million plant in Eddyville, Iowa, where lysine will be fermented from corn to be made into either animal supplement or lysine tablets for human consumption. (*Post* readers know about Dr. Richard Griffith and the work this Indiana University professor of medicine has done in preventing herpesvirus outbreaks with lysine supplementation and a low-arginine diet.)



This Coptic church overlooking Addis Ababa, part of the palace compound of Emperor Menelik II, was abandoned when Empress Taitu persuaded the emperor to move to the hot springs in the valley.

For two days I was the only doctor in a large redistribution camp where famine refugees were fed and prepared to be transported to other settlement locations. As we drove to the camp, Tom Fellows said, "You know, the children don't really die from kwashiorkor. . .they just die from anything that comes along. They have no immune defenses at all. They die from measles, cholera, an infection, just anything that comes along. They die unexpectedly."

"It's as though they had AIDS," I thought.

Tom brought the first kwashiorkor patient to me. It was the red hair, he said. The little fellow had a very large, distended belly and somewhat swollen ankles. He didn't look as sick as many of the more emaciated toddlers suffering from marasmus, the name given to calorie-deficient malnutrition. Kwashiorkor is commonly called protein-deficient malnutrition, and of course, many combinations of both are prevalent throughout the camps.

Dr. Gebisa Ejeta, an Ethiopian-born professor of agronomy at Purdue University, told us later that, when the United States does not have sufficient wheat and corn to send to Africa, a sorghum grain used mainly for cattle feed is sent.

However, this sorghum grain contains tannin, which prevents the protein from being utilized by humans. Calves can grow on it because they

The Rev. Alex Fellows, director of Ethiopia's Sudan Interior Mission (SIM), and his son, Tom, of Food for the Hungry, stand by the four-wheel-drive Toyota that carries supplies over the rugged terrain.

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Peter Michael visits a church of the Sudan Interior Mission, a group engaged in famine relief as well as vocational training, literacy programs and rural development.

have four stomachs. Humans cannot use its protein because with one stomach the tannin interferes.

Sorghum, therefore, provides ample calories but little or no usable protein. "In place of grain sorghum, sending high-lysine corn is a tremendous idea," Dr. Ejeta said.

We delivered the lysine supplements and high-lysine corn to Ali Muhammad Ali, the director at the camp, and told him how they could be prepared. He will use these supplies to feed some of the small children who desperately need the additional protein. I was frustrated that we were not immediately able to provide more of the high-lysine corn to these people who so desperately need it.

Another dismaying thing we discovered at the camp was that Ali was chain smoking. His assistant, the No. 2 man at the camp, was smoking, too. They both could speak some English; neither of them seemed to know that smoking was dangerous to their health. Their cigarette packages carried no warnings. None of the large, ubiquitous advertisements for Winston and Marlboro in Ethiopia carried any warnings.

We gave Ali some Nicorette® (a chewing gum containing nicotine), and he was most happy to accept it. The next day, he asked for more. He was chewing away. In all seriousness, Ali readily signed a pledge never to smoke again, and in the presence of his many food recipients, he repeated a vow in four languages. He was a linguist and could speak the languages of most of the refugees in the camp. "I promise I'll never smoke again," he repeated in four different languages. We promised to send him more Nicorette®.

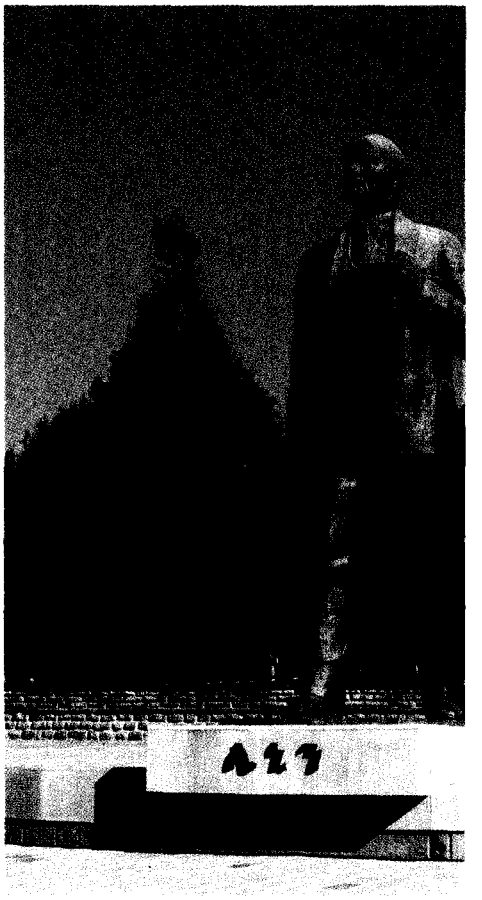
On the trip back I had a marvelous opportunity to debrief Richard Schubert, the president of the American Red Cross. He is a most innovative man with a background of responsible care of the less fortunate. He and his family are members of the Church of the Nazarene. He practices his faith and has the dynamism of any Fortune 500 CEO to get things organized and executed.

"There is enough electricity to provide teaching films for them to learn. They could be taught to be self-sufficient," he suggested.

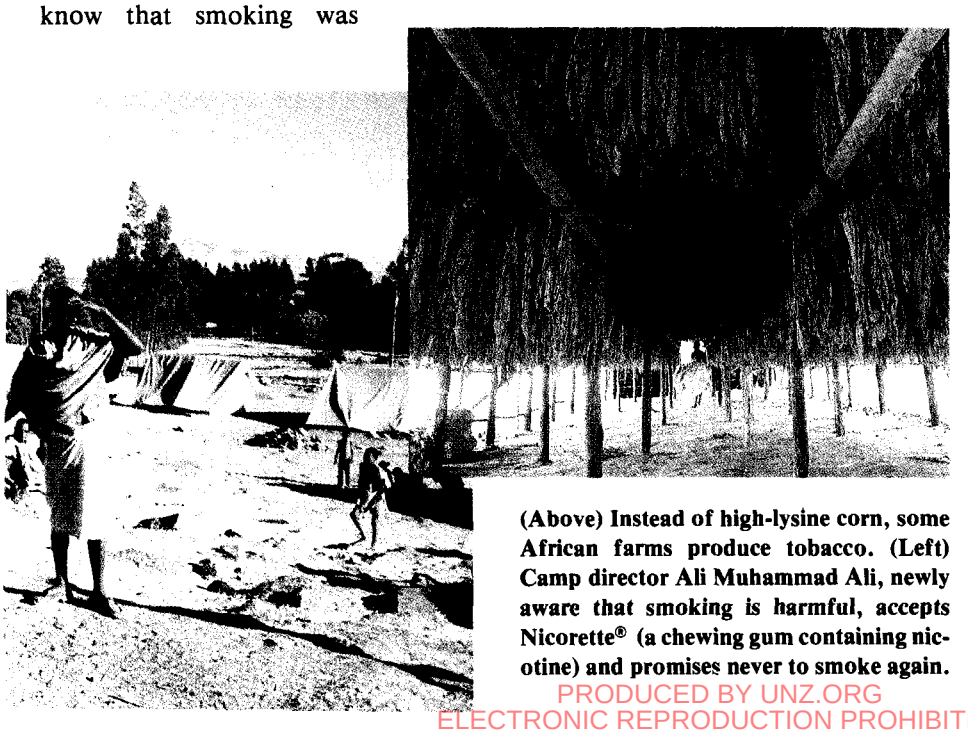
Dick Schubert spent summers on his grandfather's farm and he has a good understanding of plant genetics and animal nutrition. He knows enough about planting to understand that growing hybrid seed is imperative to increasing the corn yield.

From our investigations, or as nearly as we could discover, the farmers in Ethiopia aren't using hybrid corn. Any Iowa farmer can tell you that before the days of hybrid corn, even the fertile Iowa soil would do well to produce 50 bushels to the acre. With hybrid varieties, one Iowa farm last year won a prize for producing 187 bushels per acre.

"We can't give them hybrid seed because they would save some of this year's crop and use it for seed next year. . .then they would have a disaster," Tom had warned me earlier. The crops would fail if they tried to save some of their hybrid corn crop to use as seed the following year. It would be worse than the open-pollinated nonhybrid corn, he



The statue of Lenin in Addis Ababa makes up for its lack of aesthetics in sheer mass. The huge, imposing likeness is "headed for the airport. You see, he is leaving," joked one Ethiopian to the children who played near the statue.



(Above) Instead of high-lysine corn, some African farms produce tobacco. (Left) Camp director Ali Muhammad Ali, newly aware that smoking is harmful, accepts Nicorette® (a chewing gum containing nicotine) and promises never to smoke again.

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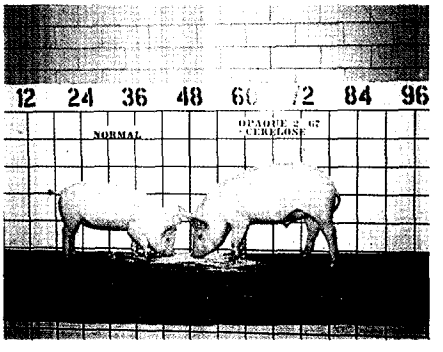
The Rev. Larry Jones, founder of Feed the Children, checks the status of an undernourished Ethiopian child at one of the country's many refugee camps. Jones started the program five years ago after preaching at a funeral for a child who died from starvation.

said. They might get no crop at all—but by teaching them with animated films and videocassettes, we could soon convert them to hybrid varieties, and, of course, high-lysine varieties for their particular soils.

Kenneth Crow of the Crow Seed Corn Company in Illinois (the only U.S. company furnishing high-lysine seed corn at the present time) has volunteered to send more than 20 pounds each of the many varieties of high-lysine hybrid corn to Ethiopia so that the Ethiopian farmers may experiment to see which kind grows best. The Ethiopian farmers could double or triple their yield with hybrid corn, and high-lysine corn nearly doubles the amount of protein per bushel as well.



What a difference high-lysine corn makes! The smaller pig (left) was raised on regular corn. His litter mate (right) received a diet of high-lysine corn. The former was obviously lysine deficient.

Such a four- to six-fold increase in protein production could make Africa self-sufficient—especially if corn could be subsidized to be planted on their land presently growing tobacco. Zimbabwe, now suffering starvation in some of its border areas near Mozambique, is the No. 2 exporter of tobacco. It exports hundreds of millions of dollars worth of tobacco each year.

When we returned from Africa, Peter and I had a meeting and a press conference with Dr. Mertz and Dr. Griffith.

We devised a plan for Ethiopia as follows:

First, Ethiopia could combat the dreaded kwashiorkor in African children with the use of lysine in three forms.

(a) Fermented lysine in powder form could be used immediately for starving children.

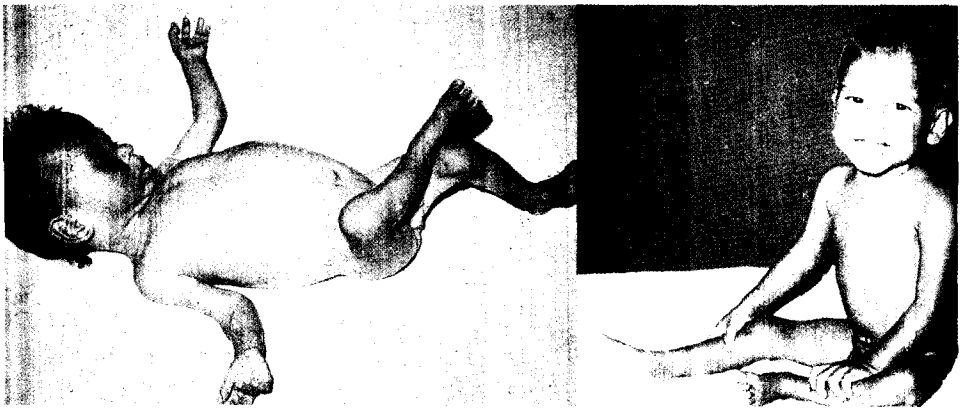
(b) High-lysine corn currently available in the United States could be sent to hungry families in Ethiopia and incorporated into their regular diet.

(c) High-lysine seed corn, being hybrid, could vastly increase next year's corn production as well as nearly double the amount of protein in the corn available to feed those with protein deficiency.

Second, the government of Ethiopia should substitute high-lysine corn for its tobacco crops.

Third, the Ethiopian government should provide nicotine-containing gums or lozenges to alleviate the addiction from which the population now smoking cigarettes suffers, so that its health-care system will be able to serve the starving sick. Many millions of dollars must otherwise be spent on health care brought about by smoking encouraged by the lack of warning notices on cigarette packages and ads in Ethiopia.

Fourth, the plan also urges the option of planting high-lysine corn instead of tobacco for U.S. farmers who own tobacco allotments but choose instead to plant



This baby suffers from protein deficiency, or more specifically, lack of essential amino-acid building blocks. Without adequate nutrition she would be doomed to retarded physical and mental development.

The same child, after being fed a diet of high-lysine corn, appears to be well. She was restored to health by an increase in essential amino acids that had been missing in her previous diet of regular corn.

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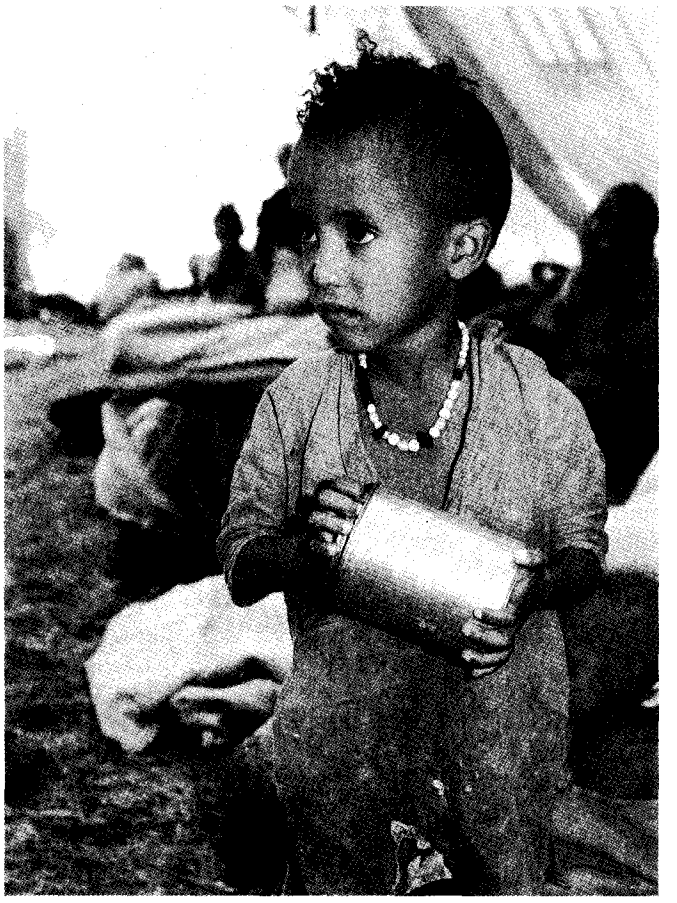
Starvation is only part of the story.

The health of a whole generation of African children is in jeopardy. Sufficient calories of regular corn can't sustain toddlers. High-lysine corn can.



The most tragic deaths in Africa are those caused by kwashiorkor, because they happen to children who are getting enough calories but not enough protein.

A toddler deficient in protein suffers in many ways. He becomes mentally enfeebled because his brain cells don't grow, his body deteriorates because the protein needed to build nerve cells and muscles is burned up for energy, he loses his appetite and his immune system weakens. He can die suddenly from any illness he contracts.

A diet of maize and grain is sufficient to sustain the adults, whose need for protein is far less than that of the rapidly growing infants and toddlers.

The tragic part of this scenario is that by simply substituting high-lysine corn for the regular corn, these deaths and brain-damaged children could be prevented.

The Children's Better Health Institute is producing an educational film with a Purdue University professor of agriculture whose native tongue is Ethiopian. He will explain to Ethiopians how to plant hybrid high-lysine seed and warn against using this year's crop for next year's seed. He will teach them via film and video cassettes why high-lysine corn is nearly 100 percent as effective as regular corn in preventing deaths among toddlers. This corn is high in the essential amino acids, the building blocks for protein, the lack of which causes sudden deaths from kwashiorkor.

The Children's Better Health Institute, in cooperation with Food for the Hungry, the American Red Cross, Feed the Children, the Sudan Interior Mission and other relief agencies, will distribute the instructional films and tapes—in Africa to teach the Ethiopians in their own languages—while they are "captive audiences" in their camps, feeding centers and redistribution centers.

Our goal is to help make the Africans self-sufficient by better utilization of the tillable land on that continent. Hybrid corn is no more vulnerable to drought than the old-fashioned, low-yielding, open-pollinated corn they plant.

We're inviting you to help in this mission. "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, you have done it unto me" is our Biblical mandate. Because to us much has been given, much is expected. Won't you join us? We hope you'll want to save the African children from death-dealing kwashiorkor—the completely preventable protein-deficiency disease.

Purdue University stresses that feed sorghum should not be sent to Ethiopian children, because it contains tannin that binds the protein and prevents its use for humans. High-lysine corn would be an excellent replacement to protect them from permanent mental enfeeblement.

We'll send a gift bag of corn meal with recipes to all who join us in this life-saving African project.

You can help the African children

Children's Better Health Institute
P.O. Box 528, Indianapolis, IN 46206

Yes, I'll join in. I want my contribution to:

- ☐ help make the instructional films and video cassettes for Africans.
- ☐ pay for high-lysine seed corn for Africans.
- ☐ pay for additional research on high-lysine grains for Africans.

I am enclosing my contribution—please send a sample gift bag of high-lysine cornmeal to my address below.

$5 _____ $10 _____ $25 _____ other _____

☐ check/money order enclosed
☐ credit card ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA
Card no. _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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HOCKEY'S GENTLEMAN ON ICE

Smaller than most other players, but head and shoulders above everyone else in his league, Canada's "blond darling," Wayne Gretzky, may be the hockey player of the century.

by Ken Rappoport

The hockey game had long since ended, yet a fair-sized crowd still lingered outside the Maple Leaf Gardens on a bone-chilling winter night in Toronto. Not all the people were waiting for the home team to emerge. In fact, most were there to see just one player—Wayne Gretzky of the visiting Edmonton Oilers.

Tension, almost palpable, rippled through the crowd until someone shouted, "Look—there he is!" Gretzky and some aides had piled through a side door to avoid the inevitable stampede. The crowd momentum shifted to the other side of the building, then became hysteria. Gretzky was pulled this way and that until, disheveled, he made it safely to the team bus. It was another hairbreadth escape for the blond darling of Canadian hockey fans.

Crowd behavior normally reserved for high-flying rock stars is routine these days for Gretzky. Not only is he recognized as the best hockey player for his amazing scoring proficiency, but the Oilers' center is also the sport's most popular figure and its best good-will ambassador. "From a promotional standpoint," says John Halligan, public-relations director for the National Hockey League, "he *is* hockey. We have always had international stature, but because of Gretzky we have it to a greater extent now."

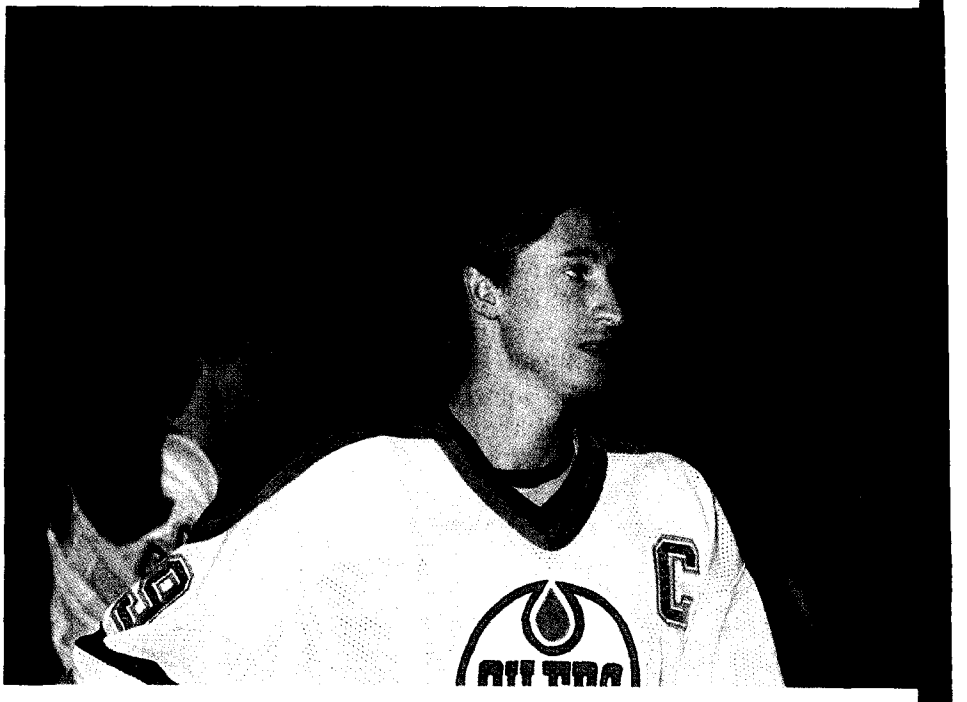
No player in the history of hockey has captured the imagination of fans and media alike as Gretzky has in his seven seasons as a professional. He has the game's most recognized face, its most sought-after autograph and its most lucrative contract. His number, 99, is already a synonym for "great" in Canada, where he usually enjoys better press than Pierre Trudeau and receives far more fan mail than the Canadian prime minister. Gretzky's mail at one recent count reached 20,000 pieces a week, some of it addressed only to "Wayne Gretzky, Canada." "It's like writing to Santa Claus," says Mike Barnett, the president of CorpSport International, the Edmonton-based firm that handles Gretzky's many marketing deals.

The United States, generally blasé about hockey, has felt Gretzky's influence as with no player before him. Bobby Orr and Bobby Hull, two of hockey's other greats, penetrated the U.S. consciousness to some extent. But Gretzky's impact has been far more dramatic. He is seen not only on national-magazine covers in America, but also on billboard advertisements from coast to coast, where his face —sans identification—smiles down and promotes one of his major endorsements, a camera. His name is also on the lips of world leaders. Once, at a White House gathering, President Reagan joked that he would trade "two draft choices and the state of Texas" to get Gretzky for his hometown Washington Capitals.

A quick glance at Gretzky would hardly suggest the most potent scoring machine in hockey. He is barely six feet tall and weighs not much more than 170 pounds, a relatively frail figure among the bullies who abound in one of the most violent team sports in the world. Out of uniform, he is usually dwarfed by his broad-shouldered teammates. But on the ice, he is most certainly in place.

"I played a lot of lacrosse, and that taught me how to roll with checks, slip away from them," Gretzky says, explaining his uncanny ability to avoid collisions with heftier players. "I only get hit head-on about two or three times a year."

At the age of 17, Gretzky was playing professional hockey, and not many years later he was dominating it and making the pre-Gretzky record books almost irrelevant. Gretzky quickly became his own point of reference. In his fourth season as a professional,



The hottest thing on ice (and off), fair-haired Wayne Gretzky has become hockey's No. 1 good-will ambassador. Unique to the game, he prefers breaking records to breaking his stick over the heads of Oilers' opponents.

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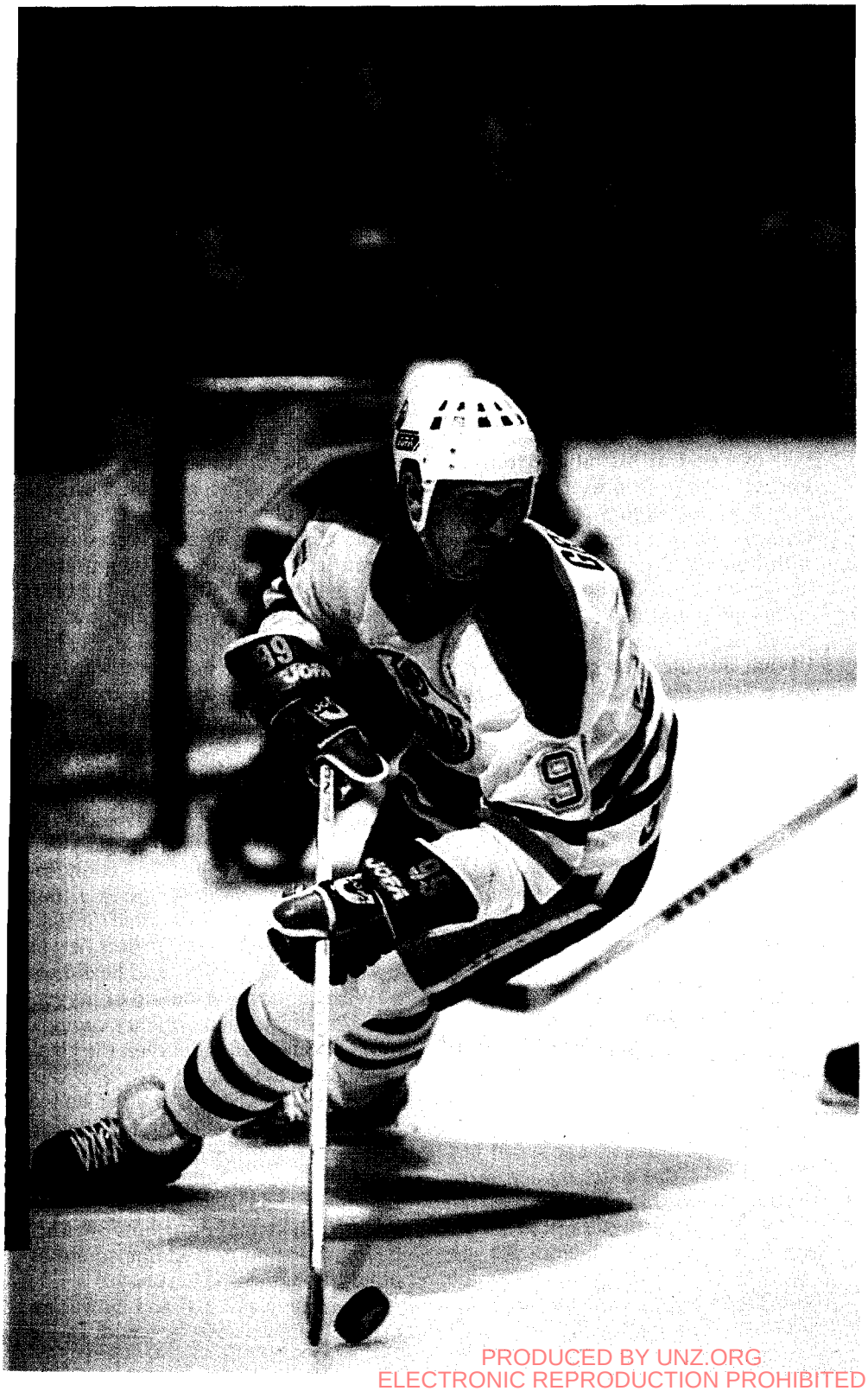
1981-82, Gretzky broke the record for most goals—92—in an NHL season and erased Phil Esposito's mark of 76. (He produced 87, the second-best mark in history, last season.) In 1980-81, Gretzky had broken Orr's record for assists with 109 while establishing a total-points standard (combined goals and assists) of 164. Gretzky improved this mark the following year when he scored the 92 goals and gave out 120 assists for 212 points. The 200-point plateau, once unimaginable in hockey, became almost a perennial occurrence for Gretzky. He compiled 205 points in the 1983-84 season, when he also generated electric excitement in the sports world by scoring in 51 straight games. Journalists looked to Joe DiMaggio's 56-game hitting streak in baseball as a comparable accomplishment.

"This may have been one of the harder records to break," Gretzky points out. "When you score 90 goals or break the record for points, you can do that over 80 games. But the streak itself is pressure every night to be at your best, be consistent game in and game out."



Although Gretzky humbly states, "I just feel lucky to be one of the 420 guys who get to play in the NHL," he is surely head and shoulders above the field. What is it about him that has put him in a class by himself, that inspired the soaring, alliterative title of "The Great Gretzky"?

Observers say he has a special "sixth sense" that tells him where he should be on the ice at all times, like a divinity tapping into some mystical information not available to mortals.

His style on the ice is far from classic. Hardly a skating beauty, bent over awkwardly, he has been described as "Quasimodo on double runners." He does not possess the speed of Bobby Orr or the power of Bobby Hull, but when it comes to shooting accuracy, he leaves other skaters in the ice. His phenomenal passes, which usually find teammates' sticks like heat-seeking missiles, account for his unusually high total of assists each year.

Bruce MacGregor, the assistant general manager of the Oilers, who was instrumental in acquiring Gretzky for the Edmonton team, puts it this way: "He has the thing that unique athletes have—a peripheral vision. He not only sees things, he sees them faster than other players. His peripheral vision helps him as he goes across the ice. Players don't get good shots at him. I saw him get hit solid only twice in all the times I've watched him play. Also, he has great hands and a great ability for lateral motion, stopping and turning. He's pretty elusive, tough to match up against."

Gretzky's mental game is just as important as the physical. Says his father, Walter: "What gives Wayne the edge over other play-

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THE BISHOP'S BEGGAR

The beggar was a living lesson in idleness and heedlessness. Who would believe that he would someday be the savior of the city?

by Stephen Vincent Benét

It seems that in the old days there was a bishop of Remo, and he was a heedless and proud young man, though of good intentions. Now, that was possible in those days, when the fire and light of the new learning had spread through Italy and men drank, as if intoxicated, at a new spring. There were bishops who cared less for the Word of God than for their own splendor, and cardinals who were rather men of the world—and of no good world—than sons of the Church. I do not say that our bishop was as idle and self-seeking as some of these; I do say that he was a child of his time. He would have liked to be a lord, but his eldest brother was the lord; he would have liked to be a soldier, but his second brother was the soldier. So he went into the Church, for there, too, a man who bore a great name could rise. He was clever, he was ambitious, he had great connections. Now and then, to be sure, he asked a disquieting question, but the Baldis had always been original. The path that is rugged for many was made smooth for him from the first. When he was made bishop of Remo, at an early age, the fact did not surprise him. Since he was to be neither lord nor soldier, he found that pleasant enough.

All went well for him, at first. They were glad to have a young and handsome bishop at Remo, for the bishop before him had been old and ill-favored. It was a pleasure to no one to kiss his ring, and he frightened the children with his peering eyes. With the coming of our bishop all this was changed. There was a great to-do and refurbishing of the bishop's palace; the smells of good cooking drifted again from the bishop's kitchens; when the bishop drove through the city, men threw their caps in the air. There were fine new frescoes in the cathedral—a new way of chanting in the choir. As for sin and suffering—well, they are always with us. The people of Remo liked to sin pleasantly and be reminded of it as little as possible.

Nevertheless, at times, a grayness would come over our bishop's spirit. He could not understand why it came. His life was both full and busy. He was a friend to art, a host to the gay and the learned, a ruler of men. He did not meddle in things which did not concern him; he felt in his heart that there was no prize in the Church which might not be within his grasp. And yet, at times, there was a grayness within him. It was singular.

He could not show that grayness before the world, he could not show it to his secretary or the witty company that gathered at his table. He could wrestle with it in prayer, and so he did. But he found it no easy task. Had the Devil appeared before him with horns and a tail, he would have known what to do. But a grayness of spirit—a cool little voice in the mind which said to him now and then, "What do you in these robes, at this place, Gianfrancesco Baldi?"—that was another matter.

He came to find by experience that motion in the open air helped him as much as anything. When the grayness oppressed him too severely, he would summon his coach and drive about the countryside. So one day, as he drove through a small country village in the hills beyond Remo, it happened. It was nobody's fault; the bishop's least of all. He saw to it that he had a skillful coachman and good horses as he saw to all such matters. But when a tall, gangling boy darts across the street right under the nose of the horses, the most skillful coachman cannot always save him. There was a cry and a scream and a soft jar. Then, where the coach had passed, the boy lay writhing in the street.

The bishop always showed at his best in emergency. When he got out of the coach the angry shouts of the crowd died away to a respectful murmur. He lifted the boy into the coach with his strong arms and drove back with him to Remo. On the way he talked to him soothingly, though the boy was in too much pain to pay much attention to this graciousness. When they got to Remo he had the boy carried to a servant's room in the palace and doctors summoned for him. Later on he gave instructions about cleaning the coach.

At dinner his secretary recounted the little incident and all men praised the kindliness of the bishop. The bishop passed it off pleasantly, but, at heart, he felt a trifle irritated. He had not felt particularly drawn toward the boy; on the other hand, he could not have left him lying in the road.

By the next day, as such things do, the story had gone all over Remo and there were unusual demonstrations of good will as the bishop passed to the cathedral. The bishop received them with dignity, but his irritation remained. He disliked ostentatious shows of virtue and distrusted the fickleness of crowds. Nevertheless, it was his duty to see the boy, and he did so.

Washed, combed and rid of his vermin, the boy looked ordinary enough, though somewhat older than the bishop had thought him. His body was slight and emaciated, but he had a well-shaped head and large liquid eyes. These stared at the bishop with some intensity; indeed with such intensity that the bishop wondered, at first, if the boy might not be an idiot. But a little conversation proved him sound of mind, though rustic in speech.

His name was Luigi and he was an orphan, living as best he could. In the

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summer he tended goats; in the winter he lived with his uncle and aunt, the tavern keepers, who fed him and beat him. His age was about 19. He had made his Easter duty as a Christian. He would never walk again.

Such were the facts of the case, and the bishop thought them over clear-headedly. He wondered what to do with the boy.

"Luigi," he said, "would you like to go back to your village?"

"Oh, no," said the boy. "It is a very good village, but now that I can no longer herd goats, there is no place in it for me. Besides, one eats better in Remo—I have had white cheese twice already." And he smacked his lips. His voice was remarkably strong and cheerful, the bishop noticed with surprise.

"Very well," said the bishop patiently. "You need not go back if you do not choose. You are now, in some sense, a ward of the Church, and the wings of the Church are sheltering." He looked at the boy's legs, lying limp and motionless under the covers, and felt, though against his will, the natural distaste of the hale man for the maimed. "You might learn some useful trade," he said thoughtfully. "There are many trades where the hands do all—a cobbler's, a tailor's, a basket weaver's."

The boy shook his head joyfully. "Oh, no, your lordship," he said. "Trades take so long to learn and I am very stupid. It would not be worth the expense; your lordship would be embarrassed."

"My lordship, perhaps, is the best judge of that," said the bishop a trifle grimly. He kept thinking of the boy's remark about white cheese; it must be a spare life indeed where white cheese was such a treat. "But we are reasonable," he said. "Come, what would you be?"

"A beggar!" said the boy, and his dark eyes shone with delight.

"A beggar?" said the bishop, astonished and somewhat revolted.

"Why, yes," said the boy, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. "For ten years my father begged on the cathedral steps. That was before your lordship's time, but he was an excellent beggar and a master of his craft. True, he was subject to continual persecutions and jealousies from the honorable corporation of the beggars of Remo, coming, as he did, from outside the city. It was that which caused the ruin of our fortunes, for, in the end, when he had begun to fail, they threw him down a well, where he caught a bad cold and died of it. But in his good days he could outbeg any two of them. If your lordship would care to have me demonstrate his celebrated fainting fit, when his eyeballs rolled backward in his head——"

"I can think of nothing I should like less," said the bishop, shocked and disgusted, for it seemed to him an unworthy thing that a sturdy young man, though a cripple, should think of nothing better than beggary. "Besides," he said, "these other beggars you speak of—if they persecuted your father, no doubt they would persecute you."

"Are you declining the see of Albano and a cardinal's hat for no more reason than that you are attached to a beggar?"

"Me?" said the boy, and laughed. "Oh, once they understood, they would not dare touch me—not even Giuseppe, the Hook. I would be your lordship's beggar—the bishop's beggar!" And a light as of great peace and contentment spread over his countenance.

The bishop stared at him for a long time in silence. "That is what you wish?" he said, and his voice was dry.

"That is what I wish, your lordship," said the boy, nodding his head.

"So be it," said the bishop with a sigh, and left him. But when his coachman came to him the next morning for orders, it was all he could do to keep from reviling the man.

The bishop was not the sort of man who liked beggars. Indeed, were it not for custom and Christian charity, he could long since have cleared them from the steps of his cathedral. He could not very well do that; he knew what an impression such a move would make. Nevertheless, when he passed among them, as he must at times, he saw to it that his almoner made a suitable distribution of small coins, but he himself did his best to see and smell them as little as possible. Their whines and their supplications, their simulated sores and their noisome rags—these were a fret and a burden to him.

Now, it seemed, he was to have a beggar of his own. He would have taken it as a suitable humiliation for pride, but he did not feel himself to be a proud man. Nor could he think of the accident as anything but an accident. Had he deliberately trodden the lad beneath the hoofs of his horses—but he had not. He was well liked, able, decisive, a rising son of the Church. Nevertheless, he was to have a beggar—every day he must see his beggar on the steps of the cathedral, a living reproach, a living lesson in idleness and heedlessness. It was a small thing, to be sure, but it darkened his dinner and made him sore at heart.

Therefore, being the man he was, he put a mask upon his face. He meant to speak of the thing, so it should be known—at least that might ward off ridicule. He spoke of it to his secretary; the secretary agreed

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that it was a very seemly and Christian idea of his lordship's, while the bishop wondered if the man laughed at him in his sleeve. He spoke of it to others; there were compliments, of course. Each time he spoke of it, it turned a small knife in his breast. But that did not keep him from speaking of it, nor from seeing that every care was given Luigi.

Nevertheless, he dreaded the day when Luigi would take up his post on the steps of the cathedral. He dreaded and yearned for it, both. For then, at last, the thing would be done. After that, like many things, it would become a custom and in time Luigi himself would fade into the mass of whining beggary that haunted the steps of the cathedral. But things were not to be quite that way.

He admired, while he detested, the thoroughness with which Luigi prepared himself for his profession. He heard the whine ring out from the servants' quarters—"ten scudi for Luigi!"—he saw the little cart and the crutches Luigi had made for himself. Now and then he heard his own servants laugh at the beggar's stories. This was hard enough to bear. But at last the day of parting came.

To his disgust, the bishop found the boy neither clean nor well clad, as he had been since his accident, but dirty and dressed in tatters. He opened his mouth to reprove the boy, then he shut it again, for it seemed pitifully true that a beggar must dress his part. Nevertheless, the bishop did not like it. He asked Luigi, coolly, how he meant to live.

"Oh, your lordship's secretary has found me a very suitable chamber," said Luigi eagerly. "It is on the ground floor of a rookery by the river and it has room for my crutches, my gear and my cart. He will move me there tonight. Tomorrow I will be at my post on the steps of the cathedral." And he smiled gratefully at the bishop. "That will be a great day," he said.

"So," said the bishop, who could not trust himself to say anything further.

"Yet before I go," said Luigi, "I must thank your lordship for his kindness, and ask your lordship's blessing on my work. That is only suitable."

The bishop stiffened. "I may bless you, Luigi," he said, "but your work I cannot bless. I cannot give the blessing of the Church to the work of a man who lives by beggary when he might live otherwise."

"Well, then, I must go unblessed," said Luigi cheerfully. "After all, your lordship has already done so much for me! The bishop's beggar! How my uncle and aunt will stare!"

Now, of all the vainglorious, self-seeking, worthless, rascally sons of iniquity—and to think that I stand your sponsor, said the bishop, but, fortunately, he did not say it aloud. Silently he extended his ring and Luigi kissed it with such innocent reverence that the bishop was sorely moved to give him his blessing after all. But he summoned up his principles and departed in silence.

The bishop slept ill that night, tormented by dreams of Luigi. He dreamed that, for his sins, he must carry Luigi on his back all the way up the steps of the cathedral. And as he mounted each step the weight upon his back became more crushing, till at last he woke, unrefreshed.

The next day he went to the cathedral in great state, though it was an ordinary Sunday. Yet he felt the state to be, in some measure, a protection. When he passed by the steps of the cathedral, the beggars set up their usual supplications. He sent his almoner among them; it was over quicker than he thought. He did not look for Luigi and yet he felt Luigi's eyes upon him as he stood there for a moment, splendid in robe and miter. Then the thing was finished.

In the cathedral that same day, he preached passionately against the sins of idleness and heedlessness. Seldom had he been so moving—he could feel that from his congregation. When Mass was over he retired to his palace, exhausted. Yet it was pleasant for him to walk about the palace and know that Luigi was not there.

It was just after vespers when his secretary came to him and told him that a man called Giuseppe, self-styled provost of the company of the beggars of Remo, requested an audience. The bishop sighed wearily and ordered the man brought before him. He was a squat fellow of great strength and an evil cast of countenance, for one side of his face had been so burned in a fire that it was as if he had two faces, one of them inhuman. Also, his left arm terminated in an iron hook.

"This is Giuseppe, the beggar, your lordship," said the secretary, with repugnance.

"Giuseppe, called Double-Face, also called the Hook, provost of the honorable company of the beggars of Remo," said Giuseppe in a rusty voice, and plumped on his knees.

The bishop raised him and asked his business.

"Well, your lordship, it's this new fellow, Luigi Lamelegs," said Giuseppe. "I've got nothing against him personal—I wouldn't hurt a fly myself in a personal way," and he grinned horribly—"but there he is in a good place on the steps, and your lordship's servants put him there. Well, now, if he's your lordship's beggar, that's one thing—though, even so, there's fees and vails to be paid, for that's the custom. But if he isn't your lordship's beggar—and your lordship paid him no attention this morning——"

"Stop!" said the bishop with anger. "Do you mean to tell me that the very steps of the cathedral are bartered and sold among you? Why, this is simony—this is the sin of simony!"

"Your lordship can call it hard words," said Giuseppe stolidly, "but that's been the way it's been done ever since there were beggars in Remo. I paid 20 crowns for my own place, and fought old Marco too. But that's beside the point. Your lordship has a right to a beggar if your lordship wants one—we're all agreed to that. But the question is: Is this man your lordship's beggar or isn't he?"

"And supposing I said he was not my beggar?" said the bishop, trembling.

"Well, that's all we'd want to know," said Giuseppe. "And thank your lordship kindly. I had my own suspicions of the man from the first. But we've got him down by the river now—Carlo and Benito and old blind Marta; she's a tough one, old blind Marta—and once we're through with him, he'll trouble your lordship no more." And sketching a clumsy salute, the man turned to go.

"Stop!" said the bishop again. "Would you have the guilt of murder upon your conscience?"

"Oh, your lordship takes it too hard," said Giuseppe, shuffling his feet. "What's one beggar more or less? We're not rich folk or learned folk to bother a mind like your lordship's. We breed and we die, and there's an end. And even at the best,

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The bishop became used to him. Other men had their difficulties; he had his beggar.

it's no bed of roses on the steps of the cathedral."

The bishop wished to say many things, but he could think of only one.

"I declare to you that this man is my beggar," he said. "I stretch my hand over him."

"Well, that's very nicely spoken of your lordship," said Giuseppe, in a grumbling voice, "and I dare say we can make room for him. But if the man's to keep a whole skin, your lordship had best come with me—old Marta was talking of ear slitting when I left her."

So they found Luigi, bound but cheerful, in his first-floor chamber by the river, guarded by the persons Giuseppe had described—a hunchback, a dwarf and a blind woman. The window which gave upon the river was open, and a large sack, weighted with stones, lay in one corner of the room. The bishop's arrival produced a certain consternation on the part of all but Luigi, who seemed to take it as a matter of course. After the boy had been unbound the bishop addressed the beggars with some vivacity, declared that Luigi was his beggar, and gave him a piece of silver before them all, in token. This seemed to satisfy the company, who then crept away in silence.

"And yet have I done right? Have I done right?" said the bishop, striding up and down the chamber. "I greatly fear I have condoned the sin of simony! I have spent Mother Church's substance among the unworthy! And yet, even so, your blood may be upon my head!" and he looked at Luigi doubtfully.

"Oh, your lordship need not take it so hard," said Luigi, rubbing his arms. "All is safe enough now. I arranged about the dues and vails with Giuseppe while your lordship was discussing her state of grace with Marta. He's an honest fellow enough and his point is reasonable. One should not take a good place without money to keep it up. Had your lordship given me alms with your own hand this morning, our little difficulty would never have arisen. That was my fault—I assumed that your lordship knew."

"Knew?" said the bishop. "What should I know of such things? And yet, God forgive me, I am a priest and I should have knowledge of evil."

"It is merely a difference in knowledge," said Luigi gently. "Now, your lordship, doubtless, has never been in a room quite like this before."

The bishop stared at the damp walls and the mean chamber. He smelled the smell that cannot be aired from a room, the smell of poverty itself. He had never doubted his own experience before—when he had been first made a priest, he had gone on certain works of charity. Now it seemed to him that those works must have been rather carefully selected.

"No," he said, "I have never been in a room just like this one."

"And yet there are many of us who live in such rooms—and not all beggars," said Luigi. He changed his tone. "That was a fine rousing sermon your lordship gave us on idleness and heedlessness this morning," he said. "Hey, it brought the scudi forth from the good folks' pockets! An admirable sermon!"

"I am grateful for your encomiums," said the bishop bitterly. He glanced around the room again. "Is there nought else I can do?" he said unwillingly.

"No, thank your lordship," said Luigi, and his eyes were smiling. "I have a woman to cook my dinner—it is true she is a thief, but she will not steal from a cripple—and soon, with your lordship's patronage, I shall be able to afford a charcoal brazier. Moreover, my friends seem to have left me a sack. So, after dinner I shall say my prayers and go to bed to refresh myself for tomorrow's labor."

I shall say mine, too, for I need them, said the bishop, though he did not say it to Luigi.

So that was how it began. Soon enough, the bishop's beggar was a familiar figure on the steps of the cathedral—one of the admitted curiosities of the town. He was well liked in his trade, for he always had a merry word or a sharp one for his clients—and it passed around until "Luigi

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says'' became a byword. The bishop became used to him as one becomes used to a touch of rheumatism. Other men had their difficulties; he had his beggar. Now and then it seemed odd to the bishop that he had ever thought of the beggars on the steps as a vague and indistinguishable heap of misery and rags. He knew them all by now—blind Marta and Carlo, the dwarf, Giuseppe Double-Face, and Benito, the hunchback. He knew their ways and their thoughts. He knew the hovels where they lived and the bread they ate. For every week or so he would slip from his palace to visit Luigi's chamber.

It was necessary for him to do so, for, to him, Luigi represented the gravest problem of the soul that he had yet encountered. Was the man even a Christian? The bishop was not sure. He professed religion, he followed the rites of the Church. Yet sometimes when he confessed him, the bishop was appalled. Every sin that could ravage the human heart was there—if not in act, then in desire—and all told so gaily! Sometimes the bishop, angrily, would tax him with willful exaggeration, and Luigi, with a smile, would admit the charge and ask for still another penance. This left the bishop confused.

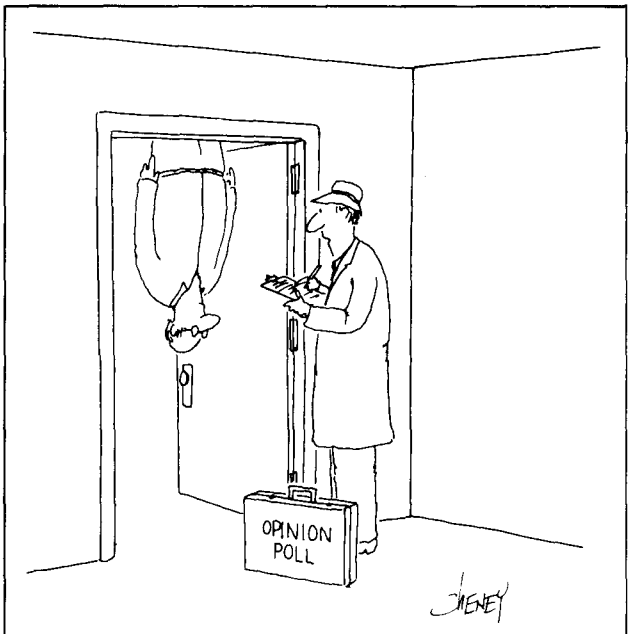
Yet through the years there grew up between the two men a singular bond. The bishop may have been heedless, he was not stupid. Very soon he began to realize that there was another Remo than the city he had come to first—a city not of lords and scholars and tradesmen and pious ladies, but a city of the poor and the ignorant, the maimed and the oppressed. For, as Luigi said, when one lay all day on the steps of the cathedral one heard stories, and anyone will talk to a beggar. Some of the stories struck the bishop to the heart. He could hardly believe them at first, yet, when he investigated them, they were true. When he was convinced they were true, he set himself stubbornly to remedy them. He was not always successful—pleasant sinners like the Church to keep its own place. Now and then he discussed his efforts with Luigi, who listened, it seemed to the bishop, with an air of perfect cynicism. His attitude seemed to be that it was all very well for a man like the bishop to concern himself about these things, but he was the bishop's beggar and, if other folk starved and died, it was none of his concern. This irritated the bishop inordinately and made him more determined than ever.

Gradually, he noticed, the composition of his table changed. There were fewer courtiers and scholars; there were more priests from the country, smelling of poverty and chestnut bread. They came in their tattered cassocks, with their big red wrists; at first they were strange and ill-at-ease at his table. But the bishop was able to talk to them. After all, were they not like the old parish priest that Luigi talked of so often? When the ceremony of his table disturbed them he saw to it that there was less ceremony. Luigi mocked him for this and told him bluntly what his richer clients were saying. The bishop rebuked him for impertinence to his spiritual director and persisted.

It is strange how time flies when the heart is occupied. In no time at all, it seemed to the bishop, he was a middle-aged man with gray at his temples, and Luigi a man in his 30s. That seemed odd to the bishop; he did not know where the time had gone. He thought of it, one morning, with a sense of loss. He had meant to do many things—he was still ambitious. Now, when night came, he was often too tired to think. The troubles of many people weighed upon his heart—the troubles of the peasants in the hills, who lived from hand to mouth; the troubles of Domenico, the shoemaker, who had too pretty a daughter; the troubles of Tessa, the flower seller, whose son was a thief. When he had first come to Remo, he had not had all these troubles. He picked up a letter on his desk—a letter that had lain there for days—and, having read it, sat staring.

The dreams of his youth came back to him, doubly hot, doubly clear. While he idled his life away in Remo his brother and his friends had been busy. They had not forgotten him, after all. Cardinal Malaverni, the great sage statesman whose hand was ever upon the strings of policy, meant to pass by Remo on his way to Rome. The bishop knew the cardinal—once, long ago, he had been one of the cardinal's promising young men. There was a letter also from the bishop's brother, the lord—a letter that hinted of grave and important matters. The bishop almost sobbed when he thought how long both letters had lain unanswered. He summoned his secretary and set himself about an unaccustomed bustle of preparation.

It often occurred to him, sorrowfully, within the next few days, how foolish it was to leave one's letters unopened. The preparations went forward for the cardinal's visit, yet it seemed to him that they went forward ill, though he could not put his finger upon the cause. Somehow he had got out of the way of the world where such things go forward smoothly; he was more used to his country priests than to entertaining distinguished visitors. Nevertheless, he botched together a few Latin verses, saw to it that the hangings in the guest chambers were cleaned and mended, drove his choirmaster nearly frantic and got in the way of his servants. He noticed that these were no longer afraid of him, but treated him with tolerant patience, more like a friend than a master, and this irked him oddly. What irked him



"Next question. . .it's not me who's crazy, it's the rest of the world that's crazy, true or false?"

continued on page 92

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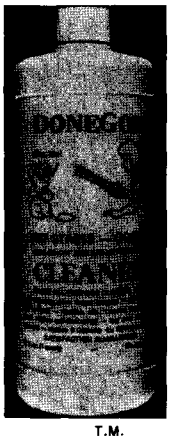

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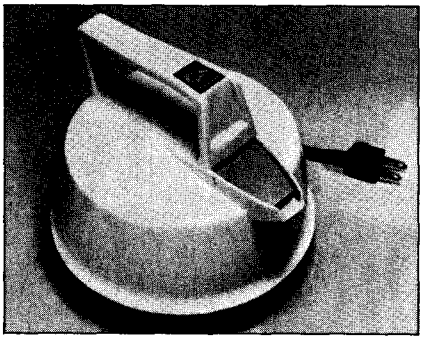

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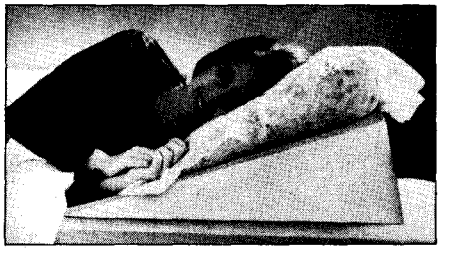

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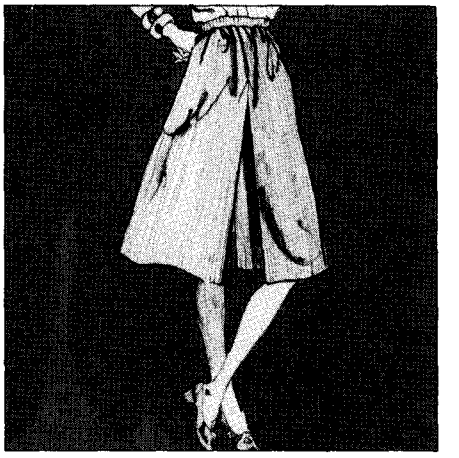

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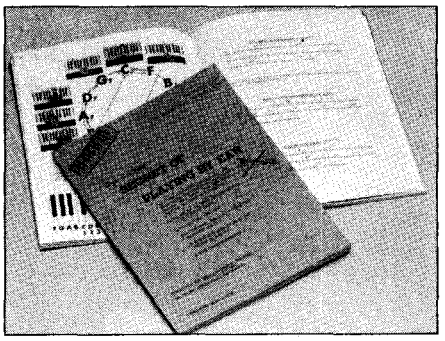

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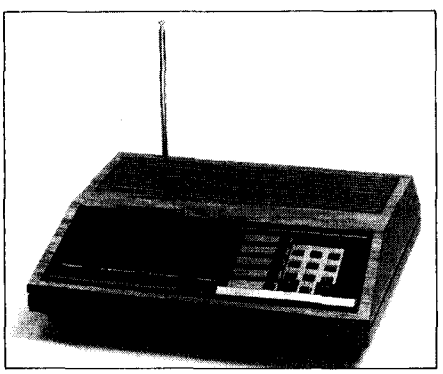

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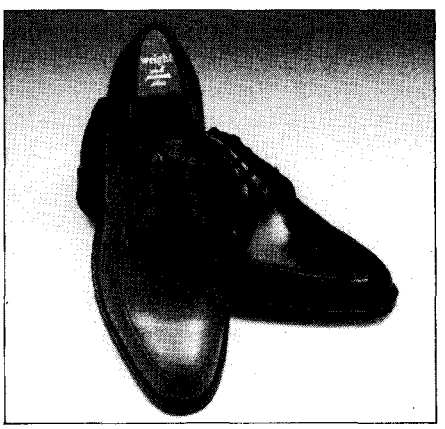

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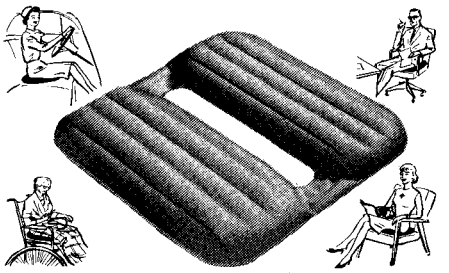

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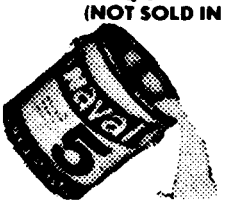

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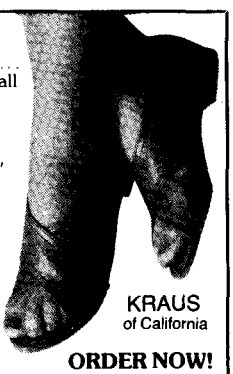

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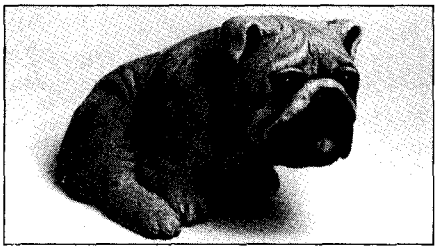

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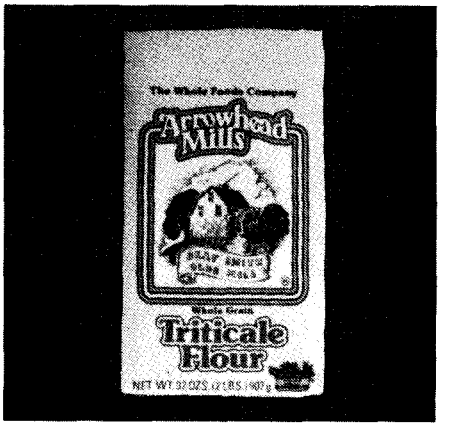
High-lysine triticale flour



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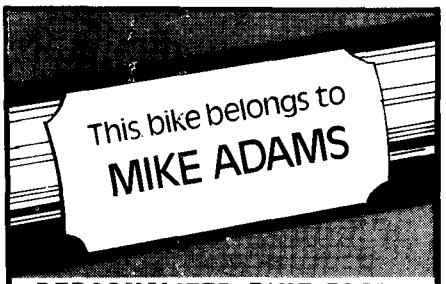

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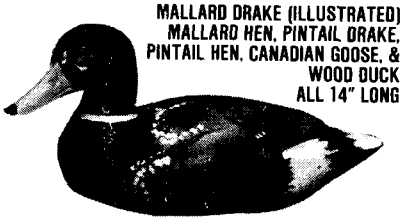

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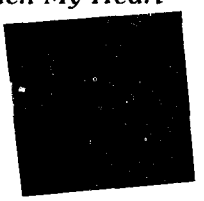

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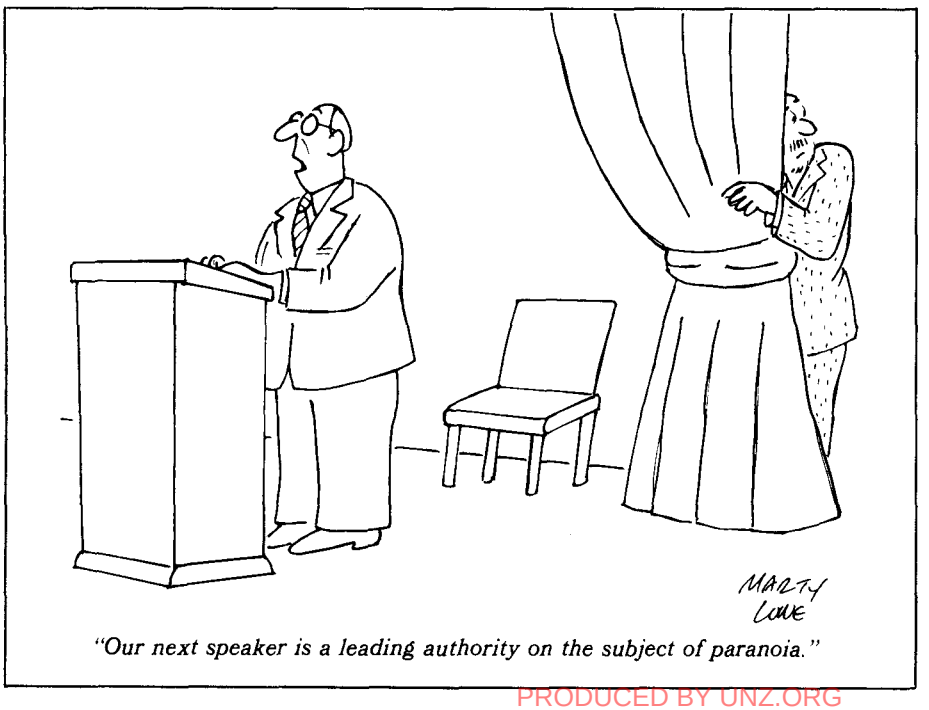

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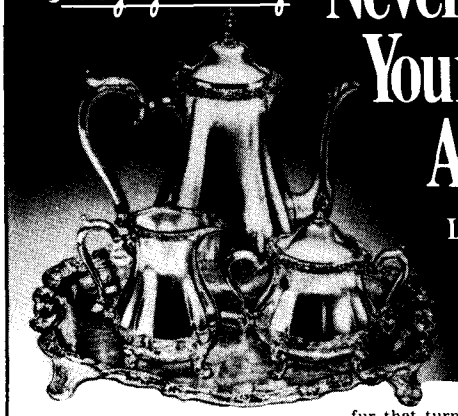

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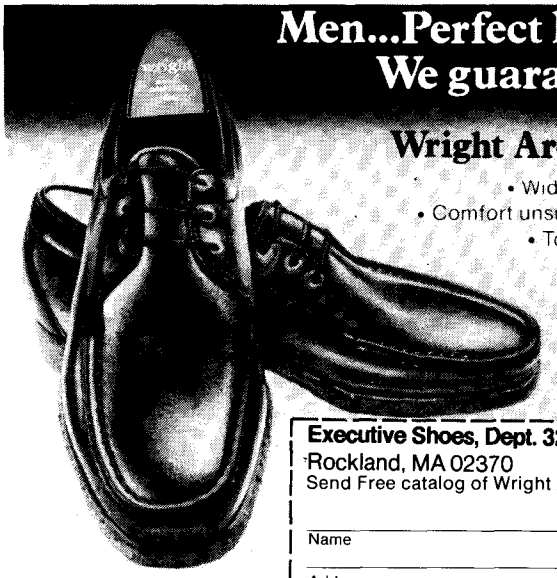

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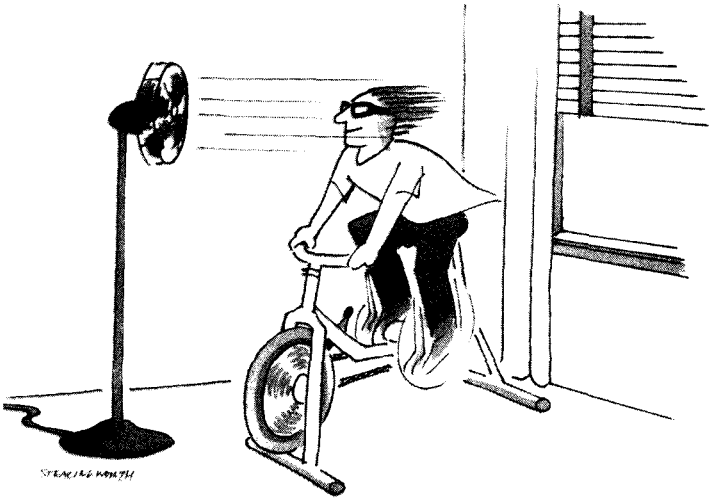

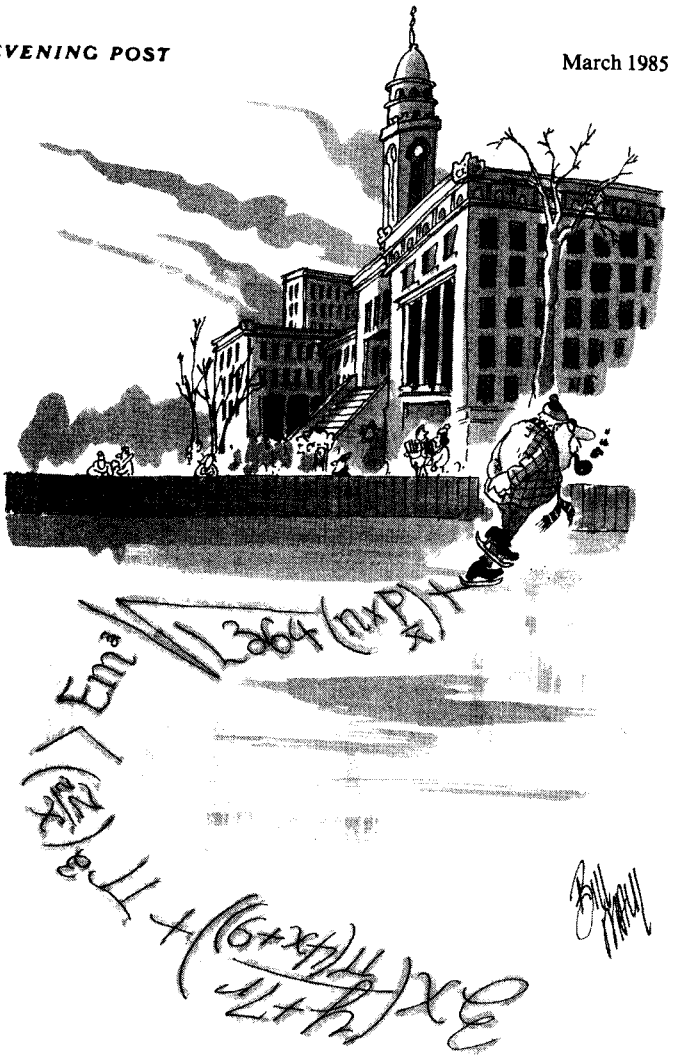

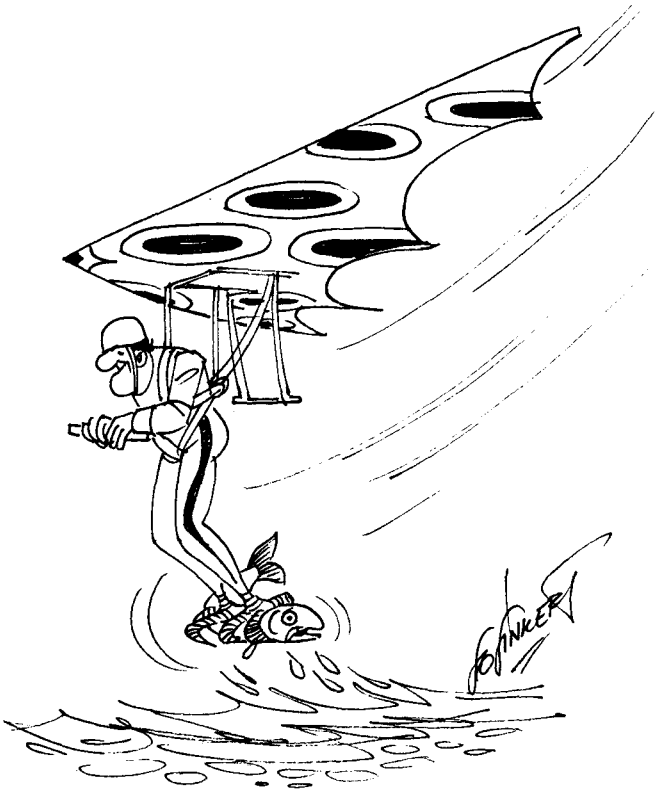

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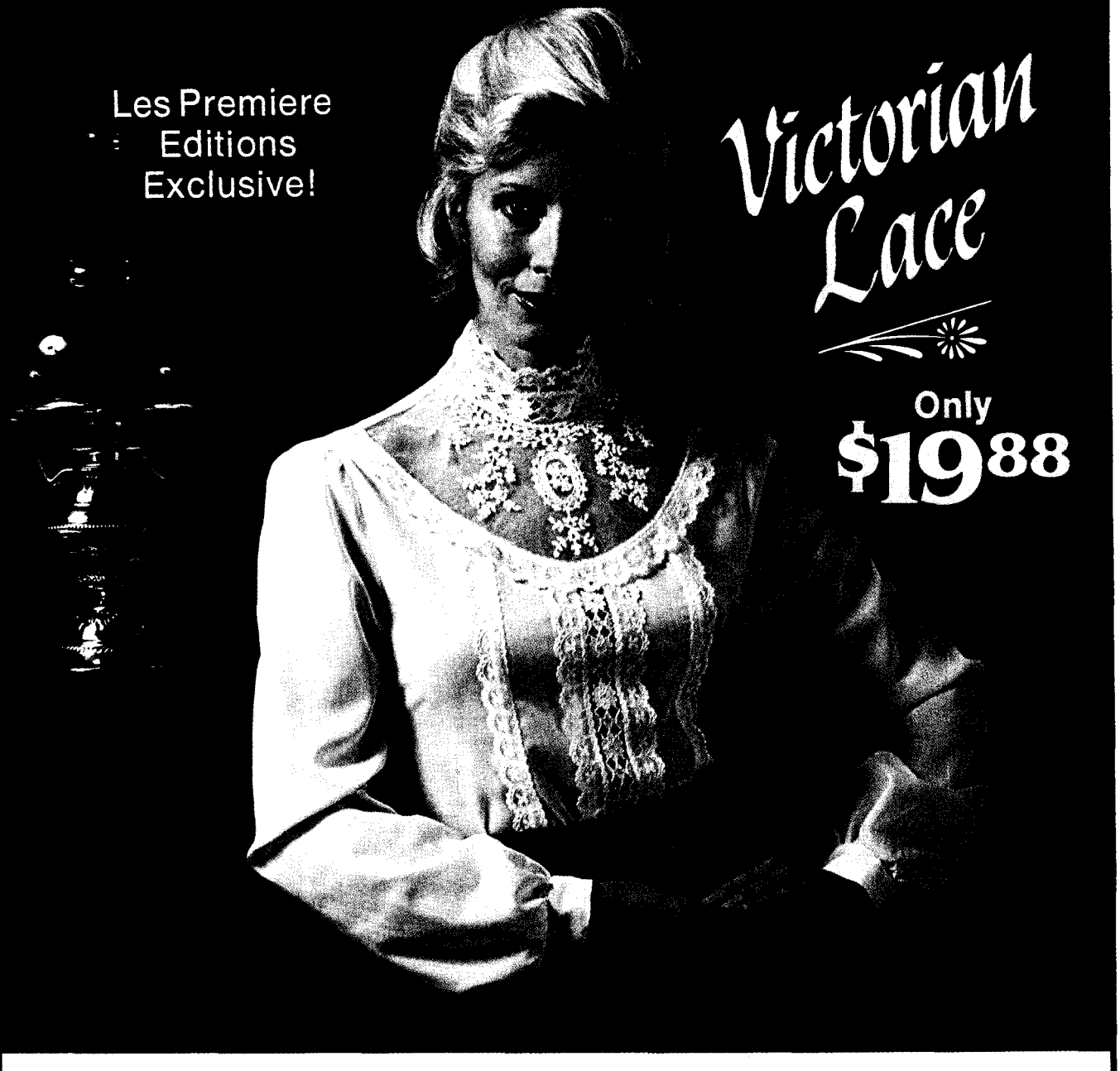

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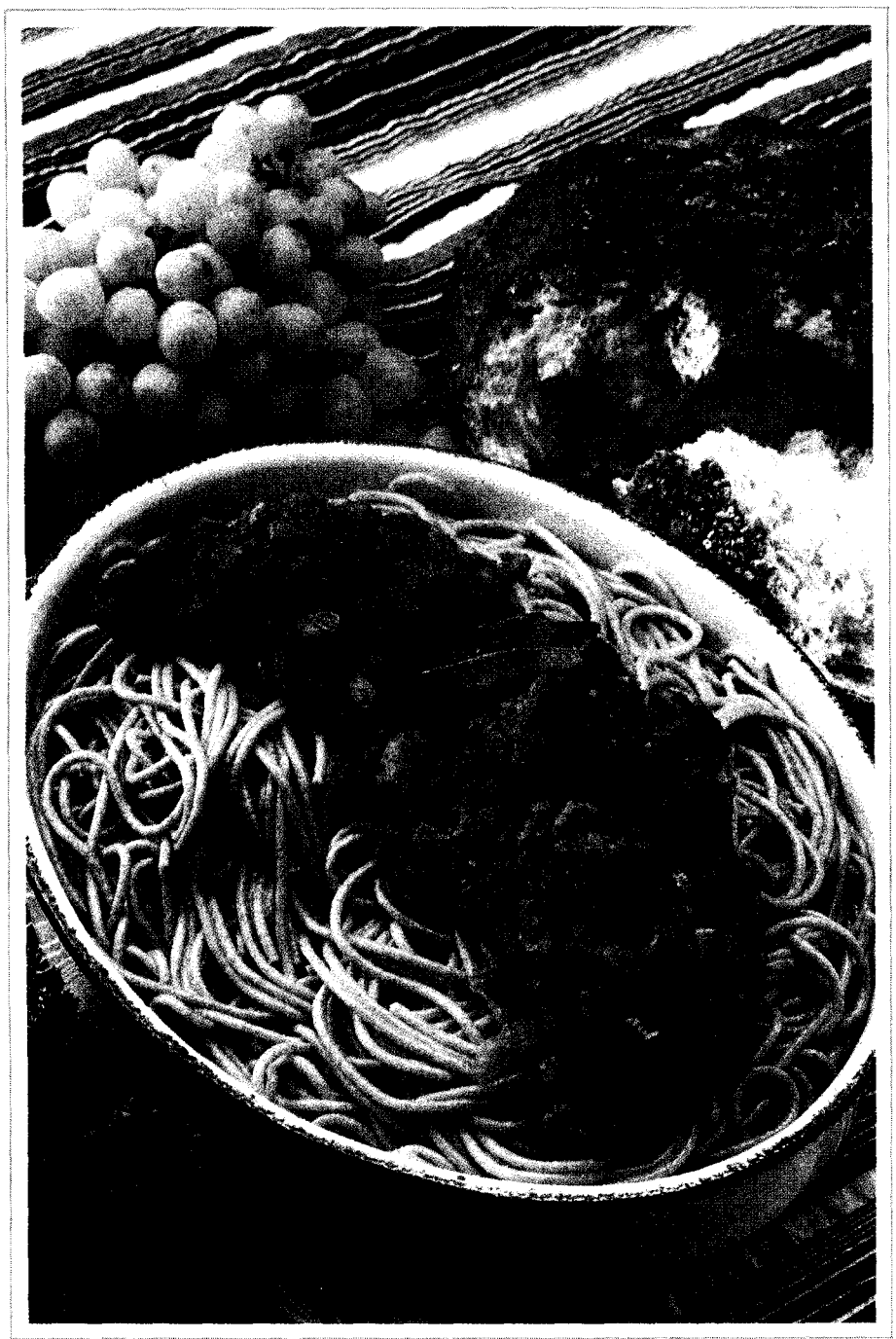
FOOD

TASTE OF LIFE

Take the principles of Nathan Pritikin; add a heaping amount of culinary flair, and you've got a new book of healthful recipes everyone can live with.

by Julie Stafford



A healthful treat for spaghetti lovers, this delicious Italian dish is made without fattening oils and served over wholesome, whole-meal pasta.

I am not on the list of the world's greatest chefs, nor am I a student of the famous Cordon Bleu cooking schools. My cooking ability and my recipe collection are newly acquired after much research into diet and health. Not until my husband was diagnosed with cancer at the age of 30 did I begin my research into the relationship between diet and disease. The questions I wanted answered were:

- Was I bringing about my own early downfall with the foodstuffs I was eating?
- If the answer to the above was yes, then where should I start in planning a diet that would satisfy me as well as offer me all the true nutrients for good health?
- If I was already in a poor state of health, was it possible to restore my body by changing my diet?
- Could the power of my mind, by expressing only positive thoughts, help the diet work?
- Is exercise a necessary ingredient for overall good health?

My research has shown me that the answer to all these questions is *yes*. It became obvious to me that many people were also looking for answers to the same questions. Unfortunately, not until disease of some sort had affected them did they begin to search —as pointed out to me in the case histories documented by Nathan Pritikin in a book, *Nathan Pritikin Diet and Exercise*. Pritikin is the man who has revolutionized the thoughts behind "diet linked with disease" and "treatment without drugs." His diet appeared to me as such a commonsensical approach to eating that I couldn't understand why more people hadn't converted to it.

I have based my recipe planning around Pritikin's concepts. Although I have broken some of his golden

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rules slightly, I truly believe that if you walk the straight and narrow most of your life, your system will be so well in tune that it can occasionally cope with a few, small luxury items.

The medical profession has had mixed views on my diet's strengths and weaknesses. Some doctors had no time to read another "fad diet" book. Others believed that I would surely die from the lack of protein. Some, after reading the book, were prepared to admit that they did not have all the answers and, after trying the diet, became converts themselves.

Health cookbooks in general have ignored the salt, sugar, cholesterol, fats and food-additives issues related to health. Most books emphasize cutting down for slimming rather than for overall good health. Vegetarian cookbooks, although they emphasize vegetable and fruit content, seem to use an abundance of butter, oils, full-cream milk, salt, sugar, eggs and food additives.

The following recipes are not strictly vegetarian. Nor are they health-food recipes that one would find in a typical health-food restaurant. They are a positive approach toward adopting a more sensible, down-to-earth way of eating.

Food is a source of energy; it should not only sustain but also satisfy. It should keep us fit as well as alive. It should be filling without fattening. It should provide for easy preparation and an enjoyable experience in the eating.

Gazpacho (Cold Summer Soup)
(Serves 4-6)

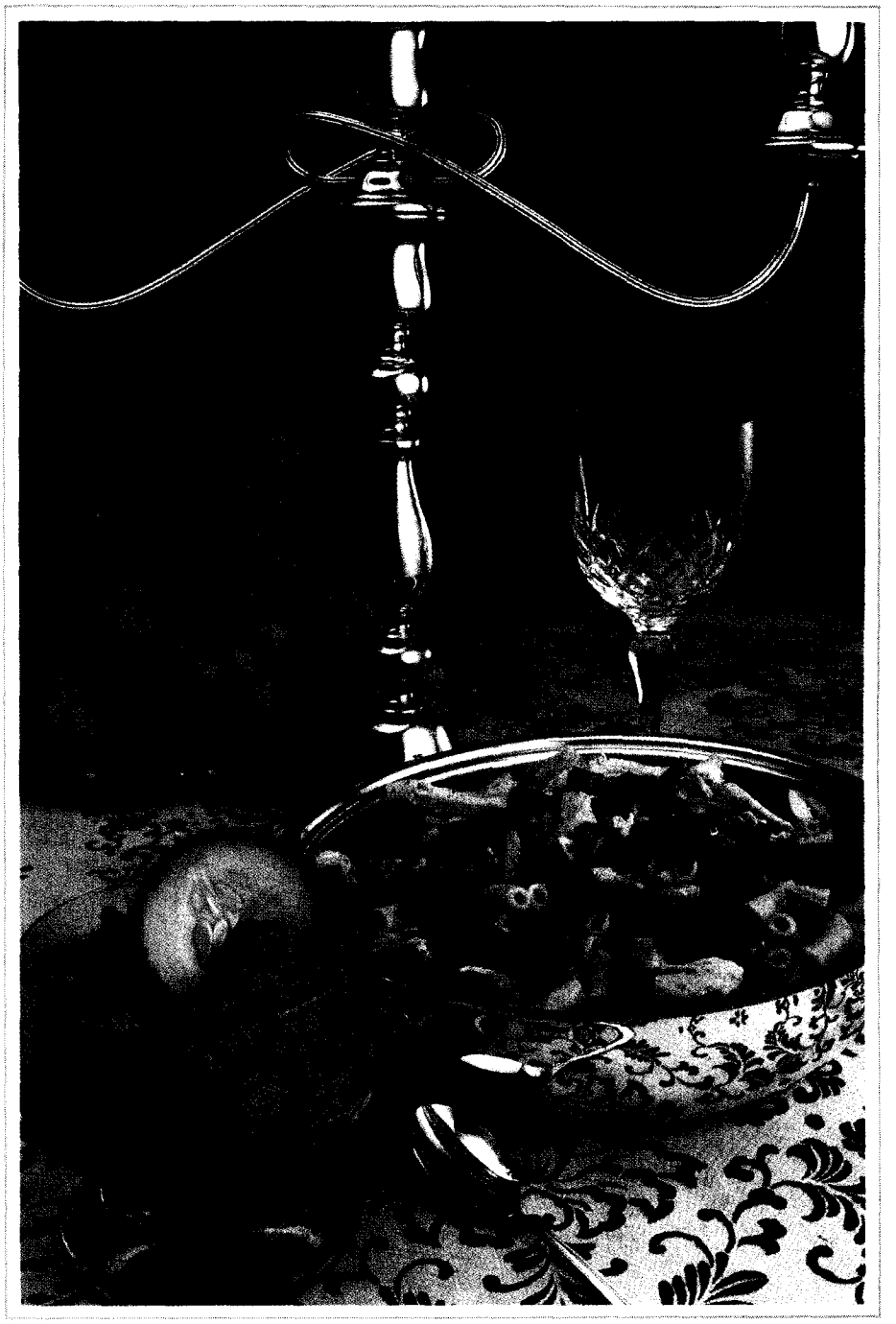
One pound ripe, juicy tomatoes, skinned, seeded, sliced
1 small onion, peeled, finely chopped
1 small green pepper, chopped
1 clove garlic, crushed
½ cup dry white wine
1-2 teaspoons lemon juice
Black pepper
1 small can tomato juice (optional)
Cucumber slices

Blend all ingredients except the last four. Add the lemon juice and black pepper to taste. Dilute the soup if necessary with the tomato juice. Chill well in the refrigerator before serving. Garnish with slices of cucumber, parsley or shallot curls.

Tomato Sorbet
(Serves 6-8)

2 cups fresh tomato purée (tomatoes skinned, seeded)
1 cup unsweetened orange juice or grapefruit juice
1 cup chicken stock
Few drops Tabasco sauce
1 tablespoon dry sherry
1 teaspoon orange rind, finely grated
1 teaspoon ginger, finely grated
1 egg white
6 small oranges for serving or *goblets and a garnish of cucumber*

Purée first 7 ingredients until well combined. Pour ingredients into metal freezer tray. Freeze until mushy and stir occasionally with a fork. Transfer to a bowl. Beat the egg white until stiff and fold into the tomato mixture. Return immediately to freezer tray and freeze until firm. If using oranges, cut a top off each orange and remove flesh. Chill in freezer until required. Scoop out spoonfuls of tomato sorbet and fill



Prime your appetite with a tangy Tomato Sorbet; then fill up on a crispy casserole made with chicken, celery, carrots, peppers and whole-wheat macaroni.

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oranges or goblets, garnish and serve.

Spaghetti and Meatballs
(Serves 8)

1 quantity whole-meal spaghetti to serve 8

Tomato Sauce:
1 onion, diced
½ green pepper, finely diced
1 stalk celery, finely diced
1 can (16 oz.) tomatoes, chopped
2 tablespoons tomato paste
1 clove garlic, crushed
½ teaspoon basil
½ teaspoon oregano
Black pepper to taste
Fresh parsley, chopped

Stir-fry onion, green pepper and celery in 2 tablespoons water for 3 minutes. Add all other ingredients and simmer 40 minutes.

Meatballs:

½ pound fat-free ground beef
1 onion, finely minced
1 banana, mashed
1 apple, finely grated
Black pepper to taste

Combine all ingredients and roll into very small balls. Place in a frying pan in an inch of water that has been boiled and is just simmering. Cook for 8 minutes and turn once. Remove from pan and drain well. Keep hot.

Place hot, whole-wheat spaghetti on serving plates in amount suggested on package, divide the meatballs evenly and pour the tomato sauce over the other ingredients.

Who could turn down a dessert that looks like this? Fortunately, nobody has to, because Julie's Strawberry Ice Cream Cake is a low-fat, low-calorie treat.

Chicken Macaroni
(Serves 6)

3 cups whole-meal macaroni, cooked
2 cups chicken, cooked, chopped
1 can (16 oz.) tomatoes, chopped, and juice
1 cup celery, chopped
1 cup green pepper, chopped
1 cup carrots, grated
¼ cup chives, chopped
¼ cup parsley, chopped
1 teaspoon fresh ginger, grated (optional)
Black pepper to taste
1 cup chicken or vegetable stock

Combine all ingredients in an ovenproof dish. Cover and cook in a moderate oven for 30-40 minutes or until well heated all the way through.

Strawberry Ice Cream Cake
(Serves 8-10)

4½ cups Vanilla Royale Ice Cream (see recipe below)
3 pints strawberries, washed and hulled
½ cup toasted almond flakes
Whole, fresh strawberries

Make vanilla ice cream, but do not freeze in the final step. Pour ⅓ of the ice cream into a foil-lined round tin. Slice strawberries fine and use half in a layer on top of the ice-cream mixture. Pour another layer of strawberries over ½ of remaining ice-cream mixture, then the remaining ice cream. Freeze. To serve, turn out of tin, remove foil and place on a serving plate. Sprinkle with toasted, flaked almonds and decorate the edge of the cake with strawberries.

Vanilla Royale Ice Cream
(Serves 4)

1 can evaporated low-fat milk
6 tablespoons skim-milk powder
2 tablespoons honey
1 teaspoon vanilla
4 egg whites

Combine the first four ingredients and beat until thick and creamy. Place in the freezer for 40 minutes. Remove from freezer and rebeat for 3 minutes. Beat egg whites until fluffy and peaks form. Fold egg whites through milk mixture. Pour into ice-cream trays and freeze.

Editor's note: Julie Stafford's book *Taste of Life* is published by Ten Speed Press of Berkeley, California.

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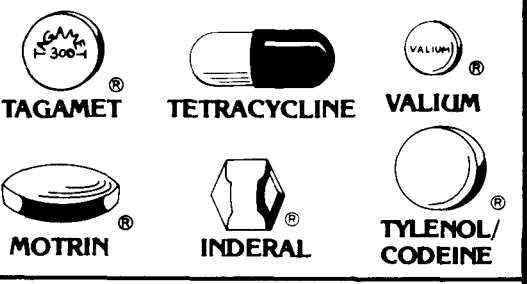
Prescription Drugs' Side Effects Revealed



Do you know the intended good effects and bad side effects of over 300 prescription drugs? Read this article for facts.

(Atlanta, GA) —

FC&A, a nearby Peachtree City, Georgia publisher, announced today the release of a new book for the general public . . . ***Prescription Drugs' Side Effects Revealed.***

It reveals the little-known side effects of over 300 of the most often prescribed drugs . . . side effects which are known to few people besides doctors.

The Good Effects of Drugs

You take drugs prescribed by your doctor for their good effects like relieving pain, fighting infection, birth control, aiding sleep, calming down, fighting coughs, colds or allergies, or lowering heartbeat and blood pressure.

Do You Have Any Of These Bad Side Effects?

Prescription drugs can cause diarrhea, dizziness, dry mouth, sleepiness, depression, headache, insomnia, upset stomach, blurred vision, cramps, rashes, constipation, fever, stuffy nose, short breath, high blood pressure, fear, ringing sounds, poor appetite, balance, sex or heart function.

Do You Know The Answers To These Questions About Prescription Drugs?

When your busy doctor gives you a prescription, what do you, or even your doctor, know about it? What's it for? Will you be allergic to it? What are its side effects and dangers? Will it affect other medicine you're taking?

It's up to **YOU** to keep yourself informed by reading this book. For example, on page 15 you'll learn that a drug you take for shortness of breath can actually cause breathing difficulties . . . the very thing it's supposed to prevent.

Latest Facts On Each Drug

Two outstanding pharmacists have helped add newly discovered side effects to the new edition. The book describes more than 300 of the most-often-used drugs, 100 more drugs than in last years edition. Facts are given in easy-to-understand words instead of hard-to-understand medical terms.

Easy To Read

Drugs are listed in alphabetical order for quick, dictionary-style finding. The book lists brand names, money-saving generic names, good effects, side effects, warnings and interactions with other drugs.

It tells how to save money by using generic drugs instead of expensive brand names. It also explains drug categories. (For example: a drug may be called an "analgesic" . . . analgesic means "pain reliever.")

How To Help Your Doctor

Tell your doctor if you have any possible side effects given in this book. If he thinks best, he may lower your dose, stop your medicine or switch to a different drug not having such side effects.

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Order this 30,000-word, easy-to-understand book, edited by two pharmacists. Simply cut out and mail the coupon today. There's a no-time limit guarantee of full satisfaction or your money back.

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(Partial List of Drugs in Book)

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The Rev. Sylvester Graham

continued from page 36

leave "heat-labile" vitamins and enzymes intact.

Graham didn't know what vitamins were, but he shrewdly observed that man was automatically protected from concentrated foods by eating raw foods. He insisted it was impossible to become fat with so much to chew. Chewing also depended upon good teeth, free of tartar and cavities. Graham set high value on personal hygiene, inside and out.

Although Graham was enthusiastic about raw foods, he realized that people were devoted to baked bread. Indeed, bread had Biblical sanction. The bread he insisted upon, however, had to be complete. He warned, "What God hath joined, let no man put asunder," referring to the divorce of the nutritious germ and bran from the wheat berry.

Today, even experts think that people ate wholesome bread until the 1870s, when high-speed rollers extracted the germ and bran. This belief is untrue. The comic writer Tobias Smollett said in 1771: "The bread I eat in London is a deleterious paste, mixed up with chalk, alum and bone-ashes . . . the good people are not ignorant of this adulteration; but they sacrifice their taste, and their health and the lives of their tender infants. . . and the miller or the baker is obliged to poison them and their families."

Although the bread Graham complained of was not snowy, but rather freckled, it was certainly bad enough. It lacked fiber, which he called "bulk" or the "innutritious matter" in food. As a farm boy, he had noticed that animals fed purified foods grew sick. "It has been fully proved," he said, "that bulk. . . is quite as important to health as nourishment." This scientific proof, frequently cited, was that a dog fed on white bread died in 40 days, and another fed on whole meal flourished. We know today that wheat lacks an amino acid called lysine, but these reformers had no cause to be displeased with the experiment.

All concentrated forms of food, Graham declared, were "unfriendly" to the vital interests of the body. He cited fats, sugar, honey, molasses and starch as "concentrated aliments," to be used with discretion. Instead of slathering butter on bread, he suggested Graham butter, which was rich milk thickened with brown flour.

He scoffed at the notion that bran was worthless or injurious to the colon. After all, he noted, man had fed on coarse grains for millennia. "We have a 36-foot length of colon," he said. "Nature intended for us to use it . . . . Bran operates as a stimulus for the intestinal canal.

"The mucilage of wheat bran," he continued, "is probably one of the most soothing substances in the vegetable kingdom . . . . Chronic constipation and diarrhea spring from the same root." And that pernicious root was lack of bulk.

Anticipating Dr. Denis Burkitt by 135 years, he asserted that even chronic disease could vanish when coarse foods were adopted. "Thousands," he claimed, "are living witnesses of the virtues of [real] bread." And he cited a critic of the 15th century as saying: "The eating of fine bread . . . is inimical to health and contrary to health and reason; and it was first invented to gratify wanton and luxurious persons."

Graham went further than just promoting bulk foods. He insisted that bread's taste and nutrition depended upon the soil the grain was raised on; soil properly composted with manure from healthy animals was obviously best. He often spoke of the land being debauched by greedy farmers.

Because of his insistence on natural things, Graham supposed that unleavened bread was probably superior. But he contented himself with urging people to eat wholesome bread, properly "proofed" with good yeast and eaten when a day old.

Health crusaders were unanimous in condemning fragrant, hot bread. (At the time, alcohol was thought to emerge from the loaf.) Fresh bread sliced badly and begged for chunks of butter, but critics were far more concerned that bolting hot breads and muffins would discourage chewing. The authoress Sarah Hale said, "Hot bread, lying undigested, prostrates the system." About hot dumplings, she added, "One might as well eat, with the hope of digesting . . . a brick from the ruins of Babylon." Of course, both she and Graham were adamant about the folly of lard pastries, rich cakes and puddings, confections and the essence of sin—hot mince pie. The latter was not just an orgy of lard crust, but contained enough whiskey, brandy and porter to fell a baby elephant!

Graham's book *Treatise on Bread*, which once sold briskly for four dollars a dozen, is now a rare book, worth hundreds of dollars and guarded in locked libraries. The book insists that bread-making was the province of the loving wife and mother—only the goddess of the hearth could suffuse her dough with the leaven of love. Bakers were only greedy scalawags, who adulterated their products with additives. (One William Alcott once refused to surrender a recipe for Graham bread to a baker and said he was morally unfit for the task.)

Of course, bakers were furious with Graham's (quite accurate) accusations about adulterated bread. They hooted at the notion that only good mothers could make good bread and that each home should have a grain mill and a fiddle (doubtless to produce a har-

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monious loaf). A few bakers tried a commercial whole-wheat loaf, but most took the easy way—white flour with some bran and molasses.

As Graham's lectures on health and physiology grew in fame, they triggered lively reform. A weekly entitled *The Graham Journal of Health and Longevity* joined the 85-odd popular health magazines that flourished from 1830 to 1890. Graham boarding houses sprang up and aroused praise from such reformers as Horace Greeley and William Lloyd Garrison. In the latter's newspaper, the *Liberator*, the abolitionist Garrison lauded Graham's system of dietetics and gave his books glowing praise. One article waxed lyrical about the joys of boarding-house living à la Graham: superb bread, boiled spuds, crunchy apples and fresh air, unfouled with tobacco fumes or stale whiskey. Roomers rose to bells and a brisk, cold shower after a serene night on a straw mattress.

The reforming zeal reached college campuses, where frugal students welcomed cheap food. Oberlin College embraced a glorious experiment in total Graham living. The rules were so strict that one professor was fired for bringing a pepper shaker to meals! Wearying of bleak porridge, stale bread and crust coffee, students finally petitioned successfully for relief. But staunch Graham supporters continued their brisk walks and workouts with Indian clubs and munched their way to glory.

In 1834 Graham published a whole book of case histories, pompously entitled *The Aesculapian Tablets of the Nineteenth Century*, in which grateful patients revealed how a vegetable diet had saved them from frightful maladies.

Graham supporters and fellow travelers were a motley lot. They embraced the Bloomer bunch, the Quakers and the Shakers, the phrenologists, the free-lovers and the water-cure and gymnasium folks. Graham's most famous disciple was, of course, Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, a consummate showman and leader of the Seventh-day Adventist Sanitarium. Indeed, the teachings of Graham underlie the whole Battle Creek movement. The first cold breakfast cereal, Granula, was simply Graham crackers, broken up and baked again.

But Graham's popularity waned as new stars took over the scene. He was old and exhausted at 50 from a lecture schedule that once went 70 days in a row without rest. Sometimes he finished his lectures on his knees—not from "theater," but from the pain. He retired to Northampton, Massachusetts, where he bombarded the local paper with solemn letters and worked feverishly on his masterwork, *Meat and Wine in the Bible*.

Clad in slippers and a shabby dressing gown, he would wander the streets and mutter about domestic plots. Toward the end, he begged his "man" to push him in a wheelbarrow to the local barber "professor," in a vain hope to restore his strength. It was for naught. He went to his Creator after a good bath in 1851 at the age of 57.

Was Graham a failure? He confided to a friend that someday people would tear down his house, stone by stone, and raise a monument. (Always the orator—his house was frame.)

A failure? J. H. Kellogg didn't think so. He himself died at 91 after decades of vigorous chewing, vegetables and cold showers. John D. Rockefeller didn't think so. He rebuilt his health on milk and Graham crackers, exercised daily and said good-by just a bit short of 98 years.

No, Sylvester Graham was no failure. His insights on hygiene, exercise and diet were wonderfully modern. He knew nothing of soluble or insoluble fiber. All he did was eat it—the Scottish oatmeal of his ancestors, the unbolted breads and crackers, the pumpkins, apples, beans and berries. He had no fancy labs with caged rats, computers or electron microscopes. He didn't know lignin from a lightning rod, but he figured out the fiber story all by himself.

Yes, he was vain, windy and eccentric. Sometimes he was gloriously wrong. But he had something special—Yankee horse sense. So the next time you fill your plate at the salad bar or reach for the whole-wheat pita, think about Dr. Graham. The next time you bake your family some real bread, give that fragrant dough a squeeze for Sylvester. (And go easy on the butter.)

We owe this Yankee minister a lot. Perhaps someone reading this article will even reach in his pocket and fulfill Graham's confident dream—a 100-foot monument to his memory.

But please: no giant graham cracker . . . .

Ethiopia

continued from page 64

the high-protein corn to feed the starving. This plan would urge the U.S. government to permit the same lucrative (tobacco) price-support income for high-lysine amaranth or triticale in addition to high-lysine corn. In addition, the U.S. government could itself save billions in health care by providing free, nicotine-containing gum or "quitters' cough drops" to help those addicted to the health-destroying habit of smoking.

For convenience we have dubbed the above "the Indiana Plan," because Indiana is important in lysine research. Dr. Richard Griffith of Indiana University, formerly of the Eli Lilly Company, has probably done more extensive work on the beneficial uses of lysine for humans than any other scientist in the country. Dr. Arthur Norins, head of the dermatology department at the Indiana University School of Medicine, has published on the use of lysine for treating herpes problems. Meanwhile, the Benjamin Franklin Literary & Medical Society has just received notice that its paper on the results of the lysine experiment with AKR-strain leukemia mice has been accepted for publication in the medical journal *Anticancer Research*.

The Benjamin Franklin Literary & Medical Society will sponsor a two-day lysine symposium with Indiana University and Purdue University in February. Anyone interested in attending should contact Frank Jones, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana.

If you would like to see copies of *The Saturday Evening Post* articles about lysine that have been published the past several years, you can order them along with the *Post*'s four-point plan for alleviating starvation in famine-stricken Africa.

To receive this material, please send a $3 contribution to the Society to cover costs. If you wish to help in a larger way, please contact the Rev. Joe Watkins, who is in charge of coordinating the high-lysine research. His address is 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202; telephone (317) 636-8881.

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KEMMONS WILSON'S "SECOND DREAM"

The man who brought us Holiday Inns has opened the doors to the largest time-sharing resort in the world.

by John McCollister

Kemmons Wilson represents the state of the art among American entrepreneurs. His name may be unfamiliar to most Americans, yet he deserves a standing ovation from anyone who has traveled cross-country on a family vacation.

In 1951, Wilson, a self-made, successful real-estate developer, set out on a driving vacation with his wife and their five children. But the joy of their annual escape from work and responsibility was tarnished that first night, when the Wilson family registered at a motel. "The room cost us $6 for a double bed, plus $2 extra for each child," moans Wilson. "That came to $16—a pretty steep price to pay for a room that had no genuine quality."

Wilson, however, was never a man who merely complained. Immediately after his return home, he began sketching plans for a different kind of motel—one that would guarantee travelers quality rooms where "kids sleep free." One year later, his own children cut the ribbon at the opening ceremony of the nation's first Holiday Inn. His idea caught on fast—a new Holiday Inn opens somewhere in the world every 72 hours.

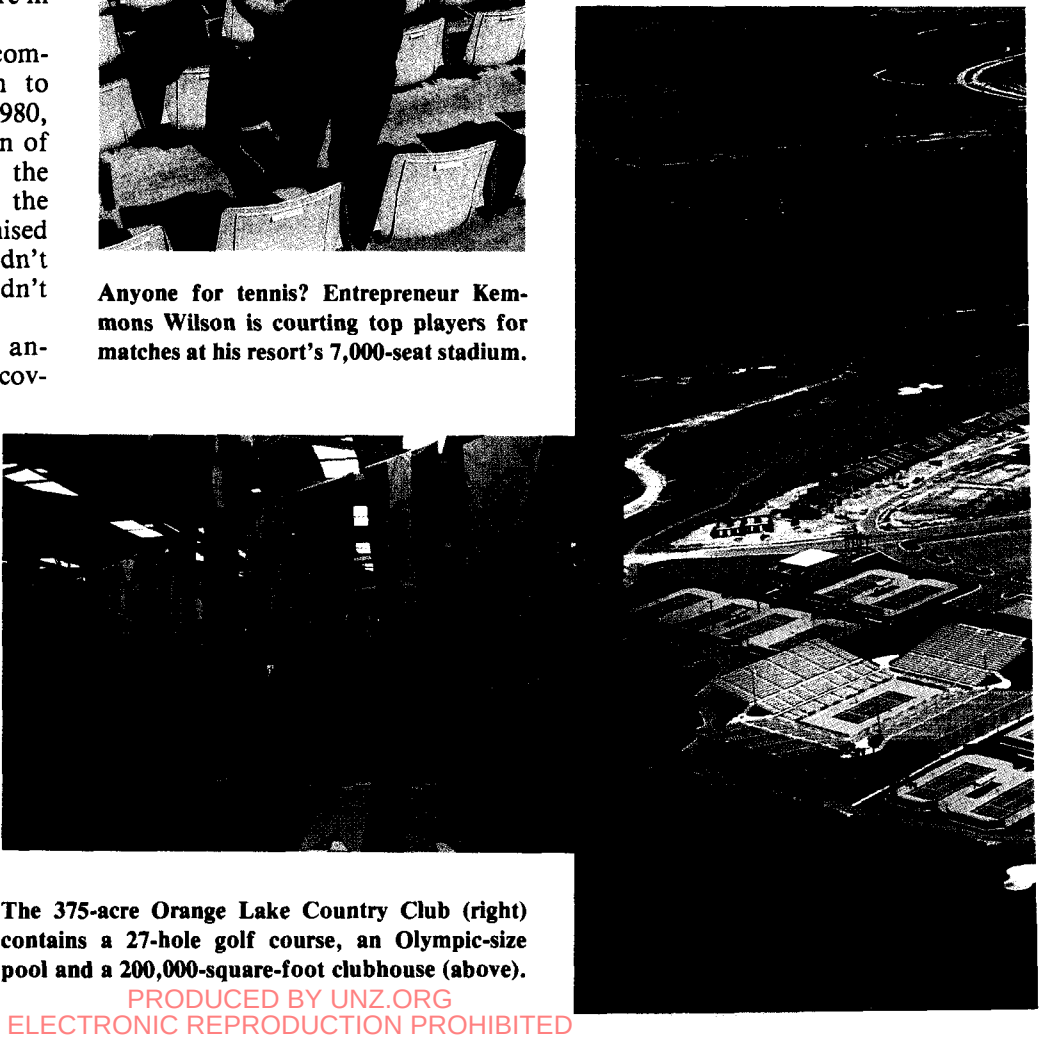
In 1979, a major heart attack compelled the strong-willed Wilson to reassess his work schedule. In 1980, he reluctantly retired as chairman of Holiday Inns, Inc. "That was the saddest day of my life," recalls the World War II pilot. "But I promised myself long ago that if I couldn't work at 100 percent capacity, I didn't want to work at all."

After Wilson's physician announced his patient's complete recovery, the "entrepreneur supreme" galvanized his gumption and set his sights on other dreams. The same man who helped change American vacation travel from a luxury to an acceptable norm directed his energies toward developing and perfecting a new concept in resort vacations called "time sharing."

Time sharing works this way: A family discovers its ideal vacation site somewhere in the United States. Unfortunately, because of inflationary rates on rental units, visits to those cherished hideaways are often limited to one every two or three years. Time sharing permits mom and dad to "purchase" living quarters at a desired location for a week or more every year for the rest of their lives. Once the contract is signed, they receive a deed, just as if they were buying the property outright.

The initial investment for these dwellings will range from about $3,000 to $10,000 for each week of guaranteed availability and depends upon the location and the time of year the facility is needed. This figure

Anyone for tennis? Entrepreneur Kemmons Wilson is courting top players for matches at his resort's 7,000-seat stadium.



The 375-acre Orange Lake Country Club (right) contains a 27-hole golf course, an Olympic-size pool and a 200,000-square-foot clubhouse (above).

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may seem expensive until one considers that a week's lodging over a ten-year period at most resorts would cost at least that much without any inflation.

Nearly every Tuesday morning, Kemmons Wilson flies from his home in Memphis, Tennessee, to a small city in central Florida. By noon he's ready to jump into a golf cart and show a visitor his newest project, Orange Lake Country Club—the world's largest time-sharing resort—in Kissimmee. Just minutes away from Walt Disney World and Epcot Center, the $100 million, 375-acre resort caters to budget-minded families who wish to bathe in luxury for one or two weeks each year. That luxury begins as soon as you enter the hotel lobby, where a waterfall pours from behind the registration desk onto the deck of the spacious atrium.

The $100 million experiment in resort time sharing was built to Wilson's own specifications, right down to the room design and that Florida essential—the swimming pool.

Orange Lake Country Club includes a 27-hole championship golf course, 15 tennis courts (including a 7,000-seat stadium), an Olympic-size swimming pool, an 80-acre lake with white-sand beaches, spas, saunas, a miniature-golf course, a children's playground, shopping arcades, a marina, two driving ranges and the world's largest clubhouse—an $8 million, modernistic structure with 168 guest rooms.

Guest rooms are built around the atrium. All have one-way windows that face either the atrium, the golf course or the lake and provide privacy and an outdoors-indoors feeling.

The golf course, designed by Joe Lee, is not for the duffer; it would challenge players on the pro circuit. The first hole on one of the three nine-hole courses, for example, requires a 150-yard carry over water.

Each of the 168 efficiency units and the 200 two-bedroom, two-bath villas (400 more under construction) comes equipped with everything from king-size beds to a complete kitchen including microwave oven. "All you have to bring is your family, your clothes and a toothbrush," says Wilson. "It's your home away from home."

Wilson is quick to credit his wife, Dorothy (a former American "Mother of the Year"), for the sparkling décor. "She oversees the interior design for the country club. All rooms are equipped with identical furnishings, right down to the silverware. That way, one owner can't boast that he has a better-looking unit than his neighbor."

Kemmons and Dorothy Wilson have shared many successful projects during their 43 years of marriage, but more than any other, the Orange Lake Country Club contains their

Well-stocked in the tennis line, Orange Lake boasts 15 all-weather courts in addition to the spacious one-court stadium.

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personal signatures. "That chili we serve in the snack bar is Dorothy's own recipe," says Wilson with unmistakable pride, "and it's just the best doggone chili in the South."

As they can in most time-sharing concepts, a family can "trade" their unit for one or more weeks with someone who owns a similar facility at another location in the United States or elsewhere around the world. "That's why the Orlando area is an excellent location for a time-sharing project," says Wilson in his Tennessee drawl. "Our buyers know they won't have any difficulty swapping with others, because so many people want to visit Walt Disney World."

"It's not your typical time-sharing resort," says Wilfred Hagen, the Netherlands-born general manager of the facility. At what other similar resort, for instance, would the likes of Billie Jean King, Rod Laver and Virginia Wade help dedicate the tennis stadium with exhibition matches on center court? Which one would host the U.S. versus Canada Olympic boxing match?

Many shady operators once converted cheap apartments into second-rate projects and used high-pressure tactics to sell them. "There's no question that a lot of people were into it for a fast buck," said Wilson, "but I think most of the bad apples have been shaken out of the tree."

No family need purchase a time-sharing package to enjoy the comforts of Orange Lake Country Club. Rooms or villas may be rented on a daily basis, as with any other hotel.

Why would Wilson, a man who has earned enough money to maintain a luxurious lifestyle for the rest of his life, undertake such new projects? He answers that question himself: "Retirement isn't for me. I need to create jobs for myself. I like to work half a day. I don't care if it's the first 12 hours or the second 12 hours. I just put in my half day every day. It keeps you out of trouble."

His staff agrees. George Glover, the president of the Wilson Hotel Management Company, says: "I'm 35 years old; he's more than twice my age, yet his pace wears me out."

Kemmons Wilson calls Orange Lake Country Club his "second dream," but on Fridays, as he leaves for Memphis, he has a faraway look in his eyes that leaves the impression this is certainly not his last. ✖

Reflections

continued from page 61

Their son Kiflom, too weak for the strenuous journey, died a few days after they had left home. They walked for six days to reach the food-distribution site. Severe starvation had so depleted their bodies that a normally insignificant illness would probably be fatal.

Tefera, another son, contracted malaria, and he, too, died. Muhammad's wife explained that because she had not eaten for many days, she could not produce breast milk to feed their baby, who was only a few months old. He, too, was starving. The pain caused by the mother's and father's hunger was not nearly as severe as their anguish at having to watch their children starve.

When Muhammad and his family had finally reached Addis Ababa, they were picked up and brought to the receiving station. They would stay in the camp for a few days and await relocation to another region of the country less affected by the drought. Their only possessions were a few hides they slept on, blankets and the clothes they were wearing. While at the camp their only shelter was a tent provided by the Red Cross from which they shared with another family.

Those who made it to the camp were the strong ones. Others were dying in the hills, too weak to travel. Seeing children and babies starving and near death was to me the saddest part of this tragedy. Small children who would normally be energetic and full of life lay still, unable to move because of their weakness. The very young as well as the very old are most likely to die.

On Sunday morning, as I was preparing to leave Ethiopia, a stillness lay over the normally bustling city of Addis Ababa. I could hear the chanting of the priest at an ancient Coptic (Christian) church. I was reminded of John Donne's poem:

"No man is an island. . .any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind; and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

We are indeed intricately related to one another. The pain of Ethiopian brothers and sisters is my pain as well.

—Peter Michael

The Bishop's Beggar

continued from page 72

even more, perhaps, was Luigi's shameless and undisguised self-interest in the whole affair.

"Ah, your lordship, we've waited a long time for this," he said, "but it's come at last. And everyone knows that a great man like Cardinal Malaverni doesn't come to a place like Remo for nothing. So all we have to do is to play our cards well, and then, when we move on, as we doubtless shall—well, I, for one, won't be sorry."

"Move on?" said the bishop, astonished.

The beggar yawned.

"But how else?" he said. "I have been the bishop's beggar. When your lordship is made a cardinal I will be the cardinal's beggar. The post will entail new responsibilities, no doubt, but I have confidence in my abilities. Perhaps I shall even employ an assistant for my actual begging—after all, it is often drafty on the steps of the cathedral."

The bishop turned and left him without a word. Yet what Luigi had said caused trouble and disquiet in his heart, for he knew that Luigi often had news of things to come before even the count of Remo had an inkling of them.

At last the great day of the cardinal's visit came.

Like all such days, it passed as a dream passes, with heat and ceremony and worry about small things. The Latin verses of welcome were unexpectedly well read; on the other hand, the choristers were nervous and did not sing their best. Two gentlemen of the cardinal's suite had to be lodged over the stables, much to the bishop's distress, and the crayfish for dinner had been served without sauce.

The bishop hoped that all had gone well, but he did not know. As he sat, at last, alone with his old friend in his study that overlooked the garden, he felt at once wrought up and drowsy.

This should be the real pleasure of the day, to sit with his old friend in the cool of the evening and renew contact with the great world. But the bishop was used to country hours by now and the feast had broken up late. He should be listening to the cardinal with the greatest attention, and yet those accursed crayfish kept coming into his mind.

"Well, Gianfrancesco," said the

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cardinal, sipping delicately at his wine, "you have given your old tutor a most charming welcome. Your wine, your people, your guests—it reminds me somehow of one of those fine Virgilian eclogues we used to parse together. *'Tityre, tu patulae recubans——'* "

"The choir," said the bishop—"the choir usually is——"

"Why, they sang very well!" said the cardinal. "And what good, honest, plain-spoken priests you have in your charge!" He shook his head sadly. "I fear that we do not always get their like in Rome. And yet, each man to his task."

"They have a hard charge in these hills," said the bishop wearily. "It was a great honor for them to see Your Eminence."

"Oh, honor!" said the cardinal. "To see an old man with the gout—yes, I have the gout these days, Gianfrancesco—I fear we both are not so young as we were." He leaned forward and regarded the bishop attentively. "You, too, have altered, my

continued on following page

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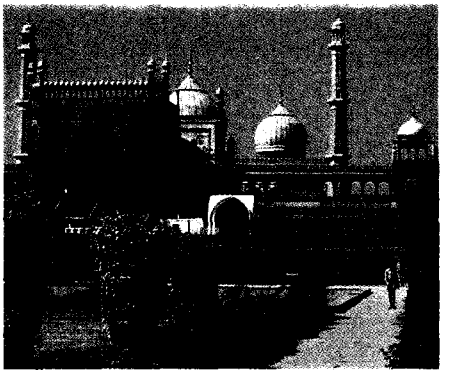
Where in the World?

Several of this issue's entrants may leave you more up in the air than usual.



A

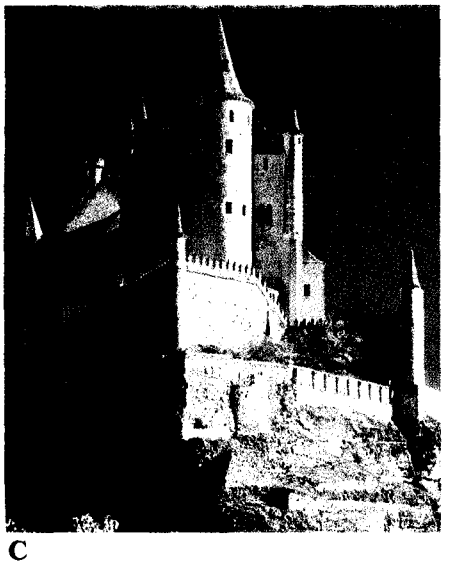
- ☐ *Istanbul*
- ☐ *Delhi*
- ☐ *Teheran*

Any similarities between this Red Fort and the Taj Mahal are purely intentional—the same man, Shah Jahan, built both. He ruled his empire from the famed Peacock Throne he installed here. Centuries later, his country's independence was re-proclaimed on this site. Each summer *son et lumiere* shows recount the spot's history.

B

- ☐ *Greece*
- ☐ *Italy*
- ☐ *Ireland*

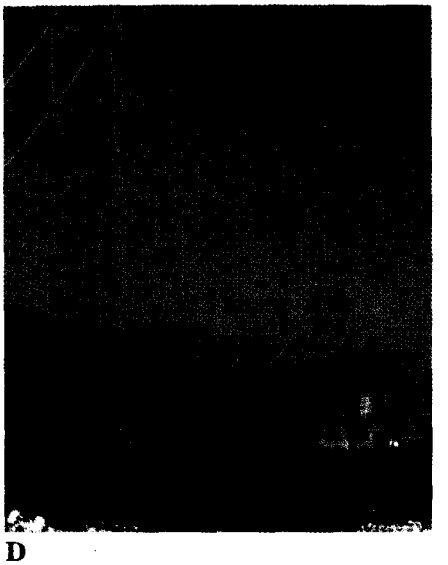
Been thinking about getting away from it all? Here's one 14th-century monk's solution to the problem. Athanasius took to the hills to find a place where he could pray for men's souls "undisturbed by their presence" (DeJongh, *Companion Guide to Mainland Greece*). Once there were 13 monasteries in the area; 5 remain.



C

- ☐ *Portugal*
- ☐ *Andorra*
- ☐ *Spain*

Monarchs have had exciting times at the Alcazar, including Isabella's proclamation as queen and her later facing down of a mob. Less well documented is Alfonso's narrow escape from a lightning bolt after thinking a heretical thought. Not to be confused with our own Alcatraz, the Alcazar has held its share of prisoners.



D

- ☐ *San Francisco*
- ☐ *Mackinac*
- ☐ *Staten Island*

Speaking of Alcatraz, this close companion was the longest span bridge in the world (1937-1964) during much of the time that the nearby island prison held inmates. No longer longest, it is still the most beautiful bridge in the world for many.

(Answers on page 107)

old friend," he said softly.

"Your Eminence means that I have rusticated," said the bishop a trifle bitterly. "Well, it is true."

"Oh, not rusticated," said the cardinal, with a charming gesture. "Not at all. But there has been a change—a perceptible one—from the Gianfrancesco I knew." He took a walnut and began to crack it. "That Gianfrancesco was a charming and able young man," he said. "Yet I doubt if he would have made the count of his city do penance in his shirt, for his sins, before the doors of his cathedral."

"I can explain about that," said the bishop hurriedly. "The shirt was a silk one and the weather by no means inclement. Moreover, the count's new tax would have ruined my poor. It is true we have not always seen eye to eye since then, yet I think he respects me more than he did before."

"That is just what I said to your brother, Piero," said the cardinal comfortably. "I said, 'You are wrong to be perturbed about this, Piero; it will have a good effect.' Yes, even as regards the beggar."

"My beggar?" said the bishop, and sighed.

"Oh, you know how small things get about," said the cardinal. "Some small thing is seized upon; it even travels to Rome. The bishop's beggar—the beggars' bishop—the bishop who humbles his soul to protect the poor."

"But it was not like that at all," said the bishop. "I——"

The cardinal waved him aside. "Do not hide your good works beneath a bushel, Gianfrancesco," he said. "The Church herself has need of them. These are troubled times we live in. The French king may march any day. There is heresy and dissension abroad. You have no idea what difficult days may lie ahead." He watched the bishop intently. "Our Holy Father leans much upon my unworthy shoulder," he said, "and our Holy Father is beginning to age."

"That is sore news for us all," said the bishop.

"Sore indeed," said the cardinal. "And yet, one must face realities. Should our Holy Father die, it will be necessary for those of us who truly love the Church to stand together—more especially in the college of cardinals." He paused and with a silver

continued on following page

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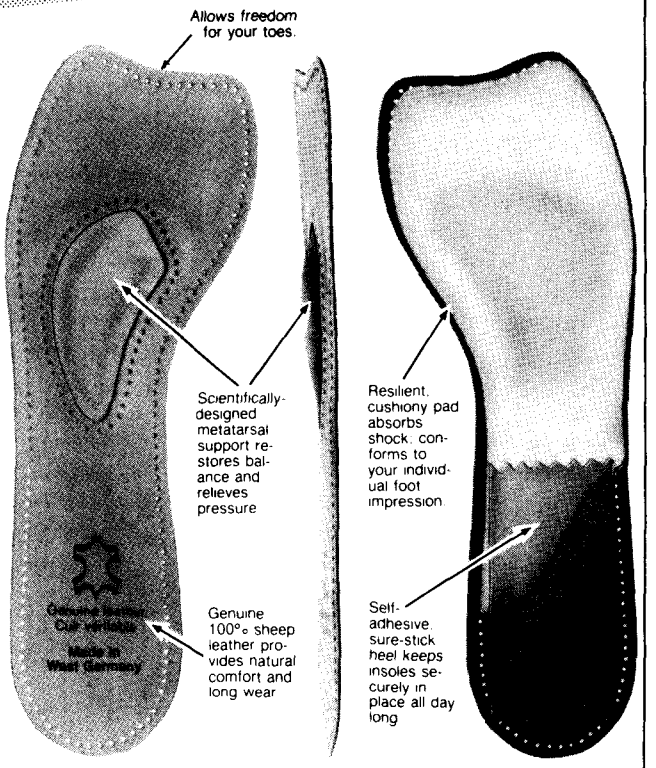
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nutpick extracted the last meat from the walnut. "I believe that our Holy Father is disposed to reward your own labors with the see of Albano," he said.

"The see of Albano?" said the bishop as if in a dream, for, as all men knew, Albano was an old and famous diocese outside the walls of Rome and he who was bishop of Albano wore a cardinal's hat.

"It might have a most excellent effect," said the cardinal. "I myself think it might. We have clever and able men who are sons of the Church. Indeed. And yet, just at this moment, with both the French and the German parties so active—well, there is perhaps need for another sort of man—at least as regards the people." He smiled delightfully. "You would be very close to me as cardinal-bishop of Albano—very close to us all," he said. "I should lean upon you, Gianfrancesco."

"There is nought that would please me more!" cried the bishop, like a boy. He thought for a moment of the power and the glory, of the great, crowded streets of Rome and the Church that humbles kings. "I would have to leave Remo?" he said.

"Well, yes, naturally, it would mean your having to leave Remo," said the cardinal. "Your new duties would demand it."

"That would be hard," said the bishop. "I would have to leave Luigi and all my people." He thought of them suddenly—the lame, the halt, the oppressed.

"Your people, perhaps," said the cardinal, "but certainly not Luigi. He should come with you by all means, as a living example."

"Oh, no, no, that would never do," said the bishop. "Your Eminence does not understand. Luigi is difficult enough as a bishop's beggar. As a cardinal's beggar, he would be overweening. You have no idea how overweening he would be."

The cardinal regarded him with a puzzled stare.

"Am I dreaming, Gianfrancesco?" he said. "Or are you declining the see of Albano and a cardinal's hat for no more reason than that you are attached to a beggar?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" cried the bishop, in an agony. "I am not in the least attached to him—he is my cross and my thorn. But you see, it would be so bad for him if I were to be made a cardinal. I tremble to think what would happen to his soul. And then there are all his companions—Giuseppe, the Hook, is dead, but there is still blind Marta, and Benito, the hunchback, and the new ones. No, I must stay in Remo."

The cardinal smiled—a smile of exasperation. "I think you have forgotten something, Gianfrancesco," he said. "I think you have forgotten that obedience is the first law of the Church."

"I am five times obedient," said the bishop. "Let our Holy Father do with me as he wills. Let him send me as a missionary to savages; let him strip me of my bishopric and set me to work in the hills. I shall be content. But while I have been given Remo, I have work to do in Remo. I did not expect it to be so when I first came here," he said in a low voice, "and yet, somehow, I find that it is so."

The cardinal said nothing at all for a long time.

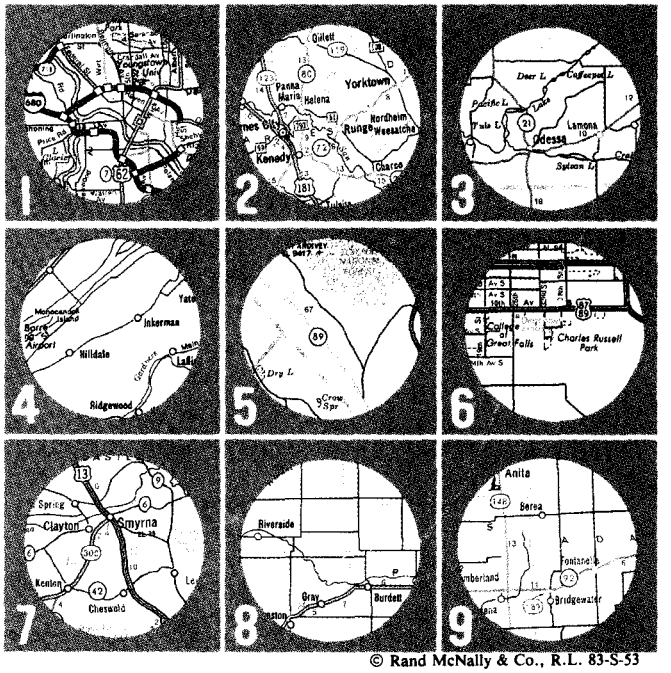
Then at last he rose, and, pressing the bishop's hand, he retired to his own quarters. The bishop hoped that he was comfortable in them, though it occurred to him, in the uneasy sleep before dawn, that the chimney smoked.

Next morning the cardinal departed on his journey toward Rome without speaking of these matters further. The bishop felt sorry to see him go, and yet relieved. He had been very glad to see his old friend again—he told himself that. Yet from the moment of the cardinal's arrival there had been an unfamiliar grayness upon his spirit, and now that grayness was gone. Nevertheless, he knew that he must face Luigi—and that thought was hard for him.

Yet it went well enough, on the whole.

The bishop explained to him, as one explains to a child, that it did not seem as if God had intended him to be a cardinal, only bishop of Remo, and with that Luigi had to be content. He grumbled about it frequently and remarked that if he had known all this in the first place, he might never have accepted the position of bishop's beggar. But he was not any more overweening than before, and with that the bishop had to be satisfied.

Then came the war with the French, and that was hard upon the bishop. He did not like wars, he did not like the thought of his people being killed. Yet, when the count of Remo fled with most of his soldiery, and the mayor locked himself in his house and stayed there, shaking, there was no one to take over the rule of the town but the bishop. The very beggars in the streets cried out for him; he could not escape the task.



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Where do you think you are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single city, state or province. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify these locations? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't), add the requirement that you place the area, north, south, east, west or central in the designated locale.

(Answers on page 107)

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He took it with a heavy heart, under the mocking eyes of Luigi. With Luigi in his cart, he inspected the walls and defenses.

"Well, your lordship has a very pretty problem," said Luigi. "Half a dozen good cannon shot and the city will be taken by storm."

"I thought so, I feared so," said the bishop, sighing. "And yet my people are my people."

"Your lordship might easily compromise with the enemy," said Luigi. "They are angry with the count, it is true—they thought they had him bought over. Yet it would mean but two score hangings or so, and a tribute, properly assessed."

"I cannot permit my flock to be harried and persecuted," said the bishop.

"Well, if your lordship must die, I will die with your lordship," said Luigi. "Meanwhile, we might set the townsfolk to work on the walls—at least it will give them something to do. And yet, there may be another way."

So it was done and the bishop worked day and night, enheartening and encouraging his people. For once, all Remo was one, and the spirit and will that burned within it were the bishop's. Yet it seemed no time at all before the French sat down before Remo.

They sent a trumpet and a flag to demand the surrender of the city. The bishop received the young officer who came with the trumpet—a dark-faced man he was, with a humorous twist to his mouth. The bishop even took him on a tour of the walls, which seemed to surprise him a little.

"You are well defended," said the Frenchman politely.

"Oh, no, we are very ill-defended," said the bishop. "My good children have been trying to strengthen the wall with sandbags, but, as you perceive, it is rotten and needs rebuilding. Moreover, the count was badly cheated on his powder. I must speak to him of it sometime, for hardly a gun we have is fit to fire."

The Frenchman's astonishment grew. "I do not wish to doubt your lordship's word," he said, "but if those things are so, how does your lordship propose to defend Remo?"

"By the will of God," said the bishop very simply. "I do not wish

continued on following page

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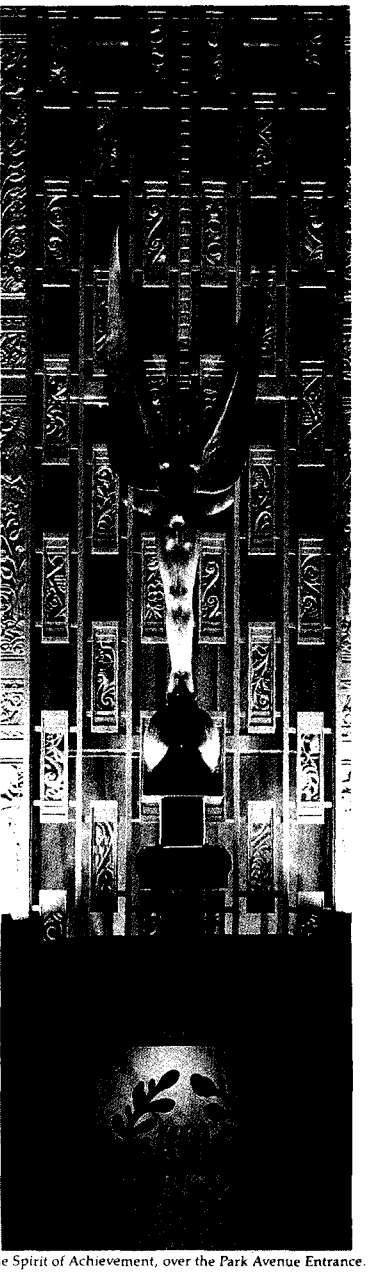

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my poor people killed; neither do I wish them oppressed. If needs must, I shall die in their stead, but they shall go scatheless. Ere you hang one man of Remo, I shall take the noose from around his neck and put it around my own."

"Your lordship makes things very difficult," said the Frenchman thoughtfully. "My king has no desire to attack the Church—and, indeed, the walls of Remo seem stronger than your lordship reckons."

Then he was conscious of a plucking at his sleeve. It was Luigi, the beggar, in his little cart, who, by signs and grimaces, seemed to wish the Frenchman to follow him.

"What is it, Luigi?" said the bishop wearily. "Ah, yes, you wish to show our friend the room where we store the powder. Very well. Then he may see how little we have."

When the Frenchman rejoined the bishop, he was wiping sweat from his forehead and his face was white. The bishop pressed him to stay for a glass of wine, but he said he must return to his camp, and departed, muttering something incoherent about it being indeed the will of God that defended Remo.

When he had gone, the bishop looked severely upon Luigi. "Luigi," he said sternly, "I fear you have been up to some of your tricks."

"How your lordship mistakes me," said the beggar. "It is true I showed him three of my fellow beggars—and they did not seem to him in the best of health. But I did not say they had plague; I let him draw his own conclusions. It took me four days to school them in their parts, but that I did not tell him either."

"That was hardly honest, Luigi," said the bishop. "We know there is no plague in the town."

"We know also that our walls are rotten," said Luigi, "but the French will not believe that, either. Men of war are extremely suspicious—it is their weakness. We shall wait and see."

They waited and saw, for that night a council of war was held in the French camp and the officer who had come with the trumpet reported (a) that Remo was held in great force and strongly defended; (b) that its bishop was resolved to die in the breach; and (c) that there was plague in the city. Taking all these factors into account, the French wisely decided, after some 48 hours' delay, to strike camp and fall back on their main army—which they did just in time to take part in the historic defeat of the whole French invasion a week later. This defeat sealed for all time the heroic defense of Remo; for, had the part of the French army occupied before Remo rejoined their main body before, the historic defeat might have been as historic a victory for the French. As it was, all Italy rang with the name of the bishop of Remo.

But of all this the bishop knew nothing, for his beggar, Luigi, was dying.

As the French moved away they had loosed off a few cannon shot, more in irritation than for any real military purpose. However, one of the cannon shot, heedlessly aimed, struck the steps of the cathedral, and you may still see the scars. It also struck the cart wherein Luigi lay, directing his beggars at one task of defense or another. When the bishop first heard that his beggar was hurt, he went to him at once. But there was little that man could do but wait, and the waiting was long. It was not until seven weeks later that Luigi passed from this earth. He endured, indeed, till the messengers came from Rome.

After they had talked with the bishop, the bishop went alone to his cathedral and prayed. Then he went to see Luigi.

"Well?" said the dying man eagerly, staring at him with limpid eyes.

"His Holiness has been graciously pleased to make of me the first archbishop of Remo, placing under my staff, as well, the dioceses of Ugri and Soneto," said the bishop slowly. "But I have the news from Cardinal Malaverni, and I may remain here till I die." He stared at Luigi. "I do not understand," he said.

"It is well done. You have stood by the poor in their poverty and the wretched in their hour of trial," said Luigi, and for once there was no trace of

continued on following page

You be the Judge

by John Ritter

Elmer, a young philosophy student, was arrested in his house for possession of marijuana.

"I'm not guilty of any crime," said Elmer. "I use marijuana only for religious purposes."

The policemen were unsympathetic. "Tell it to the judge," they said as they clamped on the handcuffs.

In court Elmer told the judge: "I am a member of the Neo-American Church. Our members believe that marijuana and peyote are the incarnation of God. In our religious ritual we beat drums, shake rattles and smoke prayer cigarettes. It would violate my constitutional right to freedom of religion if I couldn't possess marijuana." If you were the judge would Elmer go free?

Thou shalt not smoke marijuana, ruled the judge.

"The First Amendment protects freedom of religion," said the judge. "This means a person may believe whatever he wants, no matter how fantastic, illogical or unreasonable.

"But he may not commit acts that are illegal. If this were the law, we would have to allow men to commit bigamy and women to burn themselves at funerals in the name of religious belief."

(Based on a 1975 North Carolina Supreme Court decision)

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"Vitamin Side Effects Revealed"

An Interview with Frank K. Wood, President, F C & A

(Atlanta, GA) —

FC&A, a nearby Peachtree City, GA, company announced today the release of a new $5.99 book, ***"Vitamin Side Effects Revealed".***

It reveals surprising side effects and other secrets about vitamins. . .facts that aren't generally known by the public. Read on through this interview with FC&A President, Frank K. Wood.

Question: Can vitamins cause side effects like drugs do?

Answer: Yes, two vitamins can actually be harmful in high doses. Other vitamins can sometimes cause diarrhea, dizziness, sleepiness, depression, upset stomach, cramps, high blood pressure, fear, ringing sounds or poor heart function.

Even so, the good effects of vitamins outweigh the bad effects. But you must know what vitamins you need and how much to take. That's why you need my new book.

Question: What other vitamin secrets are revealed in this new book?

Answer:

- How you can get vitamins for free.
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- Two minerals that help protect against cancer.
- A vitamin that helps protect against schizophrenia.
- Two minerals and a vitamin that can combat osteoporosis, which causes the collapse of the backbone in older women.
- Two minerals that can help lower high blood pressure.
- A mineral that helps regulate blood sugar levels.
- A vitamin that helps heal wounds or surgical incisions.
- A vitamin that helps increase fertility.
- A vitamin that protects against sunburn.
- A vitamin that helps fight viruses.
- A vitamin that helps prevent kidney stones.
- A mineral complex that may slow down aging.
- An amino acid that combats cold sores and Herpes infections.
- A vitamin that helps increase circulation in the legs.
- A vitamin that helps alcoholics control their drinking.
- A vitamin that helps control premenstrual tension and fights depression.

Question: What else is in the book?

Answer: Complete descriptions of every vitamin. What each does for you . . . How much you need to take . . . What foods contain different vitamins . . . How prescription drugs, alcohol, and smoking can destroy certain vitamins . . . How particular vitamins can fight many diseases . . . How much of each vitamin you can safely take . . . How long your body stores each vitamin . . . Deficiency symptoms for each vitamin.

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mockery in his voice.

"I do not understand. I do not understand at all," said the bishop again. "And yet I think you deserve recompense rather than I, Luigi."

"No," said Luigi, "that I do not."

The bishop passed his hand across his brow. "I am not a fool," he said. "It was well done, to humble my spirit. And yet, why did you do so, Luigi?"

"Why, that was my great sin," said Luigi. "I have confessed many vain and imaginary sins, but never the real one till now." He paused, as if the words hurt him. "When your lordship's coach rolled over my legs, I was very bitter," he said. "A poor man has little. To lose that little—to lose the air on the hills and the springing step, to lie like a log forever because a bishop's coachman was careless—that made me very bitter. I had rather your lordship had driven over me again than taken me back to your palace and treated me with kindness. I hated your lordship for your indifferent kindness—I hated you for everything."

"Did you so, Luigi?" said the bishop.

"Yes," said Luigi. "And I could see that your lordship hated me—or, if not hated, loathed, like a crippled dog that one must be kind to without liking. So I set myself out to tease and torment your lordship—at first by being your beggar, then in other ways. I could not believe there would not come a moment when your lordship would turn upon me and drive me forth."

He paused a moment and wiped his mouth with a cloth.

"Yes, I could not believe that at all," he said. "But you were not to be broken, Gianfrancesco, my brother. The evil I showed you daily was like a knife in your heart and a burden on your back, but you bore the knife and the burden. I took delight in showing you how ill things went in your city—how, below the fair surface, there was misery and pain. And had you once turned aside from that misery and pain, I would have been satisfied, for then, bishop or no bishop, you would have lost your soul. Was that evil of me, Gianfrancesco?"

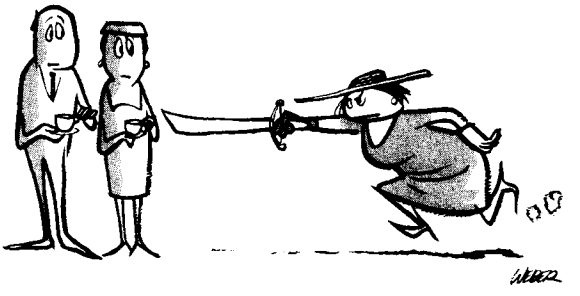
"Very evil in intent," said the bishop steadily, "for, while it is permitted to be tempted, it is evil to tempt. And yet proceed."

"Well," said Luigi, with a sudden and childlike stare, "it did not work. The more I tried to make you a bad man, the better man you became. You would not do what was ill; you would not depart from your poor, once you had known them—not even for a red hat or a count's favor. You would not do ill at all. So now we have defended Remo, the two of us, and I am dying." He stirred uneasily in his bed. "It is just as well," he said, with a trace of his old mockery. "I told my uncle I would live to be a cardinal's beggar, but I am not sure that I would have liked it. I have been the bishop's beggar so long. And yet, from the first I have loved you also, Gianfrancesco. Will you give me your blessing now, on me and my work—the blessing you denied me once?"

The bishop's face was wrung. Yet he lifted his hand and absolved and blessed Luigi. He blessed Luigi and his work in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. When that had been done, a smile appeared on Luigi's face.

"A very fine blessing," he said. "I must tell that to the Hook when I see him; he will be envious. I wonder is it drafty on the steps of heaven? A very fine blessing, your lordship. . .ten . . .scudi. . .for. . .Luigi." And with that his jaw dropped and it was over. But the bishop knelt beside the bed with streaming eyes.

And all that, to be sure, was a long time ago. But they still tell the story in Remo when they show the bishop's tomb. He lies upon it, fairly carven in marble. But carved all around the tomb are a multitude of beggars, lame, halt and misshapen, yet all praising God. And there are words in Latin which say, "It is not enough to have knowledge—these also are my sheep." Of the tomb of Luigi, the beggar—that no man knows. They say it was beside the bishop's but, in one war or another, it was destroyed and there is no trace of it now. Yet Luigi was an arrogant spirit; perhaps he would have liked that best.



The Perfect Squelch

Mrs. Grumblethorne was not so much a conversationalist as she was a combatant. Ever ready to stir up things, she could thoughtlessly inject controversy into a discussion of sweet peas. Gabby and fast-talking, she had no sooner started one discussion than she was busy fomenting another.

Her victim at one tea party was a soft-spoken young visitor from the South. Mrs. Grumblethorne had, inevitably, traveled through the South. It had, she conveyed, been almost more than she could endure: Intense heat, swarming insects, ill-cooked food, unkempt people. Looking past the Southern girl to the others, she rattled on: "And, my dears, their ridiculous manner of speaking. Those slow, drawling voices——"

"At least," the Southern visitor broke in softly, "it gives us time to think before we speak."

—Mrs. Gerald A. Hall

Gretzky

continued from page 67

ers is his total devotion and concentration during a game. He's playing the game while he's on the bench."

Gretzky's father, a Teletype repairman and former minor-league hockey player himself, provided some early inspiration for Wayne, though he points out he never pushed him toward hockey. "I told him not to count on a hockey career because he wasn't that big. The Philadelphia Flyers were the big team at that time, and they were all big and rough."

Nonetheless, Walter Gretzky would ice down the back yard so Wayne could have a place to skate, and he strung up lights so his son could practice there on cold winter evenings. The Gretzky back yard became an intensified training ground for Wayne, who swirled between tin cans and pylons, jumped over sticks and shot at con-

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inually shrinking targets. He leveloped his skills to such a degree hat he was able to play against older ompetition in local leagues—and isually play better than anyone else.

Gretzky was playing for a team alled the Sault Sainte Marie Greyounds when he signed a lucrative rofessional contract, at the age of 7, with the Indianapolis Racers. After playing eight games for Inlianapolis, he was sent to Edmonton or money badly needed by the finanially troubled Racers. Edmonton, a right, young boom town predicated or the most part on oil, turned out to e just the right place for Gretzky's ooming career. Before long, he beame the city's greatest natural reource. "I never considered New York or Los Angeles," said Gretzky. 'This is a serious hockey town with great fans."

Gretzky's first season in Edmonton was outstanding, but it was only a hint of things to come. By the time Gretzky was rewriting the NHL record book and helping his team win a league championship, he was also setting new standards in financial areas for hockey players. A lucrative contract he had signed when he first joined the Oilers was eventually retooled to roughly $21 million for 20 years. As the Edmonton owner, Peter Pocklington, explained, "I felt that he had earned a lot more than the original contract put out. Therefore I gave him what I thought he was worth." The new contract included Gretzky's own shopping center, to be added in 1988.

As it turned out, his hockey salary became only part of his income. Off the ice, Gretzky has become a one-man conglomerate with the help of Mike Barnett, who parlayed the player's unrivaled stature into a long list of endorsements and licensing deals that link his name to life insurance, sheets, pillowcases, a camera, chocolate bars, a video game, a Gretzky doll, wallpaper and a Gretzky clock on a Gretzky mirror. The money Gretzky makes from such deals is estimated at $650,000 to $2 million annually.

All this fame and fortune hasn't turned his head, his associates, friends and teammates say. One of five children who grew up in the Anglican Church, Gretzky stresses family in his life and goes home whenever he can. He has also found a second home with the family of his girl friend, Vickie Moss. Miss Moss is Wayne's constant companion, sometimes with one of her sisters or brothers, at late-night meals after home games.

Along with a Michael Jackson record, a prerequisite for Gretzky at these late-night gatherings is privacy. It's something he doesn't usually get. At other times, he eats up the public attention.

"I'm not a private person," says Gretzky, described by close friends as a "toucher." "I like the attention."

Along with his many trophies as the league's MVP, he has also been the recipient of the Lady Byng Trophy for gentlemanly conduct on the ice. Temper flare-ups are rare for him and fights nonexistent, particularly because he has an on-the-ice bodyguard—Dave Semenko, Oilers' left-winger. "I get criticized for not fighting my own battles," he says, "but I can't do my job from the penalty box."

In Canada, where home-grown heroes are not as plentiful as in the United States, Gretzky would seem to fulfill a crying need.

"If I'm the first," he says with some modesty, "I hope I'm not the last." ✖

Beach

continued from page 40

rising in triumph, "IS IT NOT TRUE THAT AS THINGS ARE, FLORIDA IS NOTHING BUT A VERY LARGE ALLIGATOR FARM *with beaches*?" The volleyballists grow red with rage. They hold a war council, nudging and punching each other, and then advance menacingly toward the author.

The dream bursts. The author's wife is standing by the living-room sofa saying something that ends with ". . .thought you were going to watch the kids the baby got the chain saw."

"Sorry."

"Well, anyway, let me show you." His wife leaves the room with her packages and comes back a few minutes later dressed sparsely in green nylon. The author is numbed with horror. It is a rather nice bikini, and it is a rather nice wife. But the combination means that August, gritty and peeling, and glistening with oil and cherry soda, is going to come again. The author weaves to the icebox for a beer, and then goes outside to stand in a snowbank. ✖

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Space Business

continued from page 49

stepping stones. Such stations would allow our four planned shuttle vehicles to do the work of eight. In fact, a study by General Dynamics for NASA predicts that up to 90 percent of the material used in space structures can be obtained by mining the moon.

The first permanent step into space, the first "outpost" on the way to the stars, is the space station being developed by NASA and private contractors. The station, designed to provide places for living and working on short, long and permanent projects, will be the first location for space manufacturing and experimental laboratories. Later it will be the supply base for lunar construction. The station will be maintained in orbit and permanently habitable as shuttle flights bring workers and supplies. The unique feature of the station is its policy of operation. It is to be an international project, to allow America's allies access to the benefits of working in space.

Look at the federal budget—we can't afford that! But the federal government won't be doing very much of it alone. More and more Americans are investing in space and creating new companies to take up the challenge and adventure of the High Frontier.

President Reagan has announced the policy of the federal government —to encourage and assist private investment in space. Last October, the President signed a bill that gives the U.S. Department of Transportation power to license private companies for commercial space development. The basic means of transportation used by these companies will be private rockets nicknamed ELVs (expendable launch vehicles). ELVs are the short-term key to space. Such private companies as Space Services are ready to provide launch services with them right now, so other private companies can launch ELVs loaded with their experimental payloads and satellites.

Satellites—aren't there enough to get all the weather reports now? Several weather satellites are in orbit over specific areas of the earth, but more are needed. Space businesses can use satellites in many other ways. For example, Chrysler Corporation is experimenting with a system that uses signals from satellites to display a video map with your car's exact location anywhere in the United States. Other satellites would provide voice communications for your car's cellular telephone.

Besides using communications satellites to relay your long-distance calls and radio messages, you may be getting your private TV signal from space in the near future. New companies are lined up at the government's doors to obtain licenses for private TV satellites to beam directly to your set. Two experimental satellites have already demonstrated that this direct TV broadcast works.

Scientists are using other satellites to take a much closer look at and under the surface of Earth. Remote-sensing satellites are looking in various ways at land surfaces and searching for signs of minerals, checking the health of growing crops and forest lands and watching for changes in the

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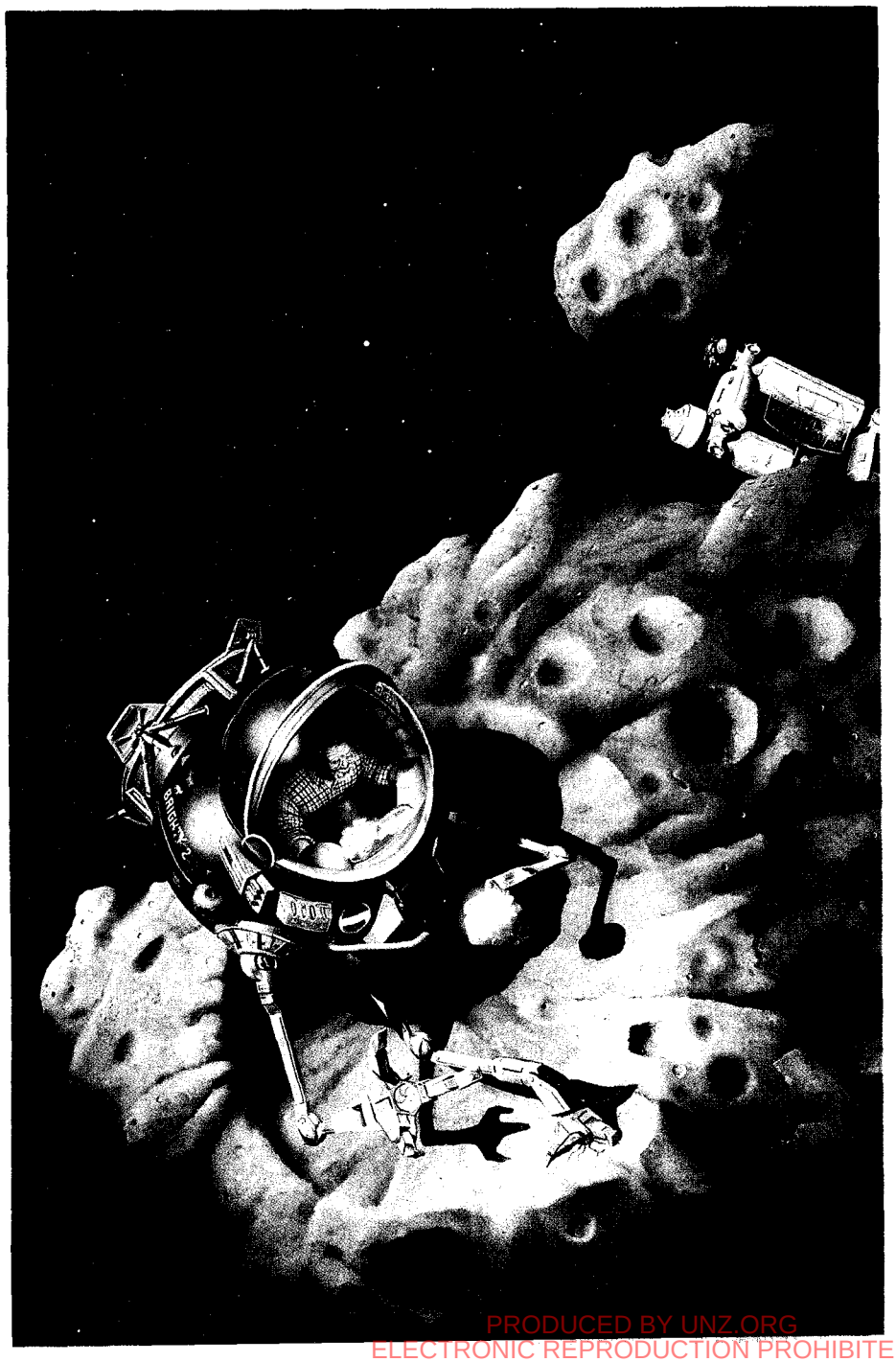

The spirit of the '49ers lives on in space. Independent American companies in the year 2000, with the blessing of federal agencies, will be using high technology to mine the asteroids for rare metals.

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MARCH ON THE 700 CLUB'S LIFECARE DIGEST

March 7
Strokes
You've heard about strokes. What they are. And maybe what brings them on. Now learn their relationship to hypertension and how to prevent strokes for you and your family.

March 14
Multiple Sclerosis
Slow. Insidious. And devastating. Causing attacks of paralysis, weakness, loss of excretory control and visual problems. MS strikes many in the prime of life. But now there's evidence that diet may be crucially important in prevention and control of this disease.

March 21
Asthma
For a large group of people, drawing a breath is not a simple matter. What's more, things get worse when rooms are filled with cigarette smoke from co-workers, friends and neighbors.

March 28
Hypothyroidism (Myxedema)
Are you always in the doldrums? Slow? Lethargic? Absolutely unable to lose excess weight? You may be missing something. Thyroxine. A hormone you never think about.

The 700 Club

TV JOURNALISM WITH A DIFFERENT SPIRIT

Check your local listing for time and station

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chemistry of rivers and lakes. Ocean-remote-sensing satellites are sending back data on water temperature, marine life and currents, as well as information on ocean-floor minerals and shifts in Earth's crust. With this information businesses can plan and evaluate crop production and water management.

The data and photos sent back by remote-sensing satellites are also passed along by the United States to developing countries. These countries cannot afford to enter space on their own, so America is sharing the benefits of space with its neighbors to help them make the maximum use of Earth's resources.

Solar-energy satellites now in the planning stages will be arrayed in space to beam solar energy back from the continuous sunlight of space. This solar energy, if developed in large quantities, could be very inexpensive. The strain on Earth's limited energy sources would be relieved, and poor nations could then obtain energy for their growth without damaging the environment.

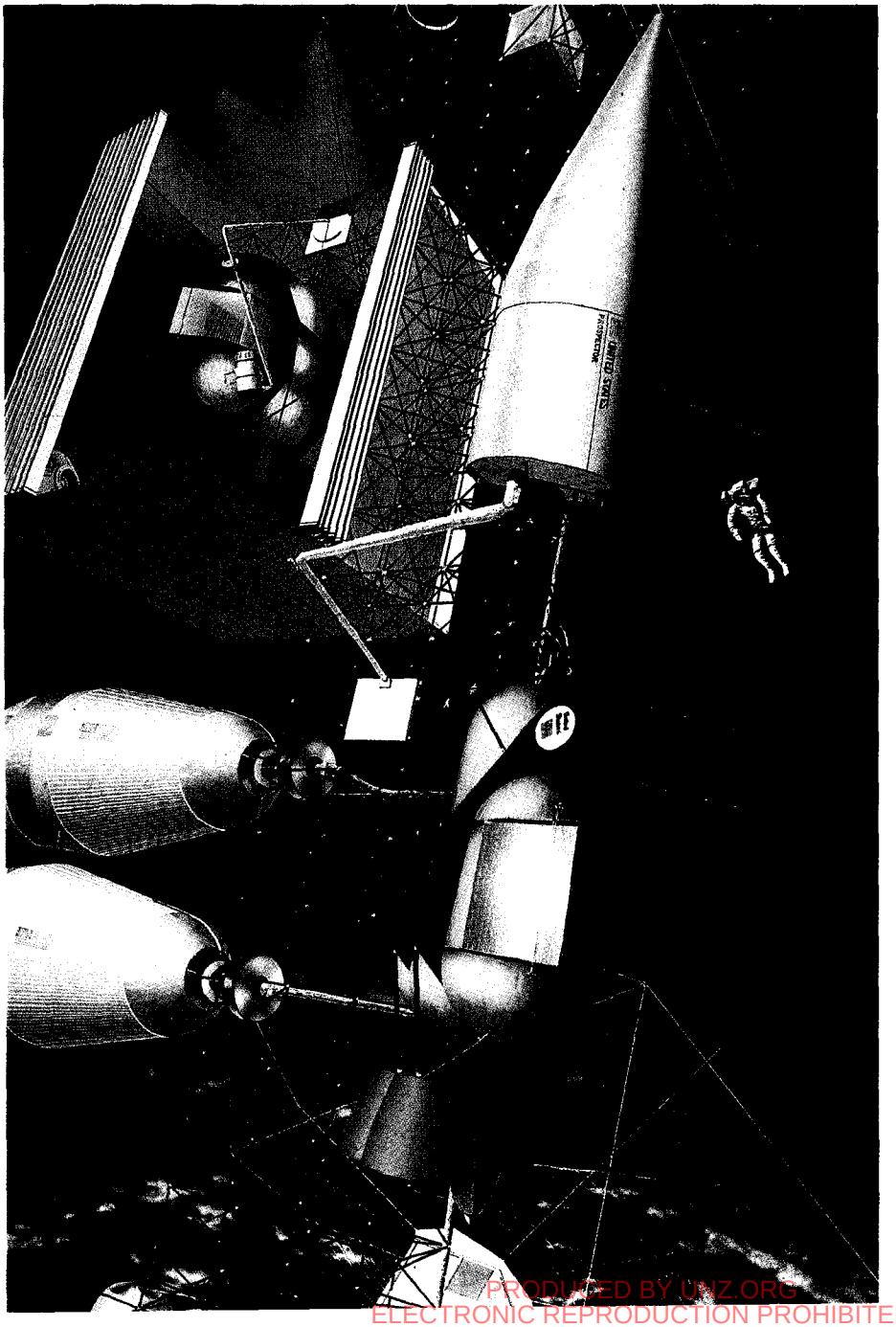
Free-enterprise companies other than high-technology businesses are also entering space now. Lamar Savings and Loan Association of Austin, Texas, has applied for permission to open a branch office on the moon. Because of the long planning time and the estimated 18-month period needed to get government-agency approvals for the branch office, Lamar was barely on time to qualify for the grand opening of Cayley Crater Lunar Base. Lamar Lunar will process commercial and personal transactions for the lunar-oxygen miners, space-shipping companies, space-station construction workers and general space traffic.

Private commercial activities in space industries—communications. Many new jobs are being created to space industries, communications. Many new jobs are being created to assist the growth of space industry, and more are being created by American industries using the discoveries made in the space programs. Common household ceramic cookware, high-impact plastics, special metal alloys for machinery—all these products have already come from our earlier steps into space.

The Soviet Union has estimated the economic impact of "extraterrestrial industry" and space manufacturing to be $50 billion as early as 1990. To encourage this expansion of the Soviet economic frontier, the Soviets are developing a launch vehicle capable of carrying from 200 to 400 tons into space—10 to 20 times the payload of the space shuttle. The Soviets are planning a "Kosmograd" space base for the late 1980s. The base will have several hundred inhabitants and will lead to a Soviet lunar base; the government is already training 300 of its brightest children in Moscow at a special school for space colonists.

Public and private, big and small, East and West—people are preparing to do business in space. Just as our forefathers followed the sun and the winds in search of a better life, so we and our children are following the sun's rays back toward their source and beyond.

The first steps have already been taken from the Earth's surface. The scouts have been sent out and have come back with their reports. Next come the outposts, the space stations and the first lunar bases to develop fuel resources, the stockpile for travelers. And not really very far from us today—the routine trip.



Liquid oxygen processed from rocks mined on the moon's surface and stored at this orbital filling station is used to fuel commercial spacecraft.

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WHERE IN THE WORLD?

(Answers from page 94)

A. The Red Fort in Old Delhi, India, was built by Shah Jehan of the Mogul Dynasty, which ruled India from 1526 to 1857.

B. The monasteries of Meteora in northern Greece provided refuge for the religious during the last days of the Byzantine Empire, in the 14th and 15th centuries.

C. The Alcazar of Segovia, Spain, was rebuilt after a fire in the 19th century.

D. Golden Gate Bridge guards the entrance to San Francisco Bay.

(The Jan./Feb. 1985 "Where in the World" misidentified El Capitan in Texas as Ship Rock in New Mexico.)

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

(Answers from page 96)

1. Youngstown, Ohio
2. Texas
3. Washington
4. Wilkes-Barre, PA
5. Nevada
6. Great Falls, Montana
7. Delaware
8. Kansas
9. Iowa

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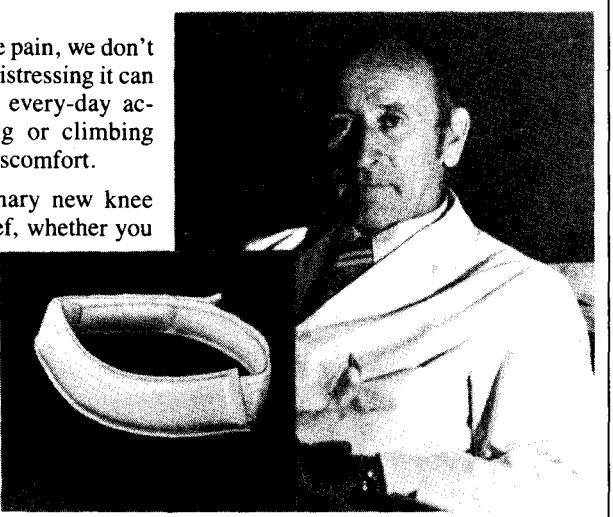
Do You Have A Sore Knee?

Free Yourself From Crippling Pain



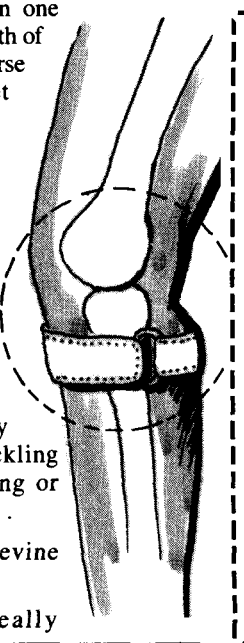
If you suffer from knee pain, we don't have to tell you how distressing it can be. Even the simplest, every-day activities such as walking or climbing stairs can cause severe discomfort.

But now a revolutionary new knee strap offers genuine relief, whether you need it for sports or for ordinary, daily use. Designed by orthopedic surgeon Dr. Jack Levine, Director of the Department of Orthopedic Surgery, Brookdale Hospital, Brooklyn, N.Y., it has been discussed in leading medical journals. More importantly, thousands of people have actually tried it and liked it—The strap relieves pain and lets you move freely again.

Who needs the Levine Knee Strap?

If you knee hurts when you climb stairs...

If you have pain in your knee when sitting in one position for any length of time—and even worse pain when you get up...



If you have pain when playing tennis, when jogging, when engaging in any form of physical exercise—and even more pain after exercise...

If you occasionally feel your knee buckling when you're walking or running or dancing...

You need the Levine Knee Strap.

This method really works, even where ordinary elastic supports and traditional treatments have failed. The strap fits comfortably below the knee—weighs only one ounce—and will not be visible under your clothing. We guarantee you'll be thoroughly pleased—or return it for full refund of purchase price, except shipping charges of course.

Mail handy coupon

National Response Group
Dept. KS-49, 1346 39th St.,
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218

Please, kindly rush _____ Doctor's Knee Strap for just $14.95 plus $1.00 shipping and handling on full satisfaction guaranteed.

SAVE! Send two Knee Straps for just $28.00 on same guarantee.
Charge my order ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa
Card # _____
Exp. date _____
Enclosed is $ _____
N.Y. residents add sales tax.

PRINT NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

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Pat Robertson

continued from page 56

there, Robertson bought a dilapidated UHF station and eventually got it on the air—launching the first phase of a story that led to the multifaceted outreach of CBN.

The Scope of CBN

Today the Christian Broadcasting Network is the umbrella for the following components:

—A cable network that is the second or third (depending on when one counts) largest satellite-to-cable service in America, more than 30 million households being wired in. That translates into a potential audience of 70 million.

—A daily, 90-minute news-magazine program, "The 700 Club," that is carried on more than 190 television stations in this country and abroad, as well as on the cable network.

—A fully accredited graduate university offering degree programs in five schools plus an institute of journalism.

—Three owned-and-operated television stations in Dallas, Boston, and the Virginia Tidewater, plus a radio station in Tidewater.

—A major television station situated in southern Lebanon and serving the nations of the Middle East.

—Specially adapted programing currently broadcast in 60 countries, including mainland China.

—Telephone-counseling centers in 60 American and 25 foreign cities.

—The Freedom Council, with grass-roots involvement around the country, designed to help protect religious liberty.

A Surprise to All

Who could have envisioned such growth at the time of CBN's first broadcast on October 1, 1961, over a one-kilowatt UHF station housed in a run-down garage in Portsmouth, Virginia? Not Pat Robertson. "I never dreamed we would do anything like this," he said with a smile.

The dramatic expansion caused one media observer to calculate that CBN, with the cable network alone, reaches more people every week than *Time, Newsweek,* the *Washington Post,* the *New York Times,* the *Los Angeles Times* and the *Chicago*

continued on page 108

An Agenda for Public Action

The *Post* wanted to know where Pat Robertson stands on the important social, economic and political matters facing the United States at home and abroad. The following is a survey of his views on diverse matters:

Individual Freedom as a Basis for Political Values

A movement is taking place in America both to God and to individual freedom. Gone are the "good old days," if they were good days, of laissez-faire capitalism. Gone are the days of the robber barons of the 1890s. Gone are the days when men could do what they wanted with their property at the expense of other people.

In our future, workers will participate with owners in businesses; Douglas Fraser's appointment to the board of directors of Chrysler was not an insignificant precedent.

In our future, women are not going back to traditional roles. Although I think it would be better for the future generations if we had mothers at home with their children, in the next 10 or 20 years we will see many more women in the work force.

In our future we must include women in our highest councils. We must include black people, Hispanics, Chinese, American Indians and all other minorities in our midst. Gone are the days when exclusive clubs could determine how the world was going to be run and let the "masses" take it. Not only individual freedom from government, but also the freedom to participate in all elements of society, will continue to grow.

An example close to home: The South did not help itself by maintaining black people in a subservient state. If you have millions of people living in your midst, everyone is far better off to have educated and productive wage earners who become customers and increase economic activity in the whole region.

There will be a world-wide trei toward higher wages, more produ tivity and more prosperity for ever body because of increasing indivi ual freedom and participation.

Economic Threats to Free Enterpri

One tenet of American politic philosophy in which we all believe the free market. Market forces a very important economically, ar we cannot ignore the fact that tl market is not always kind, bi sometimes cruel. The world ec nomic market is going to demand penalty for the profligacy of tl Federal Reserve Board and the ma jor international banking organiza tions of Western countries. The have loaned billions of dollars c their depositors' money to Thir World nations unable and unwillin to pay loans back. A $700 billio debt hangs over Third World na tions, and it is going to have to b managed responsibly.

Closer to home, we are mountin enormous deficits in the Unite States government. Since 1940, ou population has grown about 70 per cent, and government expenditure have grown about 4,600 percent obviously things are out of balance Peter Grace, in the Grace Commis sion Report, says we can probabl save $430 billion immediately anc up to $2 trillion in the next ten year if we put certain savings in place Even defense specialists acknowl edge that we could probably save $60 billion a year in procurement. The government is just out of hand, and it's running up these incredible deficits.

Lord Rothschild called compound interest the eighth wonder of the world. We are a victim of the eighth wonder, for the amount of national debt, world-wide, is about $15 trillion. Not enough money is available to pay off the debt in the foreseeable future, and many governments cannot afford even the in-

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erest on their debt. Inflation is no olution, because the people who ıuy bonds are going to demand an nterest rate of return including a ɔremium over inflation. Low inflaion provides the best opportunity o stabilize world debts.

Third World nations borrow and nust repay debt denominated in dollars, but they have to pay them ɔff in pesos, cruzeiros or whatever. Γo meet their debt burden, these ɔountries are dumping large quantiies of their commodities—oil, copɔer, wool, sugar—on the world narket. As a result, the world prices ɔf many commodities are going down drastically. Copper is selling for a good deal less than it costs to produce it. Corn is selling for less than it costs to produce it. The world price of wheat is below its production cost. Obviously many farmers are in trouble; the price of land, even American farmland, is declining. We're in a long-run trend of declining profitability, and those who have these incredible debts are going to be in an awful bind. The only way out of it is some form of restructuring of debts. Banks and international fiscal organizations must bear some of the penalty. Certainly, the cost of rescuing the world debt should not be borne solely by the taxpayers of America.

The United States government is the greatest of all debtors. Something clearly must be done. To preserve our economic enterprise and our individual freedom, we need to take a meat ax to the federal budget. It should be cut significantly. Although we hear talk about "Reagan cuts," President Reagan hasn't cut the budget. He has only reduced the rate of budget increase in the past four years. The federal budget is so enormous, mere mortals cannot even conceive of it.

You know there is waste beyond measure. Peter Grace told me that if we wrote a check to everybody in America who was under the poverty line and sent it to him every month in an amount adequate to bring his income above the poverty line, the cost to the federal government would be a tenth of what it now spends on poverty programs. Now what does that mean? It means 90 percent of the poverty-program money is currently going to the bureaucrats and 10 percent is getting to the recipients.

A strong defense is absolutely essential, but our government does not need to purchase $700 stepladders and $25 screws. We must break this mentality of spending—not because any American is heartless, but because all Americans want to be efficient. Peter Grace has shown us how to have business management brought into the federal government to help it run like a business with a cost-benefit justification for what it does.

Beyond eliminating waste, we need a new philosophy of government to address our fundamental budget imbalances. There are clearly things the government should not do. The government should not spend our taxpayers' money to educate our children contrary to the beliefs we hold dear and cherish. That's wrong. The federal government should not fund programs that are anathema to the citizens. That is wrong. Two billion dollars worth of consultants running around in Washington right now is more than we need. That is wrong. There must be budget cuts and there must be a renewed commitment to the philosophy articulated very well by President John Kennedy, who said, "Ask not what your country can do for you, but ask what you can do for your country."

The government cannot support everybody's need. All Americans are constitutionally entitled to the right to the pursuit of happiness. But we are not entitled to government-guaranteed happiness. The whole role of government in the life of the individual must be curtailed if we're going to maintain and increase our freedom and liberty. America is a great and a compassionate society; we obviously must look after the poor, the needy, the truly destitute, those who are suffering and hurting. But it has to be an intelligent use of funds guided by the maxim of the apostle Paul: If any man will not work, let him not eat. That's what the Bible says. And that's the way it ought to be.

The Need for a Fair Tax Structure

The United States should adopt a new tax structure. Many businesses and people of means spend their time trying to figure out tax shelters. It is unbelievable how much creative energy is spent across this nation on nonproductive projects attempting to beat taxes legally. Furthermore, the United States is said to have an approximately $280 billion underground economy in which people are avoiding taxes illegally. I believe we should develop something like a flat personal-income-tax system in which the government does not use taxes to accomplish social purposes. Taxes should be used to raise revenue—end of story. The multiplicity of loopholes and gimmicks included every time Congress passes a new tax bill leads the tax code to be called the "the lawyers' and accountants' relief act," because thousands of these professionals are needed to interpret the code and to advise an appropriate action. Our tax code is unbelievable; nobody understands it anymore. It is too complicated and it should be simplified drastically.

One great problem in our current tax law is a bias toward borrowing money. There are many tax advantages to the borrower and very few to the man who follows the biblical injunction to stay out of debt. If we are going to provide benefits through the tax code, then the premium should be for those who can stay out of debt instead of those who can get into debt. Instead, the

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Pat Robertson

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Tribune combined.

A man who has accomplished so much is predictably very busy. We asked about his daily schedule. The answer came quickly.

Pat's Schedule

"I get up somewhere between 5:00 and 6:00 and spend an hour or so studying the Bible and praying. Then, I work on the format for my morning show and study the material I have to be dealing with. After that, I try to get out and run a mile or two. Then I may have some letters or memos to write. About 9:00 or 9:15, we go in for make-up and review of the clips. We have news pieces and all the items of the day that we'll be doing on the show.

We do the show live at 10 o'clock. After 11:30, from time to time I have foreign programs for which I do some insert pieces. At 12 noon, we have a prayer meeting for the entire staff. Sometimes on Fridays, I lead the whole thing for 600 or 700 people; otherwise I'm just a participant. At 12:30, I usually have a working lunch —today it involved a new salary-compensation system about which I've been concerned. Yesterday, it was to plan with architects and builders for a new conference center. I get away from here sometimes by 7:00 at night, sometimes 6:30, once in a while by 6:00. But, there are many times when my night work goes home with me," he said.

Although work alone might keep him in boxing trim, Pat Robertson takes no chances. Besides his usual morning run and a game of tennis whenever time permits it, he says he has changed to a low-fat diet that includes mostly chicken and fish, grains, fruits and vegetables.

Supposedly, behind every successful man there is a woman. In rare cases the woman isn't behind him, she's right alongside. To hear this successful man tell about the woman who struggled with him when the going was tough, there is no doubt that theirs is a side-by-side relationship. Also a graduate of Yale, with a master's degree in nursing, Dede Robertson was appointed by the secretary of state as the U.S. delegate to the Woman's Organization of the Organization of American States. She has many talents. She lectures. She writes. And, more than anything else—says her husband—"She is a housewife."

And the Four Children

"The youngest is now 21, the oldest is 30. He is a group vice presi dent of CBN, in charge of our cabl network. A daughter lives in Dallas Texas. Our third child is a lawyer i Norfolk, having just passed his ba exam. And our baby, who just grad uated from college, is planning to ge

Agenda continued

tax law, through allowable deductions, fosters both individual and corporate debt. No reason or necessity exists to do so. If we cut out all the loopholes, Congress could set up a flat tax rate, much as is being discussed currently. A flat tax would free the creative energies of our people for increased economic productivity instead of tax avoidance.

A Solid Social Security System

One of the trends we are clearly experiencing is the graying of America. I am a grandfather now; this is the time one begins to think of those wonderful years ahead. But many people will have limited financial means available in their future.

When Social Security started out, it was supposed to be a supplement to private pension plans. Initially, about 70 workers supported every retiree. Now about 3 workers support every retiree. By approximately the year 2010, 2 workers will support every retiree. Before long, these young workers burdened by extraordinarily high Social Security taxes are going to say, "Hey, grandpa, it's been fun, but no more."

It used to be willingly believed by many Americans that a trust fund was set up for Social Security payments. There is no trust fund. The money paid in annually for Social Security goes directly into the payment of old-age benefits and Medicare payments for the elderly. There is no actuarial reality whatsoever to Social Security. To fund the current program properly would take 6½ to 7 trillion dollars. This unfunded liability is five times the current national debt and is the greatest hidden debt in America. It is also a ticking time bomb. Recently, Congress has raised the Social Secur taxes, incorporated more workers the system (now including congre sional employees) and raised th minimum salary to about $35,00 Increases are anticipated annually.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if w took all that money that goes int Social Security and invested it pr perly with insurance companie banks, private business and privat enterprise? In a ten-year perio these private pension funds coul invest between 2½ and 3 trillio dollars into the building of fac tories, new equipment, research an development and so forth. This in vestment would be the biggest ecc nomic shot in the arm this countr could have, an incredible oppor tunity to rebuild America. Peopl would know that when they retire they would have something. A pri vate pension plan could provide tha a person investing the equivalent o currently envisioned Social Securit payments beginning when he was 3 years old and earning about $20,00 annually would retire with half a million dollars or more that woul belong to him only. It would be his money.

In contrast, we do not have any money with Social Security; we have no guarantee whatsoever that when the time comes to retire, we will receive adequate income. This problem will increase as more and more people, especially from the aging of the baby boom, retire. Without drastically increased taxes, the Treasury will not have enough money to pay them the promised retirement benefits millions of individuals are expecting. But we must face this problem; hard decisions must be made, and paying a little more to establish an actuarially

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narried at the end of summer. So, hey're all grown up."

In addition to his wife and family, his many fruitful endeavors, his numerous honors, citations and awards, what so far in his career has given Pat Robertson the most satisfaction?

"We have something now called Operation Blessing. Last year we fed, clothed, housed and assisted probably between 4 and 5 million poor people in the United States and 5 million more overseas.

Of all the things that bring satisfaction, the most satisfying is to help people who have needs materially and to help those who have needs spiritually. To see the joy in their faces and to know their gratitude has to top the list!" ★

ound system is one decision that vould make a tremendous start.

Federal Courts and Judicial Policy

We must see a new policy of the udiciary and the federal court ystem of America. Thomas Jefferon said that if in matters of the Constitution the Supreme Court vere the sole arbiter of what is contitutional, then we would be placed nder the tyranny of an unexpected oligarchy. And precisely that has happened. In one of the more "liberal" law schools, the concept is aught that social change cannot be brought about through the political process, but it can be brought about by a small minority working through he courts. These schools teach that iberal judges frame issues in their way, select their jurisdiction and begin a body of law that would ultimately change our society without the changes ever being approved by the voters. And that is what has been done. For example, federal judges in Boston said, in essence: We are going to take over the school system, and we are going to tell the city council it must appropriate funds to send buses into certain parts of the city, and if not, we will hold the elected officials in contempt of court. Now, these federal judges are not accountable to the voters.

Three judges on the U.S. Supreme Court are moving along in years. Perhaps one of the most profound changes that Ronald Reagan could make in his second term would be to place an imprimatur on the U.S. Supreme Court that would last well past the year 2000. Replacing retiring justices is probably the greatest opportunity to refocus judicial policy in our lifetime. A new judicial policy could change the court's abortion policy. It could reverse the incredible interpretation of the establishment-of-religion clause in our Constitution. Also in need of change are decisions on school prayer, forced busing, criminal jurisdiction, the exclusionary rule and others. These decisions could be reversed with just the appointment of a couple more judges. President Reagan will have that privilege, I believe, in the next four years. But we must insist on men and women of good will and judicial character who are traditional in their values and who believe in the historic interpretation of the Constitution.

New Morality in Education

We are going to see a new morality in education. You cannot educate children in a moral vacuum. There is no way that you can teach without teaching some system of moral values. If you do not teach the Judeo-Christian or some other religiously based morality in schools, you will ultimately teach humanism or atheism. There is no alternative. The humanists have not only declared that they are going to triumph over the rotting corpse of Christianity, but that humanist teachers will become activists in proclaiming their values in the classroom. We cannot allow that to happen. The time has come when Americans need to become much more involved in schools, in school boards and in the decisions of the boards or councils of education in each state.

It is absolutely imperative for the future of our nation that young men and young women be trained in the principles of the whole Bible, in the principles that undergird our freedoms as a nation, in the historic continuity of our country and in the fundamental values that have made this nation great. If we fail to do that, the next several generations will face a bleak future.

A Bright Future

I believe that the next few years will be the most exciting period this nation has ever known. Unbelievable opportunities lie before us. In some instances, opportunity may come because of the crumbling of old institutions: the socialist systems, the humanist educational schemes, the jerry-built international banking systems, to name a few. There will be some pain and suffering, but the opportunity to build a new solid foundation is before us. Nobody has any conception of what a wonderful place this nation, this world can be if we take the opportunity that is ours.

I recall the Chinese fable about a young man who came to see a philosopher and said, "Old man, you're a teacher. You are supposed to be so wise. You know everything." Then he said, "I have a bird in my hand." He held it up and asked, "Tell me, old man, is this bird alive or dead?"—much as you might look at our country in pessimistic moods and say, "Is this nation alive or dead?" The teacher looked at the young man for a moment or two. He realized that the youth had in his hand a live bird, but need only squeeze his hand and the bird would be dead. So he answered, "Young man, as thou wilt, as thou wilt."

For those of us in a position of leadership, the answer is, "As we will." With God's help, we can see the next 4, 8 or 12 years to be absolutely incredible opportunities for our society and our world. ★

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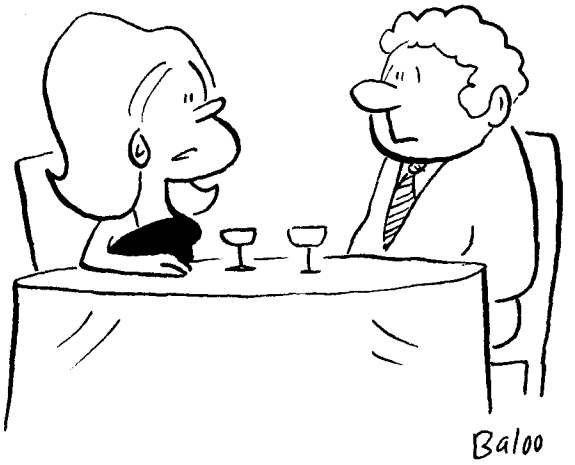
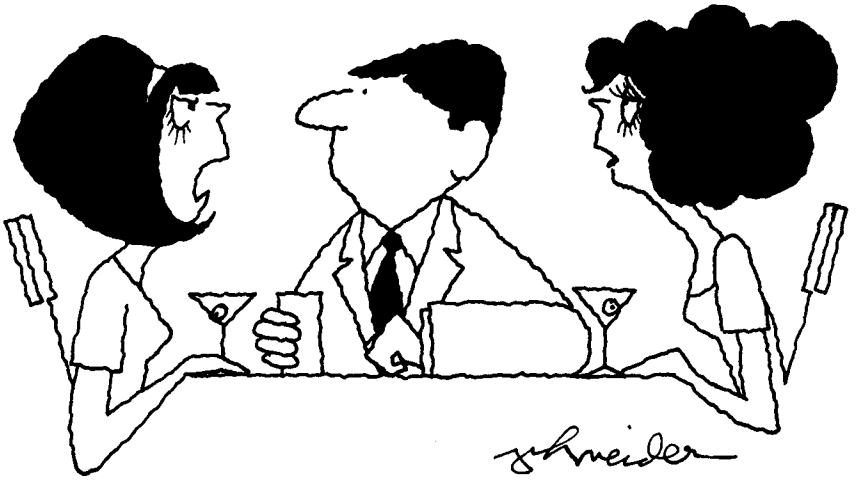
ODD COUPLES



"I'd better be getting home now, Herbert—my interest rate is dropping."

"Your wife says you never take her anywhere."

"...and do you, single white male professional, seeking companion for travel, theater, sports and dining, take this single white female who desires emotionally and financially secure interdependent relationship, as your lawfully wedded wife?"



"Well, it's not my idea of a double date!"

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Why men and women over 40 often miss the best sex of their entire lives.

BY SAUL H. ROSENTHAL, M.D.

The years between 40 and 65 can be years of sexual frustration and failure and withdrawal from sex. Or they can be the start of sexual activity that is frequent and sensitive and especially loving–and that can be enjoyed until the end of one's life.

After 40, expect some changes in your sexual reactions.

Man or woman, you may be slower to achieve readiness for sex. Your climaxes may change. So may the tempo of your love-making and the frequency of your desire.

These changes are normal. But if you misinterpret them and worry that your sexual life is tapering off – you could begin to withdraw from sex altogether.

That would be an awful shame.

No need to give up on sex – ever.

Sex over 50, 60, 70 and beyond – good sex – is a real option for almost all people. And it can be the most rewarding sex of all.

That's what prompted me to begin work on a newsletter, SEX OVER FORTY, and to circulate a sample first issue to eminent people in both medicine and therapy.

Their reaction was enthusiastic.

Sexual help like this is not available anywhere else.

The words SEX OVER FORTY will not appear on any envelope that we send you.

You can read it at home, without hurry or embarrassment. You can read it over and over until you understand fully. No more hunting in bookshops for snippets of information that can worry you further. No more "what did he say?" after a tense, quick visit to the doctor.

SEX OVER FORTY often describes ways of making love (ideal for people over 40) that many are embarrassed to say they want to try. You and your partner can read about them, separately, then discuss them together with more comfort.

Dr. Rosenthal (with co-editor Barbara B. Mauldin) in his consulting room.

SEX OVER FORTY discusses sex like I do in my private practice. When telling a woman how to help her mate regain an erection, I actually show her how to hold her hands, how to move, what comforting things to say.

Becoming more creative lovers.

We cover the major sexual fears and problems that confront people over 40. But we are not over-focused on problems. Each issue is filled with specific ways each partner can become a more sensitive, creative and spontaneous lover. For example:

- How to strengthen sexual muscles.
- The role of sexual lubricants.
- When your partner wants sex more (or less) often than you do.
- Vitamins and herbs for improved sexual functioning.
- Mid-of-night sexual opportunities.
- How to end premature ejaculation.
- Impotence: 11 ways to tell whether it's physical or psychological.
- Female climax: how to improve it.
- Sex after divorce: how to approach it.
- After heart attack: good, safe sex.
- What men need to know about the female sex organs.
- Common medications: how they can affect your sexuality.
- Multiple orgasms: achieve them now, even if never before.

Case histories are included to clarify; so are medical illustrations. Plus special monthly departments worth reading.

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SEX OVER FORTY

A practical, authoritative newsletter directed to the sexual concerns of the mature adult

Vol. 1, No. 1

Sexual Changes in Men Over Forty

This article will help you to understand and recognize the normal bodily changes that you may experience. It will also deal with and respond to some of the myths that you have heard. You will find that you can adapt to most of the alterations in your sexual responses without any loss of sexual pleasure. Some of these changes can even help you be a better sexual partner and make your overall sexual experience more enjoyable.

There are gradual alterations in normal physiology that a man experiences as he matures. These changes affect all parts of his body. Unfortunately, those changes which affect the man's sexual functioning are dreaded by many men as an inevitable signal that an active sexual life is over for them. When, for instance, a man notices that erection is not as spontaneous, or if it has failed to occur on occasion, he may assume that his sexual ability and sexual functioning are fading and may soon be gone.

Such an assumption can be very frightening. We often do not realize how much of our feelings of self-esteem, self-worth, masculinity and competence are dependent on our successful sexual functioning. It is amazing how important it is to each of us as men that our penis gets hard when we think it should and that it functions the way we think it's supposed to. If our penis starts to function in a different way than we are used to, and we interpret this as a sign that soon it will stop functioning altogether, it can be devastating.

"Just because your legs aren't as strong as they were when you were twenty doesn't mean you give up walking or running."

You have noticed, if you are over forty, that your legs may not be as strong as they were when you were twenty, yet you do not assume that this means you can't walk or run anymore. It may mean that you will walk a little slower and run a little less, but you will still get where you are going. If you didn't run much when you were younger, and have recently taken up jogging, you may even run more now. Why should you feel, because your sexual "muscles" are also not as strong as they were, that you will have to stop having sex? On the contrary, as you will see, some of the changes which come with maturing may actually help you to be a better lover.

"You probably will become slower to obtain a spontaneous erection and you will require more direct physical stimulation by your partner."

The sexual physiologic changes which come with maturity are predictable and clearly definable. First of all as you become older you probably will become slower to obtain a spontaneous erection. When you were in your late teens or early twenties you probably became erect in a matter of seconds upon entering a sexual situation.

Front page of Premier Issue (greatly reduced in size).

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MONEY TALK

by H. J. Ullmann

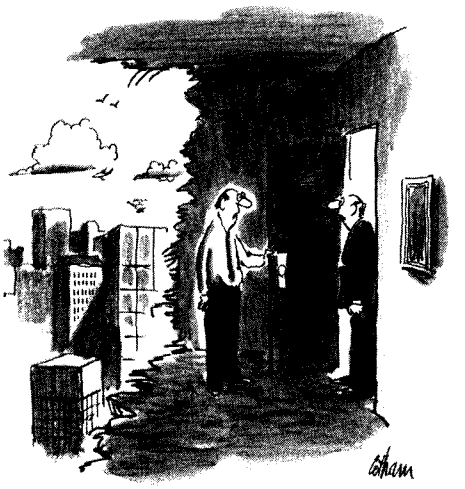
So you want the simple life—just four walls and a roof over your head. That's why you've moved into an apartment or a condominium. No problems, you say, and there's insurance on the building—the owner of the apartments or the condominium owners' association has a policy on the building, and you are covered.

Maybe so; maybe not. The standard building policy probably covers the structure and the public or common areas. This coverage means that if the building burns, your part will be rebuilt, but what is *in* your part will not be replaced. The building policy will cover the liability for a visitor who trips in the lobby, but *you* may be liable if the guest trips in *your* entry hall. And the building policy may pay to replace the window the burglar broke—but not the silverware he carried out of your dining room.

Read the building policy carefully to learn what is covered and what is not. Better yet, have a lawyer or an insurance agent read the policy. Then get your own personal insurance to protect what is unprotected.

You will probably need liability insurance to cover the costs—actual and retributive—of mishaps that injure your guests and visitors. You should have liability coverage of at least $100,000 for medical expenses and other damages that might come from accidents. If juries are generous with damage suits in your area, you might want liability coverage of $300,000 or more. Catastrophic-coverage policies may cover damages in excess of the limits on your other policies. Ask about them.

Next, you will need insurance to cover your possessions. The standard policy covers the "actual cash value" of whatever was lost, stolen or destroyed. This term means the insurance company will give you what the thing was worth when you last had it—*not* what you paid when you bought it or what you will have to pay to replace it. After five years of use and a cigarette burn on one of the cushions, your $2,000 sofa may have a cash value of only $350. So obtain a policy that will cover the *replacement*



"Are you the individual who requires an adjustment in your apartment insurance?"

costs of your clothing, furniture and other personal possessions. The premiums for this coverage may run perhaps 40 percent higher than the premiums for a policy that pays only the actual cash value of your possessions.

Industry estimates say about $25,000 would be needed to replace the personal property inside an average two-bedroom apartment. If you consider the cost of a total loss in your apartment or condominium, you'll probably pay the higher premiums for replacement-cost coverage and be grateful for the comfort of the protection—but you will need some proof you owned what you said you owned and paid what you said you paid for the lost, stolen or destroyed property.

The insurance industry advises that we inventory all we own in detail, and that we support the inventory with receipts, canceled checks or some other evidence of original prices or values.

Next you will need insurance that specifically and particularly covers items of special and extraordinary value—jewelry, antiques, silverware or stamp or coin collections. Unless these extraordinary possessions are specifically mentioned and insured in your policy, you will probably recover only a fraction of their true value.

The remedy for the loss of special possessions is to attach "floaters" to your policy that provide full coverage for individually identified items. The costs for these floaters are very low, and they do give the coverage you want for particularly valued and valuable items. Good documentation—receipts or written appraisals—supports any claims you might someday be forced to file.

Another cautionary note: If you live in a condominium, read the building policy with special attention to see if it covers cabinets, paneling, built-in appliances and other permanent, paid-for improvements to the structure. If the building policy does not cover these items, your own policy should. Your policy should cover whatever the building policy does not, without gaps or overlaps. So make your agent and your company earn their premiums.

Most of the standard insurance programs written for those who choose the simple life of apartments or condominiums provide certain additional coverages as standard features. They will pay for the property you damage when you visit neighbors, for property stolen or destroyed while you are traveling and for your living costs if you have to leave home after a loss while the insurance is paying for repairs and redecorating.

All this coverage costs money—premiums, as money is euphemistically described by the industry. You can lower your premiums by raising your deductibles. Most policies will require you, as a standard feature, to pay the first $100—the deductible—on any claim, as a way of eliminating petty claims for every broken dish and gravy stain on the carpet. If you decide that insurance is only meant to cover large, catastrophic losses and raise the deductible to $500, you might save ten percent on premiums.

Ask about companies and policies that offer lower premiums to people who do not smoke or do not drink, who install smoke detectors and deadbolts or who otherwise act to lower the risks for themselves and their insurance companies.

Four walls and a roof over your head in an apartment or a condominium may not be quite as simple as it seems, but insurance will cover the risks of the complexities. And you still won't have to cut the grass.

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for the hard jobs!

Tough cleaning jobs need a tough cleanser. Today's modern surfaces need a soft touch. That's **Shiny Sinks,**™ the tough household cleanser that won't scratch fine surfaces like harsh powder cleansers.

Shiny Sinks, the soft cleanser that actually **dissolves** lime deposits and tough rust stains. That means less rubbing. Less work.

For those tough cleaning jobs around your house, don' scrub and scratch. Instead, use a soft touch. **Shiny Sinks** The soft cleanser for the hard jobs.

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You can see it for yourself. The natural line of the whole wheat grain is still there on every Grape-Nuts® Flake. We're the only flake that doesn't process it out. One whole wheat grain becomes one naturally delicious whole wheat flake.

Grape-Nuts® Flakes.
The only whole, whole wheat flake.

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